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Has Trade-Unionism Failed?

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Edited by GEORGE HARVEY

Vol. 213 JANUARY, 1921 No. 1

The Japanese and the Pacific Coast . . . R. W. RYDER
The Economics of Trade-Unionism . C. REINOLD NOYES
The Navy and Its Owners
REAR ADMIRAL C. F. GOODRICH, U.S.N.
The Tariff and the English Language . MARTIN T. BALDWIN
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Russia from Its Baltic Window . . . . JOIIN A. GADE
Life and Death of Harriett Frean—II . MAY SINCLAIR
The Adventurer . . . . . ALICE BROWN
Cliffs . . . . . WINIFRED WELLES
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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JANUARY, 1921

THE JAPANESE AND THE PACIFIC COAST

BY R. W. RYDER

ACCORDING to their year-book of 1746, the Chinese claim that certain of their Buddhist Priests explored the Coast of Mexico, visited the Aztec Empire and crossed into Alaska one thousand years before the time of Cortez. Had these pioneers remained on the Pacific Coast in sufficient numbers they might have raised the cry, in 1849, "the Americans must go."

Perhaps some of the descendants of these early explorers were among those Chinese who were driven from California in 1888. At any rate, to understand the Japanese situation as it exists on the Pacific Coast, and particularly in California, to-day, it seems necessary to go back to the time when Denis Kearney, of the "pick-handle brigade", initiated the active agitation for Chinese exclusion. Prior to the Kearney agitation, Chinese had been coming to the Pacific Coast for years without protest. Supplying a wide variety of cheap and reasonably efficient labor, they were welcomed everywhere and their immigration encouraged. But in the seventies came the formation of the Workingmen's Party which, with Kearney as one of its ardent leaders, adopted the slogan, "the Chinese must go".

As the result of this agitation, Congress, beginning in 1880, passed some sort of exclusion legislation every two years, but not until 1888 was an act passed which satisfied California. The Act of 1888, however, was a *real* exclusion measure, for it not only barred new Chinese laborers from entry to America,

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but cancelled all certificates of return held by Chinese residents of the United States who were on their visits to China. Preceding the enactment of this legislation, and as the result of the general agitation that had occurred, many acts of lawless violence had been committed against the Chinese. Street assaults upon them, and the pillaging of their stores and shops, were common practices. Violence bred violence, and before the orgy of race hatred had ended, Chinese were actually burned at the stake in a number of places in California.

The Exclusion Act of 1888 accomplished the desideratum, for through its operation the Chinese actually were forced out and prevented from returning; and into the vacuum created by their removal were drawn the Japanese, who so rapidly accommodated themselves to conditions and so satisfactorily filled the demands for cheap and efficient labor, that they were welcomed to our shores even as the Chinese had been a decade or two earlier. For nearly twenty years this condition prevailed, and there was nothing to indicate that the Japanese, coming here in gradually increasing numbers, were not desired as immigrants. It is true that in 1900 a San Francisco labor leader endeavored to arouse opposition to them, but he was given no support and nothing came of his efforts.

So much for the preliminaries. Now let us take up and discuss, in order, conditions as they exist today in California, Washington and Oregon.

Anti-Japanese agitation, or anti-Japanism as it has been called, is no new or novel thing in California. In 1900 it had first made an appearance but, as has been previously stated, secured nothing in the way of definite results. Not until 1906 did it succeed in arousing any general sentiment hostile to the Japanese. During that year much of San Francisco had been destroyed by earthquake and fire and the few school-rooms in use were greatly overcrowded. Seizing upon this situation as an excuse, certain individuals advanced the demand that separate schools be provided for the Japanese, and withdrew the demand only when President Roosevelt intervened and agreed to endeavor to induce Japan to prohibit new labor immigration to the United States. In this endeavor, the President was

successful, for Japan, through an informal understanding, known as "the Gentlemen's Agreement", promised to prevent the immigration of new laborers to continental United States. This, according to official evidence, she has done, as will be fully recounted later in this article.

With the putting of the Gentlemen's Agreement into operation, anti-Japanism subsided, but in 1913 it came into active life again. This time the demand was for a law prohibiting Japanese from purchasing agricultural land and limiting their leasehold thereof to three years. The Federal Executive, in opposition to the measure, sent Secretary of State Bryan across the continent to Sacramento, but to no purpose, for the bill was enacted into law. With the passage of this law, anti-Japanism again disappeared. All during the late war—while the Japanese fleet was protecting our commerce and other interests by patrolling the Pacific—the most cordial relations existed between the two peoples. But the Armistice had hardly been signed before agitation against the Japanese again manifested itself; however, not until it had been resuscitated and energized by one of California's United States Senators who was soon to be a candidate for reëlection, and who has since been defeated at the polls. This Senator, Mr. Phelan, appeared in California early in 1919, and at once made a visit to the Immigration Stations at San Francisco and Los Angeles; whereupon, he issued a statement characterizing the Japanese situation as a menace. Next, he addressed the State Legislature on the Japanese question. Prior to his address, although the Legislature had been in session for almost two months, it had done nothing regarding the Japanese. But a few days afterward, several anti-Japanese measures were introduced and were only defeated through the influence of the Governor who had received and made public a cablegram from Secretary of State Lansing, then in Versailles, stating in effect that passage of legislation antagonistic to the Japanese might embarrass the negotiation of the peace treaty. For thus acceding to the wishes of the Federal Government, the Governor was roundly abused, but nevertheless he refused to recede from his stand. He had already ordered the State Board of Control to investigate thoroughly the Japan-

ese situation in the State, and to all who urged him to call a Special Session of the Legislature to enact anti-Japanese legislation, he replied that the question was of such importance that no solution of its problems should be attempted before a careful investigation had been made, and that such investigation and any subsequent action that might be taken should be kept entirely free from politics.

For reasons known only to themselves, the leaders in the movement against the Japanese refused to await the result and findings of this investigation and proceeded at once to prepare an initiative measure which, as this is written, has just been carried at the polls. By its terms the measure re-affirms the inhibitions of farm land ownership imposed by the law of 1913, and adds a new provision which denies to Japanese the right to lease farm land for any period at all. Also, it forbids them acquiring or holding any stock in a corporation owning farm land, or to act as guardians for their American-born children in any matter in which farm land is involved. Exceedingly drastic as are its terms, the measure was carried by a large majority, though by nowhere near as great a one as its proponents had predicted. However, its passage was not unexpected, for the anti-Japanists, aided by a large part of the State press, conducted a campaign which succeeded in arousing a statewide sentiment intensely hostile to the Japanese, a sentiment which it was impossible for the latter to combat because of the fact that all ordinary avenues of publicity were closed to them. Few of the "arts and practices" of cheap politics and yellow journalism were overlooked by those opposing the Japanese, and inaccuracies and overstatements seemed to be more the rule than the exception. Even while the Congressional Committee on Immigration was in California last summer, trying its best to make a fair and comprehensive investigation of the situation,the anti-Japanists and that part of the press in sympathy with their efforts continued this character of agitation. Sensational charges which were later proved to have been predicated on information and belief were frequent, and that part of the press already alluded to adopted the old practice of "playing up" in glaring headlines all that was unfavorable to the Japanese, and either burying in

the body of the article or omitting altogether anything that favored them. Also, it was guilty of serious inaccuracies, of which the following will provide a sample: When the members of the Immigration Committee visited the Angel Island Immigration Station in San Francisco Bay, newspaper men accompanied them. While there the Committee observed and interrogated a number of "picture brides" who had arrived from Japan the day before. There were exactly ten of these women, as the official record will show and as was known to all the newspaper men present; and yet some of the newspapers gave the number of such "picture brides" as forty, and some as seventy-two. Why the actual number was multiplied by four in some instances and by seven in others, is beyond conjecture, but the public, reading those newspapers and having no other source of information, was further misled. Many other incidents of a like nature could be cited, and a fair observer could not escape the belief that a great deal of the inaccuracy was deliberate. In any event, it is no wonder, to any one familiar with the circumstances, that sentiment against the Japanese has rapidly developed, for the public, depending upon the press for information, has reacted normally to what it has read.

Adverting again to the initiative measure which has just been passed, it would seem that its practical effect will be to drive the Japanese from the land to industry, from the farms to the cities; as most of these people who are now here will remain. Recognising this, labor bodies in Stockton and Sacramento adopted resolutions declaring for fair treatment of all people lawfully in our midst and asserting that they were "opposed to the removal of Orientals from the land to industry". However, other labor organizations endorsed the initiative measure, so that there has been no unanimity in the opinion of labor on this matter. As to what will happen when the Japanese are driven from the soil, the anti-Japanists appear to have no concern. All that they have said in this connection is that American farmers will take the places of the Japanese thus removed, a claim which is vigorously disputed by men who are either large land-owners or otherwise closely in touch with farming conditions. The latter strongly contend that during the last few years Americans have shown

a tendency to abandon farming for occupations less hard and exacting, and that those remaining will not undertake to produce in any substantial way the crops now extensively raised by the Japanese, namely: small fruits, berries, tomatoes, asparagus and all kinds of green vegetables. American farmers, they assert, prefer to raise such crops as corn, barley, oats, wheat, beans, rice, alfalfa etc., which require less arduous labor to produce and are more easily handled. The Japanese, on the other hand, being short of stature, take readily to the kind of labor so necessary to intensive cultivation. Besides, they are accustomed to cultivating small parcels of land, and therefore are best suited for and most successful at this kind of farming. Regarding this phase of the matter, the report of the State Board of Control (*California and the Oriental*) has this to say:

SUDDEN REMOVAL NOT WISE

It is but proper to call attention to the fact that any sudden removal of the Japanese from their present agricultural pursuits in California would affect our food supply very seriously. The annual output of agricultural products by Japanese in 1919, approximating $67,000,000, consists of food products practically indispensable to the State's daily supply. The Japanese, being a race of short people, seem willing to engage in those lines of agricultural work which call for so-called "squat labor", or the class of "stoop-and-pick labor".

According to the United States census, the Japanese population of California in 1910 was 41,356. Now, according to an estimate of the State Board of Control, it is 87,279. The substantial increase shown is made much of by the anti-Japanists; in fact, it is one of their main arguments. An analysis of these figures shows that most of the increase has been due to Japanese births which, during the last ten years, have amounted to 28,037. Add to this figure the ten or eleven thousand wives (including 5,749 "picture brides") who, since 1911, have arrived to join their husbands, and we find that the increase in Japanese population through *new* male immigration has amounted to only about six thousand for the ten year period. The total population of the State, according to latest census returns, is 3,426,000, which means that there are more than 3,338,000 non-Japanese residents

of California. How that number of people can be "menaced" by 87,000 Japanese, it is very difficult to see.

The high birth rate of the Japanese here has furnished another argument which has been widely advanced by those leading the opposition to the Japanese. They point out that the Japanese percentage of total births has increased from 2.24 in 1910, to 7.82 in 1920, and assert that this portends Japanese "inundation". The thing which they seem to have lost sight of is that the history of all immigration shows that the birth rate of every new immigrant group has been high at first, but that as prosperity and better standards of living have come, the rate declines; and furthermore, that the first movement of a new people to a new land is one, invariably, almost exclusively of males. The Japanese have been no exception to this rule. Prior to 1911, immigrants from Japan to the United States were males almost entirely. Having obtained a foothold and established homes, these men sent to Japan for their wives. Proof of this is found in the immigration figures which show that the percentage of male immigration from Japan to continental United States has decreased from 85.7 in 1910, to 41.5 in 1919. With the coming of these wives, the total of births has increased and the birth rate has risen; but there is no reason to believe that as the ratio of females to males approaches the normal, the birth rate will not fall. In fact, it has already done so in certain sections of the State where normal family life among the Japanese has prevailed for a relatively longer period than elsewhere. In view of such circumstances, it would not seem that California has anything to fear from the Japanese birth rate.

California's total land area is a little more than 98,000,000 acres. Of this, 28,000,000 acres is farm land, of which the Japanese own or are buying upon contract (either individually or through American-Japanese corporations) 74,769 acres; and lease or operate upon crop shares, 383,287 acres. They operate, therefore, about 450,000 acres of farm land out of a total of 28,000,000 acres in the State. However, it cannot be said that they control even this much, for their actual control does not extend to land leased or operated upon crop shares, but only to land owned by them, which is less than 75,000 acres. Considering

these figures—and they are all taken from the report of the State Board of Control—it is hard to believe that Japanese land operation is "menacing" California. There is much good land still uncultivated which, in all probability, will remain so for many years to come.

On the whole, conditions in California do not justify the claims of the anti-Japanists. True, there is widespread sentiment against the Japanese, but it has succeeded—not preceded—political agitation, and in the light of past experience one might safely venture the prediction that if political agitation were to cease, anti-Japanese sentiment would rapidly and practically subside.

No widespread sentiment antagonistic to the Japanese is to be found in the State of Washington. That which does exist is far less bitter than that in California, although there are about as many Japanese, in proportion to the total population of the State, as in California. But there has been no active, systematized agitation against the Japanese and, so far as could be ascertained, no one has tried or is trying to use the Japanese question as a means of securing political office. Furthermore, the press has been fair and impartial. During the recent Hearings of the Immigration Committee in Seattle and Tacoma, the newspapers gave equal space and prominence to matter favoring, or disfavoring, the Japanese. Race prejudice has not been aroused, therefore, to any appreciable extent, and while there are individuals who are opposing the Japanese, they have been decent and tolerant and fair in such opposition and have zealously striven to keep their activities free from politics and from methods calculated to excite racial bitterness.

Still another reason for the present situation is to be found in the attitude of organized labor. Those active in labor circles have encouraged the unionizing of the Japanese as furnishing the most practicable means of preventing undesirable and unhealthy competition. As a result, a considerable number of Japanese have joined American unions, and many others belong to Japanese organizations which prescribe about the same hour and wage scales as prevail in similar trades among American unions. For instance, according to testimony given

to the Immigration Committee, Japanese barbers in Seattle and Tacoma are organized and, with few exceptions, their shops charge the same prices and observe the same hours as regular American barber-shops; and such is true to a large extent respecting Japanese laundries, in many of which a considerable number of other residents work side by side with the Japanese.

As to land matters, Japanese, as individuals, cannot own farm land (except when taken over in foreclosure proceedings), as a Constitutional provision inhibits all alien ownership of such land. (This provision was adopted before the State had a Japanese population of any size and was not, therefore, directed against the Japanese. Also, it applies with equal force to *all* aliens.) Corporations, in which the majority of stock is American-owned and the minority stock is Japanese-owned, have acquired some farm land, but not to any great extent. The law does, however, permit leasing of farm land, and Japanese lease approximately 25,000 acres, which is mostly devoted to truck gardening and berry raising, with some dairying. As far as could be observed, there was nothing like a general complaint concerning the land-leasing situation.

There are many Japanese in the stalls of the public markets, who, for the most part, are either representatives of or directly associated with the Japanese truck gardeners and berry-raisers whose products they sell, and there has been some contention that because of their direct connection with the producer, these Japanese are able to undersell their white competitors. However, this is a condition that can easily be controlled through local regulations.

During the late war, Japanese began to acquire hotels and apartment houses in Seattle and Tacoma, and succeeded in securing quite a substantial number of the smaller ones. It appears, however, that they were unable to operate them profitably, and that many have relinquished such properties after having sustained a material financial loss.

In Seattle there are a good many Japanese grocery stores, and for a time there was considerable complaint concerning them in that by remaining open for longer hours and not closing on Sundays and holidays, they were injuring the business of their

other competitors. However, there is now a movement under way—and apparently succeeding—to prevail upon Japanese grocers to observe the same opening and closing regulations as those established by the Retail Grocers' Association.

As to Japanese population, it is increasing normally; slightly by immigration but mainly through births, and although the birth rate is about the same as in California, there appeared to be no fear of Japanese "inundation". On the whole, public sentiment in Washington is sane and tolerant upon the Japanese question. The situation is not acute and not likely to become so unless, of course, there should be a cessation of the present restrictive immigration policy—a contingency wholly improbable; or a resort to extensive political agitation against the Japanese—of which there is no present indication.

Oregon has had very little anti-Japanese agitation. Once or twice efforts have been made to secure State legislation in opposition to the Japanese, but these have met with little favor and no more support. Consequently, there exists scarcely any sentiment antagonistic to the Japanese. In the State there are less than five thousand Japanese, who own 1,882 acres and lease 7,911 acres of farm land, the law permitting them to own as well as lease. Their holdings are individually small, are not concentrated in any particular community, and in the aggregate are decreasing. There are no farming communities in which Japanese predominate, either as to amount of land owned and operated or as to population, and in the cities there are no "Japanese sections". In view of these facts, Oregon can be said to have no Japanese problem and, unless some totally unlooked-for change occurs, seems likely to have none.

Smuggling of Japanese into America is undoubtedly carried on, though probably not to any very great extent. No nation can control all of its nationals, and some Japanese of the class that, under the Gentlemen's Agreement, would be denied passports, have come into the United States through "underground channels". But there is no evidence that either the Japanese Government or the responsible Japanese in this country have sanctioned or aided them. In fact, by requiring all Japanese leaving South America by steamship to buy "through" tickets

to Japan, the Japanese Government has shown that it is doing everything possible to prevent smuggling. Also, the various Japanese associations in America have coöperated with our authorities to deport Japanese found to be unlawfully here. However, human nature is much the same the world over, and it is quite likely that if a Japanese in Mexico or Canada desired to come to the United States and found the boundary unguarded, he would not hesitate to cross the line. But the very few Japanese in Mexico and Canada appear to be prospering there, so the possibility of any substantial increase of Japanese population in the United States through smuggling is very small.

Though practically unaided by any governmental agency or activity, Americanization of the Japanese is making substantial progress. Credit for this is principally due to the schools and missions of the various Christian churches, of which there are some seventy-five in California alone, which are devoted exclusively to the Japanese. The schools proper, are for the children, but most of the missions also maintain men and women workers (Americans) who go among the Japanese families and instruct them in American customs and ideas. Also, in every community where there is a substantial Japanese population, Japanese Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. units have been established, and Japanese Boy Scout companies organized. That the work is bearing fruit is evidenced by the mannerisms, ideas, ideals and general conduct of the Japanese children. A number of American-born Japanese young men and women testified before the Immigration Committee, and it was apparent that they were Americans in the fullest sense of the word.

The part that the Japanese language school has played in Americanization is not generally realized because the public has been lead to an entirely erroneous belief concerning the purpose of these schools. Listening to anti-Japanists, it has become imbued with the idea that such schools exist to inculcate in the minds of the Japanese children the ideas and customs of Japan, and to instill into their hearts love for the Japanese Empire. There is no competent evidence that this is the purpose of the schools which, in practice and despite their name, actually aid Americanization and social assimilation, for without them—as

is the case generally with respect to foreign language schools—the connecting tie between parent and child would be dissipated. The parent, in most cases, speaks and understands little or no English, hence his acquaintance with American customs, ideas and ideals must come through the child. The Japanese themselves admit, however, that the usefulness of these schools will not extend beyond the present generation, for by that time the older Japanese (who are the ones that speak and understand so little English) will have died out. Furthermore, the Japanese believe that these schools should be supervised by the State Educational Authorities and are initiating a movement to bring this about. Those in charge of Japanese language schools in northern California held an institute in Fresno, California, recently, and adopted a programme which provides for revised or new text-books, and calls upon the State Department of Education to examine and generally supervise the work of these schools.

Concentration by the Japanese in a given community, commonly called colonization, exists in some parts of California and Washington. It is at once partially responsible for and largely the result of anti-Japanism. Like the old question of the chicken and the egg, it is difficult to determine which came first—the colonization or the anti-Japanese agitation. It is only natural that other residents, under existing conditions, should resent the predominance in any community of the Japanese, or of any other alien race for that matter. They patronize business enterprises conducted by individuals of their own race, and practically their whole economic and social intercourse is confined to themselves. Upon the other hand, with race prejudice extant and anti-Japanism rampant, it is also quite natural that a Japanese should desire to settle among his countrymen. To them he looks for aid and interest, and in that way seeks as far as possible to escape the effect of race prejudice. On the whole, colonization creates a very real and perplexing problem, the solution of which must be honestly and constantly sought after.

As to the possibility of physical assimilation of the Japanese, there is a wide divergence of view. The fact is that thus far nothing very definite or conclusive has been established on either

side of this important question. Interracial marriage has been generally decried and, therefore, has not been practiced to an extent that would furnish a decisive test of its results. The most generally accepted theory has been that the two races will not physically blend, but it is as yet no more than a theory and may be totally disproved in the future. Non-physical, or social and intellectual assimilation, is another matter and, so far as present results are concerned, can be said to be entirely possible. In fact its possibility is definitely established through the American-born Japanese who, in every way, give conclusive evidence of having assimilated the ideas, customs and ideals of America.

By far the most serious charge raised by the anti-Japanists is that Japan "has violated the Gentlemen's Agreement". Let us see if she has. Under the terms of this informal understanding, Japan promised to limit passports to America to the following classes:

1. Former residents
2. Parents, (wives),[1] husbands or children of residents
3. Settled agriculturists
4. Non-laborers; including merchants, teachers, professional men, travellers etc., who, as before, were free to come and go at will.

A little later, Japan, of her own accord and initiative, determined to refuse passports to laborers who sought to go into territory contiguous to continental United States, such as Canada and Mexico.

It can thus be seen that while the agreement did contemplate careful restriction, it did not seek to stop all immigration, hence was not an exclusion act, such as that passed against the Chinese, and never has been so regarded by those adequately informed upon the matter. The trouble is that the public has not been so informed; and has in fact believed the agreement to be some sort of an exclusion arrangement disguised in name to save the pride of Japan. The public has been quite willing, therefore, to believe that Japan has violated the Gentlemen's Agreement. But the facts all point the other way. In all of

[1] Wives were not mentioned, it is claimed, in the original discussion of the Gentlemen's Agreement, but were included therein by our own officials when they began to interpret the agreement.

the testimony taken by the Immigration Committee there was no competent evidence of violations of the agreement, and we find the acting Secretary of State, Mr. William Phillips, writing to Senator Phelan under date of August 28, 1919, that "the agreement is working with a fair degree of satisfaction", and that "the authorities who have in charge the administration of the immigration laws have not found that the Japanese Government is violating the agreement." This would seem to be a definite and conclusive refutation of the charge that Japan has violated the agreement, and, coming from such an official source, can of course be relied upon.

However, the Gentlemen's Agreement is by no means all that could be desired, and in theory, at least, is susceptible of serious objection. In the first place, its very informality—the fact that it is not a treaty, is not, in fact, even a written document—invites criticism. In the second place, its enforcement, by the very nature of the agreement, is left entirely to Japan, and however satisfactorily in practice this may have resulted, in theory it excites suspicion and distrust and opens the way for easy accusation of evasions and violations. Without impugning the motives of Japan, or mistrusting her intentions, it must be stated that for the best interest of both nations it would be wise to substitute for the Gentlemen's Agreement a formal treaty, the terms and provisions of which would be definite and certain.

Whether right or wrong in theory, there is no doubt of the practical necessity—for the good of all concerned—of making more rigid the restrictive policy of immigration now embodied in the Gentlemen's Agreement. The fact that in California, particularly, there exists a widespread sentiment of hostility toward the Japanese—no matter what its inspiration, nor whether indeed there is justification for it—renders it impossible, for the present at least, to determine the question of Japanese immigration, with all its ramifications, on its merits. Under the circumstances, the coming of more Japanese will create more agitation. Consequently it is best that for the time being, at any rate, no more Japanese should come. Accepting that as a definitely determined proposition, we must next concern ourselves with doing something which will dissipate the hostile

sentiment directed against those who are already here, and which will be the means of effecting their Americanization. This can only be done by first of all removing the opportunity for political agitation against them, which, of course, means the granting of citizenship to those Japanese now here who, by virtue of length of residence, education and character, can qualify therefor. We cannot reasonably expect to make good citizens of individuals unless we give them the fullest opportunity and encouragement to become such. We cannot reasonably expect the Japanese—or any other alien race—to become real Americans, to develop an abiding devotion to our ideals, a healthy loyalty to our institutions, unless we give them the right to claim and hold those ideals and institutions as their own.

R. W. Ryder.

THE ECONOMICS OF TRADES-UNIONISM

BY C. REINOLD NOYES

THE success of the trades-union movement is largely due to the sympathetic attitude of that portion of the public, including many employers, which has given its tacit or active approval. Such public interest in the question is generally not personal or selfish, and the motive behind it is primarily an altruistic desire to see social justice done. It has seemed to the average man that organization is the only means to enable the employee to deal on an equal basis with the employer. The fact that it is primarily a method by which the employees, as a group and dealing through the employer, present their demands to society at large has been usually overlooked. It is my belief that popular support would never have been given to this movement if its real operation and effect had been generally understood. And if it were now realized what the result of continued progress along these lines would be, the man who now feels himself a disinterested but sympathetic spectator of industrial warfare would be stirred by enlightened selfishness to change his attitude.

All that there is to divide among men each year is the total annual output of goods and of services. And each year all of this output is apportioned in various shares to every individual. The size of each share is normally determined by competition and depends upon the valuation that society, in its unconscious appraisal, places upon the services rendered by each man or by his property.

There are only two ways in which the share of any individual can be increased. One is by taking away from others some part of their share. The other is by adding to the whole output. That is an obvious and simple truism. But when this transaction is converted into terms of money we are very apt to become confused and to lose sight of its fundamental simplicity. The use of

money does not alter the case. Each man sells his services or goods for money, and with the money, he buys other goods or services. The exchange could as well be made direct without the use of money. And, for the sake of clear thinking, it is well to ignore the conversion into money and to regard wages, dividends, etc., not as so many dollars, but as the right to buy certain portions of the total goods and services available, which is earned by the sale of other portions of the total goods and services.

Theoretically the purpose of the trades-union movement is to increase the share of the total annual output which goes to labor, and to do it at the expense of the share which goes to capital. By labor is meant all workers. By capital is meant all owners of property. And it is well to remember that the two combined constitute practically the entire consuming public. So this division accounts for almost the whole output. Now, most workers sell their services, not directly to the consuming public, but to the owners of property. These owners, the capitalists, combine the workers' services with the services of their own machinery, buildings and materials, and then sell to the public the joint product. It is believed by the workers who are unionized that they can by united action secure a larger share of the price of this joint product, which is just another way of saying that labor can secure through trades-unionism a part of the share now going to capital.

As a matter of fact, labor does not, has not, and cannot secure any of the share which goes to capital,—to the owners.

That it does not and has not, is a matter of common observation. If such a shift of earnings had taken place there would now be either a lower return on or a less amount of capital receiving a return than there was before trades-unionism appeared. But the contrary is true in both cases. Never has there been a time when so many large and sudden fortunes have been made. The recent past has been the heyday of capital. Interest rates for investment capital have been high and the opportunities for profitable employment of funds have been unexcelled. Moreover, the amount of property in existence has increased so rapidly, due chiefly to the necessity for machinery, that the proportion of total capital to population has greatly increased.

Prof. King, in his *Wealth and Income of the People of the United States*, estimates the quantity (money value adjusted to the variation in the Commodity Index) of fixed capital in industrial use to have risen from $105 per capita in 1870 to $412 per capita in 1910.

The tables which Prof. King presents, while they are largely estimates, show the almost unvarying proportion of the total income of the people that goes for personal services. The trades-union movement had its beginnings in the latter part of the decade 1860–70, and its effect has been progressively greater ever since. So the figures for the period 1870–1910 are quoted below.

	Wages and Salaries	*Interest and Profits*
1870	48.6%	43.9%
1880	51.5%	39.6%
1890	53.5%	38.4%
1900	47.3%	45.0%
1910	46.9%	43.8%

Capital's share has been diminished 0.1% in forty years, while labor's share has diminished 1.7%, the difference going to land rent. The intermediate fluctuations are due to advance and decline of prices. Periods of declining prices, such as took place from 1875 to 1897, always increase the real wage, for wages decrease less rapidly than prices. The contrary is the case in periods of advancing prices such as occurred from 1897 to 1910.

That no part of the share of capital can be taken from it is due to its short life. Capital consists of commodities for immediate consumption and of more permanent property for use. All of this permanent property wears out, is destroyed, or is used up in a comparatively short time. And the commodities are rapidly consumed. So capital must be constantly replaced. It is replaced only out of savings. It is so customary to replace capital that such a process is usually not regarded as saving. Thus the re-investment of the proceeds of a "turnover" and the setting up of a depreciation fund for wear and tear are taken for granted. Yet both are saving, because the opportunity is offered on each occasion to spend instead of continuing to use the funds as capital. The rate of return on capital is kept down to an average of the necessary minimum wherever free competition exists. This

necessary minimum is the rate which is just sufficiently attractive to induce the saving of all needed capital. If the average rate were less than this necessary minimum, people would not save. They would consume their earnings instead. Then, as rapidly as property wore out or was consumed, the amount of material in process, the number of buildings and of machines, would diminish, and production, which is largely dependent upon these facilities, would decline. As the total output decreased, labor's share, while it might become a larger proportion of the whole, could not become a larger amount. The diminished share to capital would be entirely lost and would not go to anyone, because it would arise from a reduction of productivity.

If trades-unionism has not and cannot increase the share of labor by decreasing the share of capital, has it used the only other alternative to increase its return? Has it increased the total output? It is again a matter of common observation that unionism has had just the opposite effect. It has made the worker less, not more productive. There are several reasons for this. One is the adoption of the principle of restriction of output on the mistaken theory that in this way work is made for more people. This common error ignores the fact that the demand for goods is in the aggregate insatiable. The market will always consume all that can be produced, provided the right things are produced. The only limitation upon output is the capacity of men to produce. Unemployment is never due to the need for work being less, but to temporary maladjustments in the programme for the assortment of production.

Again, the practice of "ca' canny", as it is called in England, of soldiering on the job, is widespread wherever unionism has a strong hold. This is partly deliberate sabotage and partly due to the relief of the pressure of competition among workers. Security in the tenure of their positions makes them neglectful and indolent.

There is also a reduction of productivity due to the removal of all stimulation to the exercise of special effort or special ability through the limitation of reward to one dead level, and in some cases to the limitation of output to the capacity of the poorest worker.

Then there is the strike. Unionism has produced a condition where there is constantly a large body of workmen who are voluntarily idle and are restraining others from taking their place.

And finally there is the shortening of hours of work. However desirable this may have been from the standpoint of social welfare, there is no question that it has reduced the output of the worker.

While there may be individual instances or certain aspects in which unionism has tended to increase productivity, it can hardly be questioned that on the whole the movement has decreased the efficiency and effort of the worker. It has, therefore, decreased, not increased the total output of society, and cannot, by this means, have increased the total share going to the workers.

But, the reader will say, how is it then possible to account for the equally obvious improvement in the standard of living of unionized workingmen which is evident on all sides?

The fact is that those manual workers who have been unionized have increased their share of the social income at the expense of the brain workers and the non-union hand workers. Since they have not increased their efficiency, and could not deprive capital of any of its share, the gain of the union worker has come out of the "white collar" man, the "scab", and the "farm-hand". The actual wages of the latter classes have not been lowered, but since the greater labor cost of the products of union labor is, and must be passed on to the consumer, the purchasing power of all wages has to this extent declined. This is also a well recognized fact. The skilled artisan has built up a wage scale that is actually higher than that received by most clerks, though if the natural economic law were left to work of itself, brain workers would generally receive higher pay than hand workers, for mental efficiency is scarcer than manual efficiency. The fabric of jobs, graded according to their natural value, has been arbitrarily upset. Real justice has not been achieved. On the contrary, an injustice has been done. The scale of pay of different classes of workers is no longer based on the value of their services to the public.

There is another factor which modifies this result, and which

makes it appear that no one has really suffered loss, but that all have as much as, or more than, they had before the advent of unionism. This is the fact that, contemporaneously with this movement, the total output per worker has greatly increased. Statistics show that in the aggregate it has more than doubled in forty years. It has not increased through any improvement in the personal efficiency or effort of the worker. Quite the contrary. But it has increased on account of the addition on an enormous scale of the so-called "aids to labor" (machinery), which are in reality not aids, but mechanical substitutes for human effort. The value of machinery and tools in use increased five times over from 1870 to 1910. Capital has brought this about by following up all advances in the arts and sciences, and utilizing the inventions and improvements of the age. No doubt the rapidity with which machinery has been adopted and improved has been enhanced by the artificial high cost of union labor and the resultant pressure of competition to induce the substitution of cheaper machine methods. Nevertheless, this increase in output per worker has been secured by the action of capital and in spite of the hindrances imposed by labor.

This economy of human labor has been sufficient to enable every class to hold its own, or even to improve somewhat its standard of living in the last forty years. But the gain, instead of being spread equally over the whole population, has gone disproportionately to unionized skilled manual labor. If there had been no change whatever in the wage scale of the early part of the nineteenth century, every part of the community would have been greatly benefited through the increased purchasing power of its wages due to the decline in costs of production from mechanization. The purchasing power of the average wage has increased from $179 to $401 from 1870 to 1910. Actually, prices have stood still or advanced slightly while wages have been artificially forced upward, with union wages far in the lead. The natural tendency would have been for wages to remain stationary and for prices to decline.

This gain has gone unduly to the unionized worker. He has been permitted to take more than his natural share because he has been allowed to associate and then, with the more or less

willing connivance of the employer, who has acted merely as agent or intermediary, to dictate to society what particular price his type of services should receive. In individual crafts he has established monopolies, repugnant to both economic and common law, and has maintained this combination in restraint of competition by every old device of boycott, intimidation, and social ostracism, and by the newer methods of the strike, collective bargaining, picketing, etc.

Monopoly either of capital or of labor is directly opposed to social justice. It is necessarily anti-social in every regard. The only exceptions practically necessary are those where competition involves a wasteful and disadvantageous duplication, and in such cases the monopoly must be fully controlled to avoid the development of its innate evils. Merely because a monopoly is established by those who are least fitted to serve society, and therefore receive the lowest rate of return for their efforts, does not alter the case nor justify sympathetic consideration. It should never be in the power of an individual or a group to enforce demands for any specific return for its services or products. Free competition should be maintained by law, and any combination which by its extent or its methods leaves the buyer no alternative but to submit to dictation, should be destroyed by energetic prosecution.

In the days when political power was in the hands of the court favorites it was they who were permitted to exercise monopolies at the expense of the public. Today, when the political power is in the hands of the masses, it is the common workingman who gains the power to create a monopoly undisturbed by law or truckling lawgivers.

The trades-union movement has performed a real service to society in correcting to a large extent the evils of unrestricted competition among workmen. Conditions of work, involving the safety, health and general welfare of the worker have been much improved, and the shortening of hours has been for the most part a real social benefit. Prevention of unfair and destructive competition among themselves is a legitimate field for combinations and associations of both labor and capital, for such competition is never advantageous to society and can best be

prevented from within. Individual workmen cannot effectively resist bad working conditions or excessive working hours, for such conditions would be found nearly uniform and universal. And it can do no good to permit overwork even if it is voluntary on the part of the worker. All such practices are certain to result in injury to the race. The lamentable factory conditions in England in the eighteenth and most of the nineteenth centuries are doubtless to blame for the present defective physique and constitution of England's labor class.

But while such limitations upon competition from within are advantageous and logical, they should never be allowed where they control or affect the price. Price or wage agreements, either direct or indirect, should be prohibited both for labor and capital.

Nothing is more certain than that the organization of industry will not remain in the condition in which it now finds itself. The development of the situation must follow one of two courses.

If, as many think, trades-unionism has come to stay, we may expect continued progress toward complete unionization of all workers. Then we would see the "white collar" men organizing and the gradual development of a complete system of caste in industry. The spread of unionization in England has already served notice of this eventuality. With the more or less complete organization of workers into crafts there would again be seen a more accurate grading of the scale of wages among all classes. This would not result from the free and natural adjustment of the scale as among all classes, through competition among workers for the most desirable positions, and through the rough selection by society of the fittest for each place, which occurs under conditions of free competition. Rather, the pay of each grade or group would depend upon the essential nature of the industry it was engaged in and the consequent vulnerability to strike methods, and upon the more arbitrary and artificial conscious valuation of the different kinds of work. But the result would be a return to conditions nearly identical with those prevailing before the power of unionism had made itself felt. The share of each would be more nearly equitable than it is now. The size of each share would be larger than before by the amount

of increased product resulting from the mechanization of industry. But it would be smaller than it would otherwise be because of the inefficiency resulting from absence of competition and from the caste system.

The other possibility is that history will repeat itself, and that the fate of the guilds, the organizations of the masters in mediæval Europe, will now be the fate of the unions, the organizations of the journeymen of modern times. Thus, when the unions had become too powerful, and therefore too autocratic and too inefficient, they would gradually be eliminated through public repression and through independent competition.

In my opinion, the probability is that the latter development will be the outcome. It is possible that the turning point has already been reached. Signs are not lacking of loss of public sympathy, of governmental repression, and of successful competition by the "open shop". But in any case, when the organized and unorganized workers find that they as consumers are not gaining but are actually losing by the unionizing process; and when insurgents perceive the extraordinary opportunity for profit both to the worker and to the owner that exists in the high labor cost established under union conditions; then both repression and competition may be expected to do their work.

Scientific methods of grading and measuring work and human methods of stimulating and inspiring the worker will produce so much better results for both consumer and worker that it is hardly any wonder that union leaders see the handwriting on the wall and read the fate of their propaganda in the internal and voluntary reforms in industrial organization.

Scientific management and employment management, with all that these new movements are understood to include, both in purpose and method, will secure as near real social justice for the workers as is humanly possible at our present stage of progress. In spite of its plausible catch-words, unionism is anti-social. Collective bargaining and the closed shop are but names for monopoly and price dictation, which affect not the employer but society at large. "Ca' canny" is simply cheating. No good purpose can be achieved by evil means.

C. Reinold Noyes.

THE NAVY AND ITS OWNERS

BY REAR ADMIRAL CASPAR F. GOODRICH, U. S. NAVY

I

THE United States Navy, as its name implies, belongs to the people of the United States and to no one else. It is not a "Royal Navy" like those of Great Britain and Italy, nor an "Imperial Navy" such as Japan's is and Germany's used to be. It does not belong to any person, party or administration. Especially does it not belong to the President or to the Secretary of the Navy into whose hands its care, maintenance and operation are confided. If anything is wrong with our Navy the fault lies ultimately with its owners, the people of the United States, because they take little or no interest in it. In a happy-go-lucky way, they feel pride in its efficiency and its exploits, taking for granted that all is well with it, but they are wholly lacking in that jealous love the British have for their Royal Navy. Anything and everything which concerns its condition, morale or strength touches their very hearts and is discussed by them in season and out of season, at all times and in all places. This is as it should be, and it results in a navy free from politics and personalities, devoted, under the limelight of publicity and through a nation's intense affection, to the one sole object, the defence of the realm. Nothing of this kind exists on our side of the water. Whether the Navy is too large or too small, well managed or ill, contented or unhappy, efficient or inefficient, the people care not. They cannot be bothered with things which, they hold, are the province of Congress and the Government. They forget, however, that they must eventually foot the bill and suffer the consequence, if unpleasant, occasioned by their indifference. Is this mental attitude well either for the Navy or for its owners?

While it is true that our people as a whole take practically no interest in the Navy, certain sections of them are keenly con-

cerned in the local navy yard or naval station and, should this be lacking, they clamor for the establishment of one in their own district. In the generous outpouring of public funds, why not, they ask, receive their share? Hence has arisen an overdevelopment of these shore plants which ought to exist for the benefit of the fleet and *for nothing else.*

The true province of the navy yard is the repair of ships, something which cannot very well be given over to outside firms on account of the indefiniteness of the task and the probability, if not certainty, that faults, not apparent on the surface, may develop in the course of the work. Moreover, time spent in preparing plans and specifications, advertising for bids and making contracts would detain the vessel at the yard when, possibly, sorely needed at the front, while the cost of her maintenance during this period of waiting would in most cases greatly exceed the money saved. That navy yard work is or can be economical no one in his senses suggests. High wages, leaves of absence on full pay, lack of the personal loyalty to the employer, whether an individual or corporation which exists in private life, combine to forbid any such fond optimism. There is absolutely nothing which the Government can do as cheaply, rapidly and efficiently as can a private party. To this rule the navy yards are no exception.

In the minds of the workmen the "Government" is a vast reservoir of wealth upon which they can draw without stint. Do not forget that it is the private citizen, everybody in short, who has to keep that reservoir filled. In spite of these facts, which the public ignores, ships are not only being built in our yards, but the tendency is to increase the facilities under this head and to build more and more. Now the cost of a ship built outside is known to the very last dollar, but kind Providence only knows that of her sister constructed at a navy yard. The one has to carry all overhead charges, administration, light, heat, power, insurance, interest, taxes, etc., but not the other; yet it is conceded by those in the secret that the former is far cheaper. Inasmuch as we have a wealth of plants fully able to supply the Navy's wants, some of which indeed were induced into being by the expectation of government work, what justifi-

cation is there for this competition which bears upon them so heavily? Can it lie in the existence of a large body of voters open to the appeal, as in a certain election, that since their pay has been raised and their hours shortened they should cast their ballots for the party in power?

Sound business policy would seem to dictate the absolute stopping of ship construction at navy yards and, in addition, of the manufacture of any article which can be procured in the open market. Naturally, special things which the Navy needs in small quantities or are confidential in nature do not come under this inhibition.

It is urged that, by having under construction at least one ship at each large yard, a well organized working force can be permanently retained to be drawn upon for repairs. That this scheme militates against speed in construction is self evident, and we should not forget that so rapid are the changes in naval architecture that even a few months' delay may result in turning out a vessel already out of date. It would seem as if a judicious schedule of repairs might readily be framed for sending ships for this purpose to the yards in well conceived order of rotation. Thus would the desired body of skilled workmen be secured and the time lost in the building of a navy yard ship be avoided. These things can be done if the public wishes, but its silence gives consent to the present practice.

What good national reason can there be urged against the disposal by sale or abandonment, if need be, of the navy yard at Portsmouth, N. H.? Its work can easily be taken over by that at Boston. Why, for example, retain useless stations at New London, Port Royal, Key West, Gulfport, Miss., etc.? Why not close out the navy yards at Charleston and New Orleans? These matters should be determined by the people, and not by a committee of Congress, subject to the influence of local interests and labor unions; nor by any board of naval officers which would be largely guided by the natural propensity to undue expansion.

The drain upon the naval appropriation by these shore establishments is not easy to determine exactly, but a conservative estimate made some ten years ago may be referred to as throwing

light on the question. It was then thought that nearly one quarter of the annual naval appropriation could easily have been saved by the elimination of unnecessary yards and stations and the introduction into those which were retained of modern methods of management, all without the least detriment to the fleet. Not only was this not done, but we see today an increase in these plants solely because the people of the United States are entirely negligent of their own interests. No Secretary of the Navy could possibly introduce so radical a departure in policy as that just suggested if he relied solely on its merits. The combined power of the politicians and the labor unions would block him at every step; the former would fight to the death to exploit the influence a naval station in their district is rightly or wrongly supposed to furnish; the latter to retain their hold on so large, remunerative and easy employment which the reduction in yards and the adoption of modern management would infallibly and designedly curtail. He would be a rash official who ignored these strong and opposing elements. To succeed in so wide reaching a reform he must have the support of public opinion voiced in unmistakable terms. Are the people prepared to supply this essential backing? If not, they tacitly approve the present plan and its inevitable expansion. Its modification could be followed profitably by a small reduction in the shore keeping corps of naval constructors and a large one in that of the civil engineers, leaving, if desired, more money to be spent on the fleet.

The size of the Navy is another subject calling for the approval of those who have to bear the burden of the cost. Here stern necessity, not the sentimental cry for the biggest, should rule. Essentially, we need a navy large enough to serve efficiently as a defence against any fairly probable (not remotely possible) attack. To seek to rival Great Britain is sheer folly. War with that Power is unthinkable, yet the appeal is made in high places for a navy equal at least to hers. If the object of these appeals be to place in the hands of a Secretary of the Navy colossal sums to be expended, the people should be told in order that they may approve or disapprove as they see fit. And inquiry as to the steps taken to reduce the fleet from a war to a peace footing might be pertinent.

Considerations of military prudence suggest that our Navy possess a good margin, say thirty per cent, or even fifty per cent, of force over that of any Power with which we are at all likely to become embroiled. Thus will be fixed the required number of our battleships, the datum upon which all else is based. The experience of the late war will then prescribe the appropriate number in each other class of vessels. All of these should be of the latest and best designs. Saving a few good craft retained as a reserve, we should ruthlessly "scrap" those which, in type or capability, are not fit to serve effectively. Sell them, if we can, for any price or use them as targets. Better even to tow them out to sea and sink them than to keep them as now at navy yards in semi-commission, their skeleton crews a heavy drain on the battle fleet so dreadfully short of men; their repairs and upkeep a serious charge upon the Navy's budget. Their elimination would dispense with the services of a large number of temporary officers who are anxious to return to civil life. If all this cannot be done under existing laws, it is incumbent on the people to see that new laws are enacted without delay. Every day's procrastination in this respect consumes good money in large amounts.

The argument is advanced that we must have a big navy to protect the large mercantile marine we mean to have. The popular cry, "Trade follows the flag", is historically false. The very opposite is true, "The flag follows trade". For instance, the commerce of the Spice Islands and of the South Seas was opened up by the adventurous shippers and skippers of good old Salem with never a thought of requiring a skirmish line of men-of-war. So it was and so it always will be. Before the Germans set out on their predatory expedition to conquer the globe, they possessed the second largest merchant navy afloat. Energy, forethought, audacity they exercised, and vast sums of money they spent, but they did not have to call upon their fleet to force an entrance into any harbor of the world. It is to be feared that the cry for a huge navy for the ostensible purpose of backing up our merchant vessels comes from persons wholly ignorant of or designedly blind to the teachings of history. Here again we have put the shoe upon the wrong foot. The Navy can do very little for the merchant

marine, but the latter can do much for the Navy as a nursery of seamen and reserve officers. The Navy therefore is benefited by the growth of our shipping and not our shipping by the growth of the Navy. How few there be who grasp this fundamental truth!

II

An adequate navy we do need—but above all a navy complete in all its parts and keyed up to the very highest pitch of proficiency. Such a navy is well worth all the time, talent and money spent upon it and none of these items should be diverted from the sole object for which our Navy was created, to serve effectively in time of war. It is not an eleemosynary institution; it is not a school save in those matters which it alone teaches for its own purpose. Its most precious attribute is *esprit de corps*, that indefinable yet vital spark which many persons, with or without reason, fear has been seriously affected. This compelling motive is based upon an intense patriotism, upon a devotion to America's welfare, good name and noble traditions. When this spirit flames at its best, no sacrifice is too great; life itself is as nothing. That this is so, our naval annals prove beyond peradventure. There is no clime, there is no sea in which our Navy has not exhibited this splendid patriotism, yet, there are those who contend that, for naval officers, loyalty can only be demonstrated by unquestioning acceptance of the views of some individual temporarily holding the portfolio of Secretary of the Navy, even when they know these views to be detrimental to the "good of the service". A loftier appreciation of the latter phrase would seem to impose a readiness to surrender "soft billets" rather than retain them at the cost of their holders' self-respect, of the respect of their colleagues, and of harm to the Navy. The word loyalty is freely used as due from the subordinate to his superior, but rarely, if ever, in its converse sense. Yet loyalty is twofold in nature and it entails upon the senior a jealous regard for the welfare of his juniors. Even a President or a Secretary of the Navy who fails to realize the mutuality of this obligation cannot justly complain if he receives only that meagre measure of loyalty which he himself doles out. By pleasant appointments to indi-

viduals he may gain a personal subjection based on the sense of indebtedness, but the hearty loyalty of the whole Navy can only be purchased by unremitting attention to its necessities and a kindly consideration of its aspirations.

The present incumbent has been quite rightly the active champion of the interests of the enlisted man, but those of the officer do not seem to have bulked so largely in his vision; yet the one class is no less indispensable than the other to an efficient navy.

There are few larger businesses in our country than this arm of the national defence and none so varied in its activities. In it every branch of art and science finds a place. It employs men by the hundred thousand and it dispenses sums counted in hundreds of millions of dollars. No naval officer is competent to direct its operations, and the Navy itself, I am assured, does not want one in that position even if a competent individual could be found in its ranks. It rests in the end with the people to declare to what kind of a person shall this heavy responsibility be entrusted. As long as they remain mute on the subject, the existing system of selection will prevail, a reward for partisan services. One might think they would prefer at the head of this colossal business a man such as the great corporations insist upon having for manager at any price, no matter how great. The salary is far too small to command the talent, but the honor of a cabinet appointment and the satisfaction derived from putting the Navy on a sound, efficient and economical basis might well prove a compensation. Upon this subject the owners of the Navy should speak out in no uncertain voice.

It has long been the practice by naval powers to keep their battleships together, for in union there is strength. Recently we have departed from this strategical maxim and have divided our heavy vessels and their auxiliaries into an Atlantic and a Pacific fleet. The reasons for this action are unknown to the writer who is therefore not in a position to criticise. They may be due to an unrevealed international policy or to politics pure and simple, the desire to secure support for the Administration among the citizens of the West Coast through a generous largess of public funds. Let us hope and believe the latter not to be the case even when fearful that a strategical error may have been committed.

In the first place this move gives the lie to the arguments upon which the plea for a Panama Canal was based. It was then urged that by joining the waters of the two oceans the necessity of two separate fleets would disappear—that one would amply serve for either or both coasts. It is a serious matter thus to demonstrate the unwisdom of heeding this plea. To be sure, we got the Canal, one had almost said under false pretences, since we now have it and also the second fleet which its construction was to render needless. Why not inquire into the reason why the arguments of the proponents of the Canal have been thus discredited? A good one must exist. Why not know it?

In the second place there follows, as night follows day, the demand for more dockyards on the Pacific. It is self evident that proper facilities should be provided at San Francisco since the approaches to Mare Island are too shallow for heavy vessels, but does anyone suppose for a moment that, when the new navy yard on the lower bay is completed the old one at Mare Island will be abandoned? Already we hear rumors that it will be retained "for small vessels." We shall thus have two navy yards in one State and only thirty miles apart—a worse situation than that in New England where the Boston and Portsmouth yards are distant only forty miles from one another.

In the third place, this step has aroused suspicion and distrust in Japan which regards it as tantamount to a mobilization against an old friend and a present ally. That such a result was foreseen and accepted with all its latent possibilities of ill-feeling must be supposed unless we are to question the intelligence of its authors. Is not then this matter of two fleets one worthy of attention? If commendable, as it may indeed be, what objection is there to laying the motives before the people?

How to provide a trained personnel adequate in numbers to meet the demands of war is a subject well worthy of consideration by the Navy's owners. Besides the foresight and judgment required in a proper state of preparedness, experience teaches that many extra officers and men will then be called into service. During the last few eventful years our main battle fleet was largely turned into a school, a regrettable necessity which ought not to be allowed to recur. When next we embark upon hos-

tilities, time for this purpose may be and doubtless will be lacking. We must then have at our immediate disposition a large body of reserve officers and enlisted men. As to the latter, the real solution of the problem is very simple. It lies in the adoption of Universal Military Training, a scheme which combines efficiency with economy. Of the lads called out under this system a certain proportion should be allotted to the Navy, to go on board our ships and there to be instructed, first, in the fundamentals of service such as cleanliness, care of the kit, order, obedience, respect for authority, reverence for the flag, the traditions of our national life and aspirations. After, or concurrently with, these matters should come the intense schooling of each man in the particular rôle he will have to fill later. Doubtless many boys would elect this branch of the nation's armed forces and, so far as practicable, such preferences should be favorably regarded. In this manner there would be returned each year to civil life a goodly quota of young men already fit for active service, bettered in every way, mental, moral and physical; all speaking English and thinking American.

Naturally the Navy's permanent personnel should be large enough to keep the first line ships ready and in good shape. It could, without expansion, easily provide teachers for these scholars. That done, it would only be necessary to summon back to the flag in time of need such "classes" as might be required. During the period of this instruction, the recruits should be clothed, fed and allowed a *very small* monthly sum for postage, etc., while portions of the regular crew could, in turn, be granted leave of absence, thus making room for the new-comers. The principle of Universal Military Service was lately accepted by our people with scarcely a murmur of dissent. It must be adhered to in future wars; there is no alternative. The plan suggested will furnish a cadre of seasoned man-of-war's men while the bulk of the work will fall to the lot of a citizen navy, which will be wholly in consonance with American traditions and effective at a cost far less than the maintenance of a large standing fleet. Can any reasonable objection be offered to its adoption?

To secure a body of reserve officers no better plan can be conceived than that associated with the name of the recent Assistant

Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who proposes the institution of theoretical naval instruction for such of the undergraduates of our great universities as care to undertake it. Ancillary to this theory would be practical work afloat during a portion of each summer vacation. A rigid examination at the end of the four years' course and of the last summer's cruise would follow. The successful candidate would then receive a commission as ensign in the reserve and be placed on waiting orders without compensation but subject to call, when pay would automatically commence. Naturally, once in so often they should go on board ship for a short period to keep them *au courant* of their profession. This is but a brief outline of a most promising thought. If ever accepted as a national policy, the details can be easily supplied. Moreover, our merchant marine, as already pointed out, will prove most valuable in furnishing its quota of officers and men of the reserve.

While everyone knows that there are, in the government offices at Washington about three times as many clerks and type-writers as are really necessary, few persons outside the Navy appreciate their disastrous affect on the morale of the Navy afloat, for this superabundance leads inevitably to a vicious centralization of power. To keep these men, women and machines employed, a multitude of questions that can far better be solved by the officer on the spot are taken out of his hands and regulated at the Department. If he is incompetent, replace him ruthlessly but do not sap his initiative and ruin his sense of responsibility. The saving of public funds and the stoppage of a useless waste of paper, the supply of which is alarmingly short, would alone justify this reform even if it did not counteract so harmful an influence on the spirit of the service.

So far, greater economy has been the burden of our theme, but there is another side to the question, viz.: that real economy which derives from a wise liberality of expenditure. No cheese-paring policy is either contemplated or advocated in these lines, only a cutting down of waste, superfluous plants and unnecessary expenses. More money is needed by the Navy for research and experiment, for the testing of new devices and inventions, for aviation, for reserve supplies of ammunition, etc., etc., etc. If

it does its duty to the taxpayer by thus saving huge sums, he ought, in return, to be liberal in supplying the means for its better and wiser development. In Great Britain, the lines along which this retrenchment on the one hand and this development on the other would be determined, would be by that most useful instrument, a "Royal Commission". Why should not the public, the owners of the Navy, demand the formation of a "People's Commission" of not more than five strong men, irrespective of party drawn from private life, and let it act in the nation's behalf as well as for the real good of the service? Congress can do nothing or at least very little in this way. It is hampered by logrolling, local political considerations and its lack of backbone before the labor unions. The recommendations of such a commission would bring to a Secretary of the Navy, in a reasoned expression of public opinion, that support, which, now absent, is sadly needed to sustain him in pushing any reforms he may desire to effect. Here is a definite proposition of constructive criticism. Are the owners of the Navy disposed to adopt it?

CASPAR F. GOODRICH.

THE TARIFF AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

BY MARTIN T. BALDWIN

A TARIFF act is a verbal wood-pile, harboring many a dark ambiguity. The clearing of its obscurities is not only an interesting intellectual and legal problem, but is also at times a matter of great financial and industrial importance. A single phrase may mean millions,—as is illustrated by one rather recent case in the Supreme Court, where revenue to the amount of fifteen million dollars was found to depend upon the interpretation of one short phrase, whose meaning was presumably clear to the members of Congress, but was not quite so clear to the rest of the world.

An official of the Treasury Department, grown gray in the Customs service, tells the story of how he was once called into conference with an eminent committeeman of Congress, to lend a hand in the shaping of a tariff bill then under way. One of the bill's provisions over which they were working caught his attention. "Senator", he said, "the wording of this paragraph is likely to be misunderstood. I am afraid the courts will give it a meaning different from yours". To which the legislator replied, —"Well, never mind the courts. Congress is making this law and we know what it means. That ought to be enough." And so the paragraph was left as written, to the chagrin of the onlooker, who in due time saw the bill enacted into law, saw the supposedly unambiguous provision questioned by a doubting importer, and eventually saw a court of law give it an interpretation exactly the opposite of that really intended by its writer.

Now it is an accepted maxim of customs law that in interpreting a tariff act the sole aim of the court is to ascertain the true intent of Congress. And so the Senator, if he ever saw this ruling of the court upsetting his plan, and if by chance he still retained some residuum of interest in the subject, might have

been tempted cynically to recall the "true intent" maxim, and to wonder what in the world was the trouble anyhow.

As a matter of fact, the trouble in all probability lay with the legislator himself rather than with the court,—not with the Senator as an individual, but with his legislative job and its inherent difficulties, as generally handled. In the first place, there is of course that fundamental difficulty common to all users of words, barring only the masters of literature, which makes it impossible at times for one to see his own ambiguities of diction, to avoid ellipses of thought or word, to realize the ignorance of others as to facts and purposes which he himself understands but which he may fail to explain,—in other words, to read himself as others read him.

Then there is the added difficulty, especially found in tariff writing, caused by the very scope and complexity of the subject itself, which make it impossible to see everything and to describe everything. A tariff act is supposed to make dutiable, or free, every known article of commerce, from the crudest to the most highly manufactured. Over six hundred numbered paragraphs, many of them long and complicated, running in their course all the way from acids to zaffer, testify to the gallant effort in our latest tariff act to cover the whole ground and so to vary the rates of duty as to satisfy everybody.

Yet ten times that number of paragraphs would not be enough to segregate all the wares of our markets,—witness the inventory of a modern department store. So even in a six-hundred-paragraph tariff bill, generalizations and abbreviations are in order, with inevitable ambiguity. Who can say, for example, when Congress enacts a provision for "bricks", whether or not the intention is to include every conceivable article that is known as a brick? How about so-called "scouring bricks", which are used, not for the building of houses or of fireplaces, but for the polishing of marble? When that question arose some years ago the customs officials insisted on collecting duty upon scouring bricks on a higher basis than that of mere bricks. But the importers, availing themselves of the usual machinery for the interpretation of Congressional English, demanded through the courts a return of the excessive duty, and it was only after a

prolonged legal battle that the court of last resort finally held that a scouring brick was not a brick. Similar questions are common enough. Is ginger bread dutiable as "bread"? Does the term "pears" include alligator pears? Or, to use other historical examples, is a currycomb a "comb", a rubber sponge a "sponge", or is acetone oil an "oil"? Are phonograph needles dutiable as "needles", and if so, how about Cleopatra's needle? Nor are these questions at all frivolous. The life of a whole industry may perhaps depend upon the elucidation of one of these little ambiguities.

And how very difficult it is to get punctuation and grammar correct, so as to make everything plain! Even the lowly comma is hard to handle. The tariff act of 1913, under which the United States is now doing business, contains in the Metal Schedule a provision for the levy of duty upon "antimony oxide, salts, and compounds of". While the bill was pending in turn before the Ways and Means Committee, the Finance Committee, the two houses of Congress, and the Conference Committee, this particular provision was given five successive forms, no two alike, and each differing from the others in practically nothing but the arrangement of the commas. (Possibly careless proof-reading had something to do with that.) And when it was all finished, and enacted into law, what did it mean? Did it or did it not levy a duty on "antimony oxide", which is a well known article of commerce? The court held not, though with some hesitation. Did the punctuation permit it to cover salts of "antimony", or was it confined to salts of "antimony oxide"? Here again there was uncertainty, and not everyone is satisfied even now on that point. Yet the members of the Conference Committee, who had the last word in the arrangement of that provision, presumably saw no ambiguity whatever in its wording and felt sure they knew just what it meant; otherwise they would not have adopted it.

Trouble of another type frequently occurs. A series of articles is named, and then there follows a qualifying expression of some sort. For example, a duty is laid upon "penknives, pocket knives, erasers, manicure knives, and all knives which have folding blades". This brings up the question: Does the requisite

of "folding blades" refer back to the erasers, so as to limit them to those having folding blades, or is the word "erasers" unlimited, and free to include rigid blade erasers? Or consider the provision for "opera and field glasses, optical instruments and frames and mountings for the same". Does the expression "mountings for the same" refer back to the opera glasses and field glasses, or is it confined to mountings for frames, or to mountings for optical instruments? As a matter of fact, it was finally held that in the opera glass paragraph the qualifying phrase related back to all that preceded it, while in the knife paragraph the effect of the analogous phrase was limited to its immediate antecedent. But it would be pretty hard for an outsider, not familiar with the history and surrounding circumstances of the enactments, to predict the court's solution in either case.

Another pitfall is found in the various provisions in which articles are named and classified according to the materials of which they are composed; the material is often named, but without any statement as to the quantity that must be present, —that is, as to whether or not the article must consist wholly, or in chief value, of that material, or whether the provision covers an article made only in minor part of that material. At times the administrating officer, or the judge, must needs be good at guessing. Of course the context and the previous history of the subject are of help, but results apparently quite inconsistent are sometimes reached, as is shown by the decisions holding that "cotton cloth" must be composed wholly of cotton, while "metal buttons" and "shoes made of leather" may contain substantial components other than the mere metal or leather.

Still another common source of misunderstanding in tariff acts is found in provisions such as the one contained in the Payne-Aldrich bill of 1909, imposing a certain rate of duty on "cans, boxes, packages, and other containers of all kinds", when composed of metal. An importation was made of small metal banks, toys for children, and classification under that provision was claimed. They were unquestionably "containers". But were they the sort of containers referred to there by Congress? Eventually it was held they were not, since they were not intended for use in the shipment of merchandise, and so were not *ejusdem*

generis with "cans, boxes, and packages", which ordinarily are so used. In the same way, the question has arisen whether a provision for "castings of iron which have been chiseled, drilled, machined, or otherwise advanced in condition" includes castings advanced in condition through a mere process of nickel plating; likewise whether a provision for "blacking, polishing powders, and all preparations for cleaning or polishing" was intended to cover a toilet powder used for polishing one's finger nails. In both these cases the answer was in the negative. Words, like men, are known by the company they keep. Until the character of their associates is known and considered their own status is hard to fix.

One of the chief difficulties which stands in the way of a clear expression by Congress of its intentions is the fact that bills are not prepared for enactment by the Congress, but by the Congressmen. Tariff schedules are long and complicated. The work is subdivided. The right hand of Congress does not always know what its left hand is doing. The subcommittee that prepares the wool schedule may not know, or care, much about the work on the silk schedule. As a result, the overlapping of provisions is very common, and one of the most frequent jobs of the judiciary is the unravelling of conflicting provisions, to determine which of the competing paragraphs shall prevail. Changes which in one place seem innocent and trivial have at times most important and unexpected results in parts of the act that seemed quite remote,—as for instance a recent change in the provision for upholstery goods, which, by merely lowering the permissible weight of such goods, reached out into another part of the tariff act and seized upon a great class of lace goods, thus depriving the Government of many thousands of dollars of revenue. If some one member of Congress, endowed with the knowledge of all, could inscribe the whole tariff bill at his leisure, we might then have a model of unity and consistency at least.

Yet mere coöperation or unification of effort, with all the care in the world to avoid verbal traps and hidden ambiguities, will not produce a fool-proof tariff act, unless due consideration be given to one other source of difficulty that is peculiarly important in the preparation of such bills. This lies in the fact that the builders

of the tariff are dealing almost altogether with what may be called second-hand materials. Practically every adjective, every noun, every phrase, employed in the structure has been used already in some preceding tariff act, and has been construed and applied by the administrative officials or by the courts, sometimes with quite unexpected results. Moreover, its language, especially in the terms used for describing particular kinds of merchandise, is the language of merchants, of wholesale buyers and sellers, which has through years of trade acquired meanings not always intelligible to the layman. But the legislator is not at liberty to disregard this tariff and commercial history. He may not handle his words as new material, right out of the dictionary. He must investigate the origin and previous employment of all his verbal planks and beams, and make use of them accordingly.

For example, to use a rather homely illustration, if he wants a certain rate of duty to be levied upon women's hairpins, it will not do to provide simply for "pins" in general, upon the assumption that this word includes all sorts of pins. For research will disclose that in a former tariff act Congress at one time provided, not only for "pins", but also, in a separate paragraph at a separate rate of duty, for "hairpins". Which fact was held by the courts to amount to a legislative differentiation between hairpins and pins, so that a hairpin is no longer to be regarded as a form of pin at all, in tariff parlance, but is assigned to a class by itself. Thus, in a new tariff act, if hairpins are to receive any special consideration, they must be specially named, as before. Nor will recourse to the dictionaries or to the rules of logic be of any avail, for the Supreme Court of the United States has itself recognised this identical hairpin distinction.

In the same way, one must become familiar with, and reconciled to, the fact that various tariff acts have already by their differentiations and discriminations indicated that beaded necklaces are not jewelry, that paste is not glass, that porcelain is not earthenware, that ribbons are not trimmings, that banjo strings are not parts of musical instruments, and that various other things are not what they would naturally seem to be.

As with statutory definitions and distinctions, so also with

judicial interpretations. When Congress makes use of words or phrases whose meaning has already been construed by the courts, there is a legal presumption—rather violent at times, it is true—that Congress is familiar with the court's interpretation, and so adopts it as its own, unless some means is taken to show a different understanding. One may not understand, offhand, why mackerel packed in ice is necessarily ineligible to classification as "fresh fish"; nor is it perfectly clear why fish roe may not be dutiable as "fish", especially in view of the fact that *pâté de foie gras* is considered a form of "poultry, prepared". But so it is, under the court decisions, and the words "fish" and "poultry" must therefore be used with discretion in framing a new act.

Nor is the shadow of the past cast only by the courts. It sometimes happens that for years the administrative officers of the Government will place upon the statute an interpretation which never passes through the test of litigation. It may be favorable to the importers, it may be adverse, it may be of doubtful correctness, but if this interpretation has crystallized through a long course of years it is entitled to recognition; it is presumptively accepted by Congress if the same statutory provision is reënacted, without change or explanation. Of course the departmental interpreter will not knowingly be permitted to amend the law, or to construe it in ways that are plainly illegal; but the field of legitimate ambiguity is wide, with plenty of room for honest difference of opinion. There is no guaranty that the established practice is right or just,—but it is established, and so is presumably valid.

Tariff laws, besides being producers of revenue, are regulators of commerce. Their language therefore is not that of literature, of the laboratory or the factory, but is rather the language of commerce, of the buyers and sellers of merchandise. This was decided nearly a hundred years ago by Justice Story, who observed that the legislature "did not suppose our merchants to be naturalists, or geologists or botanists", but "applied its attention to the description of articles, as they derived their appellations in our own markets". And so he held that an article known in trade as "bohea tea" was entitled to be classi-

fied under the tariff provision for "bohea tea", even though it was in fact an inferior kind of tea, not strictly and scientifically entitled to be given that particular name.

Instances of this form of commercial limitation upon, or extension of, the common meanings of words are often encountered. A narrow textile fabric classified by the wholesale trade as a "featherstitch braid" becomes dutiable as a "braid", even though it is not braided at all, but is in fact made on a loom, rather than on a braiding-machine; skins of ponies become in the same way dutiable as "furs", and imitation pearls as "precious stones"; while the trade practice serves to exclude from the statutory provision for "machine tools" various tools that might, as a matter of common understanding, quite well be included. The situation has its analogy in the ordinary restaurant bill of fare, where fried flounder has to be ordered as "filet of sole" in spite of private misgivings. Nor can the guest make much headway in ordering a dinner unless he understands and follows the ancient customs of the restaurant business.

On the whole, the task of Congress in adjusting its words to its ideas in a tariff act is considerably more complicated than is commonly supposed. Problems of political economy, of international comity, of protection, of revenue, are by no means the sole cause of worry. It seems like a comparatively simple matter, once the economic problems are disposed of, to write down a list of the articles subject to importation, each with its appropriate rate of duty fixed in accord with the principles adopted. But there is good reason to believe that the latter undertaking is fully as worrisome and time-consuming for the average Congressman as is the more serious work of determining economic policies. At any rate, as the members swelter and struggle through the summer of 1921, as they very likely may, revising the tariff for the four or more years to come, they will be regarded most of all with sympathy by those who understand, not only the spectacular problems visible to the public, but also the humdrum difficulties involved in putting the real intent of Congress into plain and workable English.

MARTIN T. BALDWIN.

WHAT THE PILGRIM FATHERS ACCOMPLISHED

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

A President of the United States, in laying the corner-stone of a monument at Provincetown in honor of the *Mayflower* Compact and its makers, talked throughout his speech about the Puritans, scarcely mentioning the Pilgrims, or Separatists. A very high judicial dignitary in England recently declared, in a semi-public utterance, that he had always supposed George Washington to have been a passenger with the Pilgrims on the *Mayflower!* Confusion of ideas, with scanty information as to facts, reigns in British periodicals and in the writings and addresses of men of prominence. These all show the need of clarity, discrimination and correct chronology.

On our side, amid the adulation and even transfiguration of these plain people of 1620, it is well to inquire who they were, and what they really accomplished. Called Separatists at first, they separated as much from the political and bigoted Puritanism of their day as from the Anglican Establishment and such Defenders of the Faith as Elizabeth and James I. In Massachusetts the Plymouth people, who for fifteen years had practiced self-government were, for over a generation, called "Brownists" and looked upon rather as poor relations by the more cultured and wealthy Puritans of the Bay Colony. St. Gaudens' statue of the Puritan deacon at Springfield, Massachusetts, is accepted and labeled "The Pilgrim". Yet it is hard, for the man of research or the critical scholar who loves truth, to recognise much similarity between the two types of men.

Nevertheless there were points of union. In theology and morals, they were spiritual kinsmen. Much the same ideas as to God and man dominated the various breeds of men called Scots, Huguenots, and those Walloons who first, with families, settled our Middle States. These all held to the discipline called "Cal-

vinism"—a creed that did not breed either poverty, ignorance, or frivolity; but was the nurse of heroes and the mother of freedom, public schools, representative government and liberty safeguarded by law.

Neither Luther nor Calvin, however, reached the idea of religion apart from the magistrate, nor of self-governed, independent churches, each, like the primitive Christian congregations, a republic in itself.

We may hint at some of the Pilgrim achievements and contributions to civilization and human progress.

(1) They gave a model for true historiography. All the literature of the Pilgrims themselves, the records in the archives and the books of their era, as well as the writings and charges of their enemies—and which we of today are so proud that they made—tell a consistent story.

Barrows, Greenwood and Penry (the first Pilgrim Father, martyr of 1593) and the men of Scrooby, Leyden and Plymouth helped mightily to recover both fact and truth. In a large sense, they founded the modern school of history, which is based on critical research and the original documents. Their aim, as to method and spirit, was ever to inquire of the Founder of Christianity and of those who organized the first Christian churches. Their appeal was invariably to the authentic writings of the first and second centuries. For the mass of mediæval legend, the edicts of kings, or feudal lords, hierarchs, or the salaried parasites upon a system that grew up out of the original Roman autocracy derivative, the Holy Roman Empire, they cared not a jot. Both John Robinson and his pupil William Bradford set a new mark in the writings of church history.

(2) These Separatists broke the yoke of Norman feudalism. When the foreign conqueror laid his heavy hand on the Anglo-Saxon land, he compelled every bishop, and church officer to be his liege man and vassal. To him all church officers, being feudatories, must be personally loyal. So tremendously centralised has English government, for over a thousand years, been, in both church and state, that it is next to impossible for the average Englishman to understand the inner workings of fed-

eral government; which is so clear to the Dutch and Swiss, and vastly easier for the more democratic Scottish and Welsh, to comprehend.

In England, Wyckliffe, with his doctrine of "dominion founded on grace", had attacked certain forms of this intense centralization and for his activities we all know his fate. Yet even the Bible in the vernacular, which his "poor preachers" and the Lollards used, was but a translation of a translation, and this from the Latin, which had so long misrepresented the Hellenic mind and Hebrew record. On the contrary, the Pilgrims used the Geneva version, which was based on the original Greek. They went further than Wyckliffe and put into form and life the model given in the New Testament. At a time when tithe—barns, castles, episcopal palaces, monasteries and nunneries, studded English soil, when a semi-political church inspector, called a bishop, could imprison or hang you, and when printing was a royal monopoly, like coinage, and both the Tudor and the Stuart dynasties were tending to absolutism, these Separatists virtually created a new state, while renewing an ancient form of spiritual government. They set the model for what we all enjoy today—a free church in a free state, which should be without interference from political rulers.

(3) They applied democracy to religion, or rather, they restored the form of Christianity as recorded in the primitive documents, when a "church" was in a house and consisted of a company of believers who chose their own officers. It borders on the ridiculous for writers, like Arber, to say that as a form of church order, that of the Pilgrims was "nowhere". Not only did the Scrooby and Leyden people live in peace and prosperity, but in 1921, the six thousand Congregational churches in the United States and as many more in the various English-speaking nations and in other countries, and in the mission centres throughout the world hold to the same fundamental law. Can any other body of religious people show a nobler record in education, literature, philanthropy, statesmanship, moral progress, or the production of men and women eminent in reform and leadership? Theirs, in Leyden and Plymouth, was government for the people, of the people and by the people, and the secret of three centuries of

success lies in their intense vital trust in God which gave them so fruitful a faith in man.

(4) The Pilgrims showed how, under the bond and sanction of great ideas, a company of men of various nationalities, differing minds, social grades, and hereditary tastes and temperaments could hold and work together for the common good—"one for all and all for one". The real, initial, and efficient body of the colony was not on the *Mayflower*, with its very mixed company, bad characters and people of Anti-Separatist opinions, but in the organization at Leyden, on the *Speedwell*, and in the four later Pilgrim ships. Here were people of eight nationalities. Predominantly English, there were those also of Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Dutch, Walloon, French, German and Danish birth or stock. For twelve years, they lived in unity, peace and brotherhood, as Bradford and his fellow writers and the magistrates of Leyden gladly acknowledged. Deemed a Utopia—even as the American commonwealth was later so judged to be—they made ideals a reality. The occasion of the immortal compact, made and signed in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, November 11, 1620 was, in the main, for protection against the "mutterings" of some in the motley company "shuffled in" on them from London, as Bradford records, by the financial backers of the colonization scheme. From their debts and servitude to this London financing corporation, and the persistent machinations of these non-sympathizers, the Pilgrims were not, for seven years, able to shake themselves free. In miniature, this union of heart and mind in Leyden was a prototype of the American commonwealth.

(5) In the face of great odds, the Pilgrims won success as heroes. The loss to them of the *Speedwell*, their expenditure, at Southampton, Dartmouth and Plymouth, before they sailed, of over $5000, through the delays and subterfuges of her half-hearted and perhaps scoundrelly captain, left the colonists marooned on a barren shore, where they had never expected to be. A score of previous attempts at colonization had failed, yet with faith, pluck and perseverance, the Separatists demonstrated that white men could live and prosper, even in so cold a climate and in so savage a wilderness. It is true that they were mightily helped and that their first notable economic advance was made

by the Walloons and Dutch of Manhattan. These revealed to the Pilgrims the existence of shell money, or wampum, invented by the Iroquois, and hitherto unknown to the Algonquins. "Trucking", or trade, was thus powerfully stimulated. The Pilgrims made experiment of the communal system and abandoned it for individual ownership of land. At the end of seven years, they had paid their debts and were financially independent and prosperous.

It was this economic success that impressed Europe and set in motion the great Puritan emigration, which, in twenty years brought over as many thousand British folk, English and Welsh. Then the Old Colony was swallowed up in the mass of New Englanders and its story was virtually lost for a century and a half. It is mainly within living men's memories that the truth concerning the Pilgrims has swum into their ken.

(6) The demonstration of the possibility of a free church in a free State was so manifest, that the Puritans of New England wholly, and in England largely, became Separatists, or Free Churchmen. Their descendants have today, six thousand congregations, forty colleges, and vast wealth and prosperity, in the United States alone; while in England they are only second in church accommodation, character and resources, to those in the Establishment. The fish, furs, timber, drugs and grain, from beyond the Atlantic, when seen in England changed the minds of men in the British Isles. Even more convincing and persuading to the thoughtful was the picture of a self-governed church and State, without bishops and without kings—but with tolerance, even as had been seen in the Dutch republic, where "religion was free for all men". A new world of opinion and practice had dawned. It was but a few months after the Puritans had reached these shores, that, impressed by the object lesson before their eyes, they followed the Pilgrims, in changing their church government to the Congregational form. The frontier theory of history was thus illustrated.

(7) The Pilgrims achieved their goal without any real "break with the past", even though prelatical writers charge this against them and their followers in America, saying that our American culture is wholly unmixed and exclusively of English origin.

In reality, ours is not an English nation, but rather a new Europe. The Separatists did break away from the insular notions, cruel customs, regal autocracy, ecclesiastical despotism, mediæval custom, ritual that had overlaid the primitive faith, and interpretations of Scripture, excess of symbols, the bigotry of men of their own name, and from the Anglicisms in the English Bible, that mar any true translation of the Hebrew and Greek inspired texts and which the islanders habitually imagined were of divine origin. Yet above all things, the eager and steadfast purpose of the Pilgrim thinkers, writers and men of affairs was not to break with the past, but rather to return to it, even to primitive truth and simplicity. They acted ever in obedience to the Divine word and in unswerving loyalty to their great Exampler.

The spirit of tolerance which the Pilgrims exhibited throughout their history, nursed and stimulated to greater breadth in the Dutch republic, is one of the wonders of history. Not only did they pass the point, which Luther and Calvin had reached and at which these Reformers stopped, but they pressed on. Robinson, their leader, the teaching member of their church, who grieved at the reactionary attitude of these leaders, urged his own people to look for more light to break out from the Divine Word. Ultra-conservatives of the Pilgrim tradition have in vain attempted to restrict the scope and application of Robinson's words to the one item of church polity or government. As a matter of fact, the Plymouth men developed, rather than limited, their pastor's urgent appeal. In Leyden, they had welcomed one and all adherents to, or members of any Reformed churches to their communion. In Plymouth, they were able to hold in their company Miles Standish, who was not a member of the church, and whose adhesion to the Roman Catholic tradition and discipline has never been disproved, and John Alden, who was, most probably, an Irishman. The Roger Williams whom the Pilgrims held in brotherhood, but whom the Puritans penalized and exiled, was not the old and wise Governor of later years, but a young Welshman of many notions, most of them not conforming to true Pilgrim ideal. There were no witchcraft persecutions in Plymouth. This was not because there were few possible victims of this cruel delusion in Plymouth, but mainly because in Holland, where the

Pilgrims were trained, there had already been published and widely read the first scientific attacks against this superstition, so that the Plymouth people were free from its grip and bond. Moreover, tolerance had taught them charity, patience and justice.

It would be absurd to claim for the Pilgrims the same ideas of religious liberty, or even of broad tolerance that have ripened in the world during three centuries or more, since William of Orange in 1574 uttered the first clear voice of a modern ruler and said to his subordinate magistrates: "You have no right to interfere with the conscience of anyone, so long as he does not work a public scandal or an injury to his neighbor". Yet these Separatist Pilgrim Fathers were far superior in tolerance to the Puritans of the Bay Colony in Massachusetts—much as some of their descendants or admirers may vehemently deny this and represent to the contrary.

There was a subtle union of their ideas, fostered by close study of the first Christian documents with the example of the Founder, who said "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold". They knew also the original Greek of the record which says not, that there may be not one "fold", but that there may be "one flock, one shepherd".

It may be truly said that the people of the United States of America, dropping much of the Puritan and Puritanical dogmas and practices, have entered more fully into the ideals and ways of the Pilgrims. In making an image in their minds, the well-informed do not confuse St. Gaudens' Puritan deacon of Springfield with such men as Bradford or Brewster. A truer conception and artistic triumph in sculpture, by John Quincy Adams Ward, is seen in Central Park, which belongs to that wonderful agglomeration of nationalities called New York City. Here stands in imperishable bronze the figure of a young, stalwart man, as if in the fulness of life, with snaphance and bandoliers, clothes of the period, alert, patient, and in the affluence and balanced energies of complete manhood.

Why do people of all creeds, cultures and nationalities in America now admire and claim inheritances from these Separatists, the Pilgrim Fathers? Is it not because they see in their story the

successful attempt to realize the hopes of ages, which have found fruition in the American federal system of states, so grandly united under the Constitution? The Pilgrim spirit has animated a nation and its example leavened all our national history.

In Europe, in 1920, six Episcopal bishops were in the American delegation celebrating the Pilgrim Tercentenary exercises—which were inaugurated by Queen Wilhelmina, beloved ruler of the land that never denied asylum to refugees for reasons of conscience or political opinions; and this in her own palace. In England, bishops, curates, and high officers of the realm sat at the banquets, offered prayer, or tendered congratulations.

In a word, the Pilgrims after three centuries have come to transfiguration, for they

> wrought with a sad sincerity

and "builded better than they knew".

William Elliot Griffis.

RUSSIA FROM ITS BALTIC WINDOW

BY JOHN A. GADE

Few tragedies equal that of the Russian nation today and no people is worthier of understanding and sympathy. After fighting for the Allied cause, they had left on the battlefield more dead than France, Great Britain and Germany together, and yet today Russia is no longer even mentioned as an Ally, its military effort is sneered at or reviled by those who should in justice feel for her the deepest gratitude.

Tens of thousands of Russian patriots, belonging to all classes, are wandering helplessly from one Scandinavian country to another or drifting through European capitals, if they still have sufficient funds to pay their boarding-house bills. They dare not return to their native country when only starvation or shooting would be their lot. For the last two years their position has been hopeless. But whither could they go? Every Minister, Commissioner and Consul to whom they had applied for a visa had answered, "No passports for Russian Emigrés". They were not wanted, these men and women without a country who had sold to the Jews their last reserves of linen and household effects. Thousands of the soldiers and officers would have been only too glad, in spite of typhus and scanty provisions, to join the ill-advised and ill-starred armies of Judenitch, Koltchak and Denikin. They would have fought for any forlorn hope which meant for them temporary bread and butter, clothes and shoes and the liberation of Russia. Scores of officers of the former Imperial Navy have begged me to get them into the new American Merchant Marine as able-bodied seamen, and intelligent, highly educated women have implored me to find them places as household servants in the United States, where they had heard that the domestic servant-question had become a difficult problem.

I often faced the tragedy of actual starvation where there had been abundance before the great war. Nor was it only those

who had possessed the riches of this earth, but more often the widows and children of the endless former government officials who had lived upon their modest pensions, or others whose funds, owing to the devaluation of the rouble, had dwindled to nothing; many whose supporters had vanished among the slaughtered millions, anywhere between Omsk, the Black Sea, the Mazurian Lakes, and Archangel; and those who had to flee in the darkness from all they owned.

They have now given up hope of any assistance from the Allies, but they still believe, curiously enough, that rich America will ultimately, in some manner of her own, come to the rescue of their country. We are still keeping hundreds of thousands of children alive and we are still considered idealists as well as merchants. Rightly or wrongly, they do not think selfish gain so strong a motive with us as in European countries nearer to concessions and the markets of the former Russian Empire.

And those inside of Red Russia! There are about a hundred and fifty million Russians in Europe and only about six hundred and twenty thousand Communists. It is as if the city of Buffalo owned all the weapons and ammunition, controlled tribunals, directed every plant and industry, ruled the army and navy and ordered the policies of the entire United States.

But why do the people submit? Why do they not rebel and throw off the tyrannous yoke of so small a minority?

First of all, because of the utter lack of coöperation and homogeneity between the various cities, provinces and states of this enormous country, where eighty different tongues are spoken and the ruling policy has been to sharpen racial differences and stimulate old animosities instead of seeking to weld together into one great national fabric the many races dwelling in Russia.

Furthermore, the entire machinery of government—post, telegraph, press and railroads—was early seized by the few, and it is now too late to get them back. Independent thought cannot travel where physical motion is allowed only to the highly favored and richly bribing servants of the Soviet Government. The intelligenzia and bourgeoisie are now as incapable of action as a patient recovering consciousness from the operating table. The peasants, some hundred and thirty-five million of them, live

so independently and isolated, scattered throughout the vast plains and boundless forests, that they have no knowledge of or interest in the doings of the great industrial centres. They bother their heads little about the endless ordinances.

To a certain extent the peasants are better off than they were before. They certainly have many more comforts and they are not starving as are the city folk. The improvement in their lot they do not owe to the Bolsheviki, but to the Revolution which preceded and resulted in the all-Russian constituent Assembly. This, and not the Soviet Government, declared: "The use of all land, mines, forests and waters is free to all citizens of the Russian republic regardless of nationality or Creed." The "Red Robbers" system, by which the Soviet Government redistributed the land, allowed the most powerful to seize the lion's share. Of course they have changed their modes of living. They grow no more flax, wheat or vegetables than what is needed for their own wants, and of that, they bury in the safest place all but the smallest quantity. Prowling and requisitioning Commissars and Government agents have until now forced them at the point of the bayonet to give up all the surplus they could find. All their horses and cows have been taken except a single one. It was obedience or the bullet.

The peasants have either themselves seized the land of their old masters or landlords, or had it doled out to them by the Government, which has retained some four per cent for Communist uses. In either case, they are very uneasy as to their title, and, valuing land above all else, are most anxious to hand it on to their children.

The Government has not yet felt sufficiently strong to tell them outright that it is not theirs to have and to hold, as all land has been nationalized and belongs to the Government. They loathe service in the Red armies, fighting where they have no grudge and in regiments filled with political agents, the very Commander subject to the orders of the Commissar accompanying every regiment. The political education back of the lines bored them to death. I have read many of their letters taken out of captured mails, and it was always the same story.

They could feel the necessity of fighting against the White

armies when they were told that these would, if victorious, merely bring back the old, reactionary days. They would also gladly fight against the old arch enemy, Poland.

The Red armies, which I saw in the field, consisted principally of peasant lads, docile, filthy, kindly and patient when captured. Once behind their opponent's fighting line, they needed no guards, for they were only too grateful to escape from bullets, and most of all from their taskmasters. Many from the cities had joined to get better pay and the largest rationing of food and clothes. Scores of them made my halls and staircases malodorous and lousy, but they were glad to shovel snow and saw wood all day long for a dinner and a whiff of tobacco. If nothing else could be found, they were quite willing, as soon as the Communists had been weeded out and disposed of, to join the regiments fighting against their former units. Judenitch's army numbered, when half way towards Petrograd, as many who had been Bolshevik soldiers a few weeks before, as "White" soldiers of its own. No arm of defense was needed when among them, as there was no danger of treachery or violence.

They were miserable fighters, but how could they be otherwise? Their officers, most of them of Imperial regiments, had been forced to assume commands or to starve to death themselves and leave their families to persecution. No one deserves more pity than these gallant gentlemen! Brusiloff's name was extensively employed in Bolshevik despatches and the wireless reports of the "Rosta", as the Commander-in-Chief operating against Poland. This was only propaganda. Brusiloff, instead of planning attacks and covering retreats, was in reality practically a prisoner in his own house, with a trusted Communist guard in front of his doorstep and another, equally trusted, to accompany him with loaded rifle whenever he might ask permission to leave his "headquarters".

Up to the offensive against Warsaw, practically every Bolshevik victory has either been due to the very perfect propaganda carried on back of it, and within the enemy's lines, or to the military inefficiency and maladministration of the conquered territory on the part of the forces contending against the Reds.

Judenitch's defeat was due, among other causes, to the folly of

undertaking alone the Petrograd attack when it had been planned as a link in the common campaign of Finnish, Esthonian, Russian and Latvian forces. British naval guns being unable from insufficient numbers and ammunition to demolish those of Krasnaia Gorka, the left flank was left exposed and when no Latvian army advanced, the right flank was equally unprotected. Fear and idle talk had estranged Esthonian sympathies. Entire lack of properly organized commissariat and lines of communications left the army unfed while crossing a friendly but starving territory. All lack of staff work added to the dilemma. Patriotism alone could not win victory even when within sight of the cupolas of Petrograd.

Thus another great Bolshevik victory was celebrated by the Communist leaders, who in the last days had led out solid Communist regiments, daring to depend on no other troops, when the enemy was so near the walls of the Capital.

The hour has passed when the Soviet Government can be overthrown by a small unit of well-officered, West European or American soldiers, adequately provided with arms, ammunition and supplies. Such an attack, easy a year ago, would now be as stupid from a political as from a military point of view, even if Western statesmen dared whisper it in their Cabinets.

Those of us who believe Bolshevism to be a world peril must fight it with other than military means.

American ignorance as to the true state of affairs inside of Red Russia is to a certain extent due to the fact that the truth has seldom been told by those who have been allowed to see and hear for themselves.

Our Departments of State and Justice and Office of Military Intelligence have been excellently informed at all times, but can act neither as lecturing bureaus nor journalists. Such information as the Soviet Government sends abroad is either visionary or false. The details furnished by escaped prisoners or released foreigners are pretty certainly colored or prejudiced. The Reverend Mr. North's accounts, as a rare instance, have been tempered and accurate. They coincided with all other reliable evidence. Unfortunately the great majority of such newspaper correspondents as have been admitted to Soviet Russia during the last half year have had their records carefully investigated before-

hand by competent Bolshevik authorities, who have felt sure that under the guidance assigned them these reporters would send out nothing detrimental to the Bolshevik cause.

Their lodgings in Moscow have been guarded, and every step they have taken. They have lived together in specially designed lodgings and much of what they have seen and heard has been carefully staged for their particular benefit. They have readily been furnished with proper answers to their questions. Every one of their telegrams, prior to being sent out by the wireless, is carefully censored by the press-bureau or one of Tchicherin's own secretaries. One excellent correspondent after the other, Fleurot, of *The New York World*, Duranty, of *The New York Times*, McKenzie, of a London paper, were all refused admittance. One of our well-known American journalists who telegraphed many a rosy account of the conditions he found in Soviet Russia, called at my office in Riga before leaving the country. I had received, several times a week, reports quite at variance with the telegrams he had been sending his paper, all of which had also passed through my hands. I questioned him both as to his impressions in general as well as to the accuracy of what he had sent out for "home consumption".

"Well, I should have been thrown out had I wired anything else", he replied, "and then, too, I want to go back."

Very few have come out of Russia recently who have had opportunities to judge men and events, who have been allowed to see the entire horizon and thus been capable of drawing unbiased conclusions.

The true state of affairs is so pathetic in its utter failure and so terrible in its results to innocent millions that it would scarcely be believed were it to be laid bare in its awful reality. There is no freedom of press, speech nor action.

The attribution of starvation to the blockade has been a potent political weapon in the hands of the Soviet leaders. Esthonia was the first to conclude peace and commence trading with the Bolsheviks, and this first break "in the iron ring encircling suffering Russia" was used by its Government for propaganda purposes. Sweden, Denmark and Norway are now following suit, and lastly American merchants, under certain con-

ditions carefully laid down by the State Department. English and Soviet representatives are at work on the same subject.

As a fact, it matters but little, from a business point of view, whether the blockade is at present raised or not. It has for a long time amounted to little or nothing; arms and ammunition and "materials susceptible of immediate use for war purposes" are about all that have been barred importation into Russia by the British destroyers guarding the free channels in the Baltic and elsewhere. The Allies have recently laid no hindrance in the way of other countries that were anxious to get Russian gold for their exports.

Esthonia has sent many a small consignment, Denmark has supplied seeds, Sweden, agricultural machinery and tools and Norway has sent fish. What *does* matter enormously is whether locomotives or rolling stock or separate parts come under the classification of "materials susceptible of immediate use for war purposes", whether they will be used for such purposes either by the Soviet Government itself or, for instance, by Esthonia, who is begging for American engines although she has all she herself needs from the booty turned over to her by Judenitch's army, and who is more than willing to pay any price for them in Russian gold roubles.

As long as the present Russian Government has neither been recognized *de jure* or *de facto* it has no right to dispose of gold borrowed by the late Imperial Russian Government, and principally from France since the year 1888. There is no question, if any of it is to be paid out, but that it belongs to Russia's creditors and to no one else. Russia has no other means of payment. There are no large stocks of wheat, flax, hides, or platinum. The Russians themselves are in terrible need of such raw stuffs as there are, and would never permit their export; and, finally, had they more than enough for themselves, all transportation is so utterly paralysed that there is no way of getting them out of the country. Trading has, in other words, been made impossible. For its resumption foreign capital, native brains and tersely directed, experienced native labor are all required in Russia. The first is under the present Government unimaginable, the last two have been incapacitated or destroyed. Neither Americans nor any other foreigners except Germans could successfully run Russian

industries, for they understand too little of the Russian character and their manner of doing business. All business is based upon credit and confidence. These would be impossible in dealing with the only merchant left in Russia, namely the Government. The only agreement now acceptable to outside merchants would be on the basis of "cash or raw stuffs down", and the Soviet Government, well aware of its business reputation, sees the necessity of offering these terms. Her able trade commissioners have been instructed to spare no effort to offer every inducement that Russia may obtain what she so sorely needs from America first of all, and then from England. If America will not sell, England must be employed as middleman, whatever commissions are demanded. Gold must be offered if raw stuffs are not believed to exist, and the bugbear of Germany capturing orders and markets must constantly be held up to the Allied and American Governments and merchants.

Of course Krassin's real errand to England, though *soi-disant* trade, was in reality to secure the establishment of commercial relations on such a footing that it would imply a recognition of the Soviet Government. In dealing with Lloyd George, Krassin knew what strong weapons he held. To meet this very situation and if possible force England to agreement, the Soviet Government, and particularly Lenin, aided by Radek, had, during the last six months, directed all their energies towards the development of the Moscow school for Eastern propaganda. It has become a great university where hundreds of able Orientals are taught the best methods of fomenting rebellion and sowing the seeds of Bolshevism throughout Britain's Asiatic possessions. The great Turkish leaders were there, those influential in the Caucasus as well as scores of those most likely to succeed in Persia, Afghanistan, Palestine, Thibet, India and China. Millions of roubles have been spent in printing proclamations in the various Asiatic tongues and the work has been done so skilfully and thoroughly and sedition spread so fast that Krassin, when he started for London, felt that for once Great Britain might successfully be threatened. A test case was made by one of the Powers, to see if it were not possible to ship out to a Baltic port 5000 tons of wheat rotting in its warehouse. It proved a failure.

Nothing arrived after eight weeks of desperate effort on the part of the Commissioner of Transportation.

There are at present two groups of leaders in Soviet Russia. Krassin is an excellent representative of the one, and both realize clearly that under present economical conditions Russia cannot stagger long without outside help. The labor armies from which so much had been hoped have proved a failure. Even such an utter abandonment of communistic principles as the reintroduction of directorate management in the factories and skilled supervision by expert bourgeois had not met with success, for directors were lacking, and technically trained managers were also few and far between. Neither threats of punishment nor promises of gain had availed to bring back skilled laborers to the industrial plants or retain those already there. Outside help must be obtained. First of all, willing German managers. If not, down would go the many new officials and the class enriched by Bolshevik plunder. For them, as for Krassin, the only salvation seems foreign capital and the abhorred capitalistic methods. This must not be openly stated, but it can be brought about by offering such concessions to foreign capital that the large foreign syndical interests will force their Governments to yield. The Soviet leaders in question are willing to sell Russia to save their own jobs, pocketbooks and future. Most of them, after the first hey-day of plunder, did not betimes send sufficient sums abroad to keep the wolf later from the door. Theirs is not the faith of Lenin or Trotzky; they have been trained in too sensible and practical a school, and they see that from all economic standpoints—volume of production, rate of employment, prices and profits and losses—nationalization has failed. The laborer has as thoroughly become a government serf as were the former peasants under the landlords of the eighteenth century.

The country that can today adhere to its standard of morality and refrain from business dealings with the Soviet Government will ultimately find that Russian merchants will turn to it in the future, as to no others, with confidence and rich opportunities. All others will be repudiated.

Krassin is a far abler man than Litvinoff who began negotia-

tions with the British commercial representative in Copenhagen.

I have been told that Litvinoff, shortly after negotiations had been opened, said to a British representative that in case England did not see her way clear to a conciliatory trade-policy, he, Litvinoff, was afraid that public opinion in Moscow might become so inflamed that the Government could not answer for the lives of such British officers as were still imprisoned in Russia. The Englishman drew himself up and replied that any British officer would be glad to die rather than have his country threatened. Commissar of Trade and Communications, Krassin, would never have been guilty of such a *faux-pas*, though his record, like that of most of the Soviet leaders, is a very unsavory one. After being jailed in Finland, he was released through pressure from extremely influential German sources. He went to Germany, received there an excellent technical training and then entered the employ of the great Siemens-Schuckert Electrical Combine. From there he was sent to Petrograd as its branch manager and one of the German Government's secret agents. His marked abilities were soon apparent and he was instrumental in the combination of the two large metallurgical companies and deep in the Russian-Asiatic Bank tangle. Germany, determining to break Russia and the eastern front by the development and spread of Bolshevism, Krassin became a more than useful servant in his dealings with the leading Communist agitators then busily sowing the seed that was to convulse Russia. Many an agent went back and forth to Copenhagen for German money, propaganda and advice, receiving his last instructions from Krassin, before leaving Petrograd.

Since writing the foregoing, events have moved fast in Russia. Crushing Polish victories practically annihilated the Bolshevik Western armies, the Poles have seized Lithuanian portions of Suwalki and the Grodno-Vilna railroad with its city and territory, recognized by Soviet Russia in its peace treaty as belonging to Lithuania, Latvia has signed peace with Soviet Russia, the *Cordon Sanitaire* has once more been reëstablished along Soviet Russia's Western frontiers, and the Ukraine has nibbled

off bit after bit of Soviet territory. Wrangel has been defeated. The peace of Rega has been signed.

We see from the last reports of the Supreme Council of National Economy that instead of 400 million poods[1] of grain, which it considers indispensable for the winter's supply, only 30 million poods had been received by September and only 15 million more might be expected.

The terms of the Peace of Riga indicate how complete was the Polish victory. They may almost be classed with those the Bolshevik leaders were forced to sign at Brest-Litovsk, and are, from the victor's side, unquestionably ill-advised.

Soviet Russia has been driven to abandon the endless trickery and chicanery it has practised in dragging out negotiations for the repatriation of the French and English subjects held in Russian prisons. They have been liberated, and the brave, starved victims returned to their native countries. Reports of mutinies and riots in Moscow and Petrograd become more frequent, the peasants are constantly taking matters more and more into their own hands, and we see independent Communal Government arising, while such power as the centralised Government had is on the wane.

The reports of foreign contracts successfully made by trade Commissars having proved false, there is no longer any basis for new contracts with European and American business men. Our own Government authorities have spiked little Esthonia's guns by stopping the delivery of the American locomotives purchased in France which would either directly, or by the release of others, have passed from Reval over Narva and Jamburg eastward. Even German eyes have been opened. The best evidence of this comes from the Deutsch-Ost-Europaeischer Wirtschaftsverbund, the powerful German society which aims at developing Russo-German commercial relations, and is of particular importance through its connection with most of the German exporters of machinery, upon which the Bolshevik Commissioners abroad placed such great hopes. In the secret report of its meeting, held at Elberfeldt, June 26th (at that time, the Bolsheviks were rapidly approaching Warsaw, Kopp

[1] 1 pood = 36 pounds.

was riding a high horse in Berlin, and Simon's appointment as Minister of Foreign Affairs also warranted Bolshevist optimism) Rode, the President of the "German East-European", laid clearly and emphatically before his hearers "the utter hopelessness of entering into any business relations whatever with the Russian Government, owing not only to its lack of materials, but its deceit and failure to fulfill promises". Meyer, the Executive Secretary, stated: "I do not think that in the near future it will be possible for private individuals to engage in the exchange of goods with Russia."

Even the greediest and those readiest to exploit Russia have, in other words, been disillusioned during the last months as to what might be grabbed or procured, now or for the future, at the expense of a ruined nation.

The recent disclosures as to the amount of paper issued by Russia stagger belief. The figures are astronomical. Up to January 1st, 1920, a grand total of 222,500,000,000 roubles had been issued in paper money by Russia, and during the first three months of the year this was followed by 115 billion more, or at the rate of more than a billion roubles a day. Gukowski's cynic avowal sums up the situation: "No revenue can cover our expenditures—only one thing remains to be done—to issue paper money, ad infinitum".

Tchicherin, in his answer to the note of the American Secretary of State, which outlined our Russian policy, carefully evades all the points at issue. It was intended to befog and deceive the poor proletariat.

Take any random statement in this reply, as for instance: "Mr. Colby wishes that there should be in Russia a bourgeois or capitalistic Government which would permit itself to be exploited by American financial groups. The policy of Soviet Russia is a policy of complete abolition of exploitation of the workers by the former owners of the means of production."

It is the present Russian Government which has opened the way for limitless exploitation. It has repeatedly offered and given concessions, first to the Hannevig group, then to Esthonia and Latvia in their peace treaties, then to British banking syndicates. Railroad concessions have been indirectly offered

to the United States which might have sold Russia, lock, stock and barrel, had we not had the decency and self-respect to hold aloof.

The agents of the Bolshevik Government have recently made even clearer to foreign politicians that it is not commercial relations which the Soviet Government is seeking for the relief of the suffering people, but the political recognition which follows the establishment of trade relations. Bertrand Russell hit the nail on the head in the account he gave of his interview with Lenin: "I felt", said Russell, "that he regarded the resumption of trade with capitalistic countries as a mere palliation of doubtful value".

JOHN A. GADE.

LIFE AND DEATH OF HARRIETT FREAN—II

BY MAY SINCLAIR

VI

She was crouching on the floor beside her father, her arm thrown across his knee. Her mother had left them there.

"Papa—Do you know?"

"Your mother told me. . . . You've done the right thing."

"You don't think I've been cruel? He said I didn't think of him."

"Oh no, you couldn't do anything else."

She couldn't. She couldn't. It was no use thinking about him. Yet night after night, for weeks and months she thought, and cried herself to sleep.

By day she suffered from Lizzie's sharp eyes and Sarah's brooding pity and Connie Pennefather's callous married stare. Only with her father and mother she had peace.

Towards spring Harriett showed signs of depression and they took her to the south of France and to Bordighera and Rome. In Rome she recovered. Rome was one of those places you ought to see; she had always been anxious to do the right thing. In the little pension in the Via Babuino she had a sense of her own importance and the importance of her father and mother. They were Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Frean, and Miss Harriett Frean, seeing Rome.

After their return in the summer he began to write his book, *The Social Order*. There were things that had to be said; it did not much matter who said them provided they were said plainly. He dreamed of a new Social State, society governing itself without representatives. For a long time they lived on the interest and excitement of the book, and when it came out Harriett pasted all his reviews very neatly into an album. He had the air of

not taking them quite seriously; but he subscribed to *The Spectator*, and sometimes an article appeared there which was understood to have been written by Hilton Frean.

And they went abroad again every year. They went to Florence and came home and read *Romola* and Mrs. Browning and Dante and *The Spectator;* they went to Assisi and read the *Little Flowers of Saint Francis;* they went to Venice and read Ruskin and *The Spectator;* they went to Rome again and read Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Harriett said, "We should have enjoyed Rome more if we had read Gibbon," and her mother replied that they would not have enjoyed Gibbon so much if they had not seen Rome. Harriett did not really enjoy him; but she enjoyed the sound of her own voice reading out the great sentences and the rolling Latin names.

She had brought back photographs of the Colosseum and the Forum and of Botticelli's *Spring*, and a della Robbia Madonna in a shrine of fruit and flowers, and hung them in the drawing-room. And when she saw the blue egg in its gilt frame standing on the marble-topped table she wondered how she had ever loved it, and wished it were not there. It had been one of Mamma's wedding presents. Mrs. Hancock had given it to her; but Mr. Hancock must have bought it.

Harriett's face had taken on again its arrogant lift. She esteemed herself justly. She knew she was superior to the Hancocks and the Pennefathers and to Lizzie Pierce and Sarah Barmby; even to Priscilla. When she thought of Robin and how she had given him up she felt a thrill of pleasure in her beautiful behaviour, and a thrill of pride in remembering that he had loved her more than Priscilla. Her mind refused to think of Robin married.

Two, three, five years passed, with a perceptible acceleration, and Harriett was now thirty.

She had not seen them since the wedding-day. Robin had gone back to his own town; he was cashier in a big bank there. For four years Prissie's letters came regularly every month or so, then ceased abruptly.

Then Robin wrote and told her of Prissie's illness. A mysteri-

ous paralysis. It had begun with fits of giddiness in the street; Prissie would turn round and round on the pavement; then falling fits; and now both legs were paralysed, but Robin thought she was gradually recovering the use of her hands.

Harriett did not cry. The shock of it stopped her tears. She tried to see it and couldn't. Poor little Prissie. How terrible. She kept on saying to herself she couldn't bear to think of Prissie paralysed. Poor little Prissie.

And poor Robin—

Paralysis. She saw the paralysis coming between them, separating them, and inside her the secret pain was soothed. She need not think of Robin married any more.

She was going to stay with them. Robin had written the letter. He said Prissie wanted her. When she met him on the platform she had a little shock at seeing him changed. Changed. His face was fuller, and a dark moustache hid the sensitive, uneven, pulsing lip. His mouth was dragged down further at the corners. But he was the same Robin. In the cab, going to the house, he sat silent, breathing hard; she felt the tremor of his consciousness and knew that he still loved her; more than he loved Priscilla. Poor little Prissie. How terrible.

Priscilla sat by the fireplace in a wheel chair. She became agitated when she saw Harriett; her arms shook as she lifted them for the embrace.

"Hatty—you've hardly changed a bit." Her voice shook.

Poor little Prissie. She was thin, thinner than ever, and stiff as if she had withered. Her face was sallow and dry and the lustre had gone from her black hair. Her wide mouth twitched and wavered, wavered and twitched. Though it was warm summer she sat by a blazing fire with the windows behind her shut.

Through dinner Harriett and Robin were silent and constrained. She tried not to see Prissie shaking and jerking and spilling soup down the front of her gown. Robin's face was smooth and blank; he pretended to be absorbed in his food, so as not to look at Prissie. It was as if Prissie's old restlessness had grown into that ceaseless jerking and twitching. And her eyes fastened on Robin; they clung to him and wouldn't let him

go. She kept on asking him to do things for her. "Robin, you might get me my shawl"; and Robin would go and get the shawl and put it round her. Whenever he did anything for her Prissie's face would settle down into a quivering, deep content.

At nine o'clock he lifted her out of her wheel chair. Harriett saw his stoop, and the taut, braced power of his back as he lifted; Prissie lay in his arms with rigid limbs hanging from loose attachments, inert, like a doll. As he carried her upstairs to bed her face had a queer, exalted look of pleasure and of triumph.

Harriett and Robin sat alone together in his study.

"How long is it since we've seen each other?"

"Five years, Robin."

"It isn't. It can't be."

"It is."

"I suppose it is. But I can't believe it. I can't believe I'm married. I can't believe Prissie's ill. It doesn't seem real with you sitting there."

"Nothing's changed, Robin, except that you're more serious."

"Nothing's changed, except that I'm more serious than ever. . . . Do you still do the same things? Do you still sit in the curly chair, holding your work up to your chin with your little pointed hands like a squirrel? Do you still see the same people?"

"I don't make new friends, Robin."

He seemed to settle down after that, smiling at his own thoughts, appeased . . .

Lying in her bed in the spare room, Harriett heard the opening and shutting of Robin's door. She still thought of Prissie's paralysis as separating them, still felt inside her a secret, unacknowledged satisfaction. Poor little Prissie. How terrible. Her pity for Priscilla went through and through her in wave after wave. Her pity was sad and beautiful and at the same time it appeased her pain.

In the morning Priscilla told her about her illness. The doctors didn't understand it. She ought to have had a stroke and she hadn't had one. There was no reason why she shouldn't walk except that she couldn't. It seemed to give her pleasure to go over it, from her first turning round and round in the

street (with helpless shaking laughter at the queerness of it), to the moment when Robin bought her the wheel chair. . . . Robin . . . Robin. . . . "I minded most because of Robin. It's such an *awful* illness, Hatty. I can't move when I'm in bed. Robin has to get up and turn me a dozen times in one night. . . . Robin's a perfect saint. He does everything for me." Prissie's voice and her face softened and thickened with voluptuous content.

" . . . Do you know, Hatty, I had a little baby. It died the day it was born. . . . Perhaps some day I shall have another."

Harriett was aware of a sudden tightening of her heart, of a creeping depression that weighed on her brain and worried it. She thought this was her pity for Priscilla.

Her third night. All evening Robin had been moody and morose. He would hardly speak to either Harriett or Priscilla. When Priscilla asked him to do anything for her he got up heavily, pulling himself together with a sigh, with a look of weary, irritated patience.

Prissie wheeled herself out of the study into the drawing-room, beckoning Harriett to follow. She had the air of saving Robin from Harriett, of intimating that his grumpiness was Harriett's fault. "He doesn't want to be bothered," she said.

She sat up till eleven so that Robin shouldn't be thrown with Harriett in the last hours.

Half the night Harriett's thoughts ran on, now in a darkness, now in thin flashes of light. "Supposing, after all, Robin wasn't happy? Supposing he can't stand it? Supposing . . . But why is he angry with *me?*" Then a clear thought: "He's angry with me because he can't be angry with Priscilla." And clearer. "He's angry with me because I made him marry her."

She stopped the running and meditated with a steady, hard deliberation. She thought of her deep, spiritual love for Robin; of Robin's deep, spiritual love for her; of his strength in shouldering his burden. It was through her renunciation that he had grown so strong, so pure, so good.

Something had gone wrong with Prissie. Robin, coming home early on Saturday afternoon, had taken Harriett for a walk. All evening and all through Sunday it was Priscilla who sulked and snapped when Harriett spoke to her.

On Monday morning she was ill and Robin ordered her to stay in bed. Monday was Harriett's last night. Priscilla stayed in bed till six o'clock when she heard Robin come in; then she insisted on being dressed and carried downstairs. Harriett heard her calling to Robin and Robin saying, "I *told* you you weren't to get up till to-morrow," and a sound like Prissie crying.

At dinner she shook and jerked and spilt things worse than ever. Robin gloomed at her. "You know you ought to be in bed. You'll go at nine."

"If I go, you'll go. You've got a headache."

"I should think I had, sitting in this furnace."

The heat of the dining-room oppressed him, but they sat on there after dinner because Prissie loved the heat. Robin's pale, blank face had a sick look, a deadly smoothness. He had to lie down on the sofa by the window.

When the clock struck nine he sighed and got up, dragging himself as if the weight of his body was more than he could bear. He stooped over Prissie, and lifted her.

"Robin—you can't. You're dropping to pieces."

"I'm all right." He heaved her up with one tremendous, irritated effort and carried her upstairs, fast, as if he wanted to be done with it. Through the open doors Harriett could hear Prissie's pleading whine, and Robin's voice, hard and controlled. Presently he came back to her and they went into his study. They could breathe there, he said.

They sat without speaking for a little time. The silence of Prissie's room overhead came between them.

Robin spoke first. "I'm afraid it hasn't been very gay for you with poor Prissie in this state."

"Poor Prissie? She's very happy, Robin."

He stared at her. His eyes, round and full and steady, taxed her with falsehood, with hypocrisy.

"You don't suppose *I'm* not, do you?"

"No." There was a movement in her throat as though she swallowed something hard. "No. I want you to be happy."

"You don't. You want me to be rather miserable."

"*Robin!*" She contrived a sound like laughter. But Robin didn't laugh; his eyes, morose and cynical, held her there.

"That's what you want. . . . At least I hope you do. If you didn't—"

She fenced off the danger. "Do *you* want *me* to be miserable, then?"

At that he laughed out. "No. I don't. I don't care how happy you are."

She took the pain of it: the pain he meant to give her.

That evening he had hung over Priscilla with a deliberate, exaggerated tenderness.

"Dear . . . Dearest. . . ." He spoke the words to Priscilla, but he sent out his voice to Harriett. She could feel its false precision, its intention, its repulse of her.

She was glad to be gone.

VII

Eighteen seventy nine: it was the year her father lost his money. Harriett was nearly thirty-five.

She remembered the day, late in November, when they heard him coming home from the office early. Her mother raised her head and said, "That's your father, Harriett. He must be ill." She always thought of 'seventy nine as one continuous November.

Her father and mother were alone in the study for a long time; she remembered Annie going in with the lamp and coming out and whispering that they wanted her. She found them sitting in the lamplight alone, close together, holding each other's hands; their faces had a strange, exalted look.

"Harriett, my dear, I've lost every shilling I possessed, and here's your mother saying she doesn't mind."

He began to explain in his quiet voice. "When all the creditors are paid in full there'll be nothing but your mother's two hundred a year. And the insurance money when I'm gone."

"Oh Papa, how terrible—"

"Yes, Hatty."

"I mean the insurance. It's gambling with your life."

"My dear, if that was all I'd gambled with—"

It seemed that half his capital had gone in what he called "the higher mathematics of the game". The creditors would get the rest.

"We shall be no worse off," her mother said, "than we were when we began. We were very happy then."

"We. How about Harriett?"

"Harriett isn't going to mind."

"You're not—going—to mind. . . . We shall have to sell this house and live in a smaller one. And I can't take my business up again."

"My dear, I'm glad and thankful you've done with that dreadful, dangerous game."

"I'd no business to play it. . . . But, after holding myself in all those years, there was a sort of fascination."

One of the creditors, Mr. Hichens, gave him work in his office. He was now Mr. Hichens's clerk. He went to Mr. Hichens as he had gone to his own great business, upright and alert, handsome in his dark grey overcoat with the black velvet collar,—faintly amused at himself. You would never have known that anything had happened.

Strange that at the same time Mr. Hancock should have lost money, a great deal of money, more money than Papa. He seemed determined that everybody should know it; you couldn't pass him in the road without knowing. He met you with his swollen red face hanging; ashamed and miserable, and angry as if it had been your fault.

One day Harriett came in to her father and mother with the news. "Did you know that Mr. Hancock's sold his horses? And he's going to give up the house."

Her mother signed to her to be silent, frowning and shaking her head and glancing at her father. He got up suddenly and left the room.

"He's worrying himself to death about Mr. Hancock," she said.

"I didn't know he cared for him like that, Mamma."

"Oh well, he's known him thirty years, and it's a very dreadful thing that he should have to give up his house."

"It's not worse for him than it is for Papa."

"It's ever so much worse. He isn't like your father. He can't be happy without his big house and his carriages and horses. He'll feel so small and unimportant."

"Well then, it serves him right."

"Don't say that. It *is* what he cares for and he's lost it."

"He's no business to behave as if it was Papa's fault," said Harriett. She had no patience with the odious little man. She thought of her father's face, her father's body, straight and calm, and his soul so far above that mean trouble of Mr. Hancock's, that vulgar shame.

Yet inside him he fretted. And, suddenly, he began to sink. He turned faint after the least exertion and had to leave off going to Mr. Hichens. And by the spring of eighteen eighty he was upstairs in his room, too ill to be moved. That was just after Mr. Hichens had bought the house and wanted to come into it. He lay, patient, in the big white bed, smiling his faint, amused smile when he thought of Mr. Hichens.

It was awful to Harriett that her father should be ill, lying there at their mercy. She couldn't get over her sense of his parenthood, his authority. When he was obstinate, and insisted on exerting himself she gave in. She was a bad nurse because she couldn't set herself against his will. And when she had him under her hands to strip and wash him she felt that she was doing something outrageous and impious; she set about it with a flaming face and fumbling hands. "Your mother does it better," he said gently. But she could not get her mother's feeling of him as a helpless, dependent thing.

Mr. Hichens called every week to enquire. "Poor man, he wants to know when he can have his house. Why *will* he always come on my good days? He isn't giving himself a chance."

He still had good days, days when he could be helped out of bed to sit in his chair. "This sort of game may go on forever," he said. He began to worry seriously about keeping Mr. Hichens out of his house. "It isn't decent of me. It isn't decent."

Harriett was ill with the strain of it. She had to go away for a fortnight with Lizzie Pierce, and Sarah Barmby stayed with her mother. Mrs. Barmby had died the year before. When Harriett got back her father was making plans for his removal.

"Why have you all made up your minds that it'll kill me to remove me? It won't. The men can take everything out but me and my bed and that chair. And when they've got all the things into the other house they can come back for the chair and me. And I can sit in the chair while they're bringing the bed. It's quite simple. It only wants a little system."

Then, while they wondered whether they might risk it, he got worse. He lay propped up, rigid, his arms stretched out by his side, afraid to lift a hand because of the violent movements of his heart. His face had a patient, expectant look as if he waited for them to do something.

They couldn't do anything. There would be no more rallies. He might die any day now, the doctor said.

"He may die any minute. I certainly don't expect him to live through the night."

Harriett followed her mother back into the room. He was sitting up in his attitude of rigid expectancy; no movement but the quivering of his nightshirt above his heart.

"The doctor's been gone a long time, hasn't he?" he said.

Harriett was silent. She didn't understand. Her mother was looking at her with a serene comprehension and compassion.

"Poor Hatty," he said, "she can't tell a lie to save my life."

"Oh—Papa—"

He smiled as if he was thinking of something that amused him.

"You should consider other people, my dear, not just your own selfish feelings. . . . You ought to write and tell Mr. Hichens."

Her mother gave a short sobbing laugh. "Oh, you darling—" she said.

He lay still. Then suddenly he began pressing hard on the mattress with both hands, bracing himself up in the bed. Her mother leaned closer towards him. He threw himself over

slantways, and with his head bent as if it was broken, dropped into her arms.

Harriett wondered why he was making that queer grating and coughing noise. Three times.

Her mother called softly to her—"Harriett."

She began to tremble.

VIII

Her mother had some secret that she couldn't share. She was wonderful in her pure, high serenity. Surely she had some secret. She said he was closer to her now than he had ever been. And in her correct, precise answers to the letters of condolence Harriett wrote: "I feel that he is closer to us now than he ever was." But she didn't really feel it. She only felt that to feel it was the beautiful and proper thing. She looked for her mother's secret and couldn't find it.

Meanwhile Mr. Hichens had given them six weeks. They had to decide where they would go: into Devonshire or into a cottage at Hampstead where Sarah Barmby lived now.

Her mother said, "Do you think you'd like to live in Sidmouth, near Aunt Harriett?"

They had stayed one summer at Sidmouth with Aunt Harriett. She remembered the red cliffs, the sea, and Aunt Harriett's garden stuffed with flowers. They had been happy there. She thought she would love that: the sea and the red cliffs and a garden like Aunt Harriett's.

But she was not sure whether it was what her mother really wanted. Mamma would never say. She would have to find out somehow.

"Well—what do you think?"

"It would be leaving all your friends, Hatty."

"My friends—Yes. But —"

Lizzie and Sarah and Connie Pennefather. She could live without them. "Oh, there's Mrs. Hancock."

"Well—" Her mother's voice suggested that if she were put to it she could live without Mrs. Hancock.

And Harriett thought: She does want to go to Sidmouth then.

"It would be very nice to be near Aunt Harriett."

She was afraid to say more than that lest she should show her own wish before she knew her mother's.

"Aunt Harriett. Yes. . . . But it's very far away, Hatty. We should be cut off from everything. Lectures and concerts? We couldn't afford to come up and down."

"No. We couldn't."

She could see that Mamma did not really want to live in Sidmouth; she didn't want to be near Aunt Harriett; she wanted the cottage at Hampstead and all the things of their familiar, intellectual life going on and on. After all that was the way to keep near to Papa, to go on doing the things they had done together.

Her mother agreed that it was the way.

"I can't help feeling," Harriett said, "it's what he would have wished."

Her mother's face was quiet and content. She hadn't guessed.

They left the white house with the green balcony hung out like a birdcage at the side, and turned into the cottage at Hampstead. The rooms were small and rather dark, and the furniture they had brought had a squeezed-up, unhappy look. The blue egg on the marble-topped table was conspicuous and hateful as it had never been in the Black's Lane drawing-room. Harriett and her mother looked at it.

"Must it stay there?"

"I think so. Fanny Hancock gave it to me."

"Mamma—you know you don't like it."

"No. But after all these years I couldn't turn the poor thing away."

Her mother was an old woman, clinging with an old, stubborn fidelity to the little things of her past. But Harriett denied it. "She's not old," she said to herself. "Not really old."

"Harriett", her mother said one day, "I think you ought to do the housekeeping."

"Oh, Mamma, why?" She hated the idea of this change.

"Because you'll have to do it some day."

She obeyed. But as she went her rounds and gave her orders she felt that she was doing something not quite real, playing at being her mother as she had played when she was a child. Then her mother had another thought.

"Harriett, I think you ought to see more of your friends, dear."

"Why?"

"Because you'll want them after I'm gone."

"I shall never *want* anybody but you."

And their time went as it had gone before: in sewing together, reading together, listening to lectures and concerts together. They had told Sarah that they didn't want anybody to call. They were Hilton Frean's wife and daughter. "After our wonderful life with him," they said, "you'll understand, Sarah, that we don't want people". And if Harriett was introduced to any stranger she accounted for herself arrogantly: "My father was Hilton Frean."

They were collecting his *Remains* for publication.

Months passed, years passed, going each one a little quicker than the last. And Harriett was forty.

One evening, coming out of church, her mother fainted. That was the beginning of her illness, February, eighteen eighty three. First came the long months of weakness; then the months and months of sickness; then the pain; the pain she had been hiding, that she couldn't hide any more.

They knew what it was now: that horrible thing that even the doctors were afraid to name. They called it "something malignant". When the friends—Mrs. Hancock, Connie Pennefather, Lizzie and Sarah—called to enquire, Harriett wouldn't tell them what it was; she pretended that she didn't know, that the doctors weren't sure; she covered it up from them as if it had been a secret shame. And they pretended that they didn't know. But they knew.

They were talking now about an operation. There was one chance for her in a hundred if they had Sir James Pargeter: one chance. She might die of it; she might die under the anaesthetic; she might die of the shock; she was so old and weak. Still, there was that one chance, if only she would take it.

But her mother wouldn't listen. "My dear, it would cost a hundred pounds."

"How do you know what it would cost?"

"Oh," she said, "I know." She was smiling above the sheet that was tucked close up, tight under her chin, shutting it all down.

Sir James Pargeter would cost a hundred pounds. Harriett couldn't lay her hands on the money or on half of it or a quarter. "That doesn't matter if they think it'll save you."

"They *think;* they think. But I *know.* I know better than all the doctors."

"But Mamma, darling—"

She urged the operation. Just because it would be so difficult to raise the hundred pounds she urged it. She wanted to feel that she had done everything that could be done, that she had let nothing stand in the way, that she had shrunk from no sacrifice. One chance in a hundred. What was a hundred pounds weighed against that one chance? If it had been one in a thousand she would have said the same.

"It would be no good, Hatty. I know it wouldn't. They just love to try experiments, those doctors. They're dying to get their knives into me. Don't *let* them."

Gradually, day by day, Harriett weakened. Her mother's frightened voice tore at her, broke her down. Supposing she really died under the operation? Supposing—It was cruel to excite and upset her just for that; it made the pain worse.

Either the operation or the pain, going on and on, stabbing with sharper and sharper knives; cutting in deeper; all their care, the antiseptics, the restoratives, dragging it out, giving it more time to torture her.

When the three friends came Harriett said, "I shall be glad and thankful when it's all over. I couldn't want to keep her with me, just for this."

Yet she did want it. She was thankful every morning that she came to her mother's bed and found her alive, lying there, looking at her with her wonderful smile. She was glad because she still had her.

And now they were giving her morphia. Under the torpor of

the drug her face changed; the muscles loosened, the flesh sagged, the widened, swollen mouth hung open; only the broad beautiful forehead, the beautiful calm eyebrows were the same; the face, sallow white, half imbecile, was a mask flung aside. She couldn't bear to look at it; it wasn't her mother's face; her mother had died already under the morphia; she had a shock every time she came in and found it still there.

On the day her mother died she told herself she was glad and thankful. She met her friends with a little, quiet, composed face, saying, "I'm glad and thankful she's at peace." But she wasn't thankful; she wasn't glad. She wanted her back again, and she reproached herself, one minute for having been glad and the next for wanting her.

She consoled herself by thinking of the sacrifices she had made, how she had given up Sidmouth, and how willingly she would have paid the hundred pounds.

"I sometimes think, Hatty," said Mrs. Hancock, melancholy and condoling, "that it would have been very different if your poor mother could have had her wish."

"What—what wish?"

"Her wish to live in Sidmouth, near your Aunt Harriett."

And Sarah Barmby, sympathizing heavily, stopping short and brooding, trying to think of something to say: "If the operation had only been done five years ago when they *knew* it would save her—"

"Five years ago? But we didn't know anything about it then."

"*She* did. . . . Don't you remember? It was when I stayed with her. . . . Oh Hatty, didn't she tell you?"

"She never said a word."

"Oh well, she wouldn't hear of it, even then when they didn't give her two years to live."

Five years? She had had it five years ago. She had known about it all that time. Five years ago the operation would have saved her; she would have been here now. Why had she refused it when she knew it would save her?

She had been thinking of the hundred pounds.

To have known about it five years and said nothing—to have gone on believing she hadn't two years to live—

That was her secret. That was why she had been so calm when Papa died. She had known she would have him again so soon. Not two years—

"If I'd been them," Lizzie was saying, "I'd have bitten my tongue out before I told you. It's no use worrying, Hatty. You did everything that could be done."

"I know. I know."

She held up her face against them; but to herself she said that everything had not been done. Her mother had never had her wish. And she had died in agony, so that she, Harriett, might keep her hundred pounds.

(*To be continued*)

THE ADVENTURER

BY ALICE BROWN

I

His birthright is to hear unendingly
The rote of breakers on some nameless shore,
The din of savage warfare and the roar
Of strange beasts mocking the unmindful sea;
The perils hid in water, cave and tree
Are wild delights he lives but to explore
Fast on each track of wonder, to the door
Of threatening, unguessed hazards yet to be.
Intrepid voyager! now is he confined
Within a world restricted, charted, known,
The far obscure illumed for all to find,
The seeds of strangeness in set borders sown,
And but rehearsed adventures of the mind
For fiery witness to bright dangers flown.

II

Spurning the vanquished earth, he flies to air,
Some red horizon now his coast of gold,
And, unappalled by lightning, sleet and cold,
He sails the sunrise and the morning star;
The void is his, her shifting gulfs, and far
Outrunning wild belief, he sees unrolled
Cloud ranges, peak and valley, fold on fold,
And cleaves the turmoil of the winds at war.
Imperious earth! his godhead flaming high,
She plucks him downward for that desperate flight
Of lone mortality, ordained to die
The body's death, and through her rayless night
Bids his clear spirit seek beyond her sky
The rose of beauty and the founts of light.

CLIFFS

BY WINIFRED WELLES

I took my longing up a cliff,
  All alone, I looked on the sea—
The surf, spread out like fans of lace,
  Rustled a soft sound up to me,
    A gentle sound like sliding beads,
    And wind hummed over the weeds.

Long and long ago a cliff
  Lovers out of luck would leap,
And fall to cool their hearts like stones,
  Or break like waves and fall asleep.
    The sea now is the same, I knew,
    And any cliff, I thought, would do.

I laid down my frock and frills,
  I took the gold pins from my hair,
And tip-toed to the tasselled edge,
  Whispering a prayer,
    That nothing else of me but foam
    Should remain to carry home.

I was a curve of flame in the air!
  I was a coal that scorched the sea!
The spray went up in a steamy cloud,
  High and hissing over me,
    And my body slid out of the blue,
    Polished and clean and new.

I shook the bitterness from my eyes,
  I laughed that I was alive!
So now I know I can dare to love
  As long as I love to dive—
    And I am not the one to weep,
    While there are cliffs to leap.

SPIRITUALITY VERSUS SPIRITISM

A CONFESSION OF FAITH

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

Does intercourse with departed spirits make the living more spiritual? Psychic research replies with an unequivocal "yes". To reply with an unequivocal "no" requires some courage, and even more of plain common sense. Common sense is merely racial instinct accounting for itself. It was to secure itself from backsliding into animality that the human race as it has emerged from the savage toward the man has more and more clearly denied itself recourse to the occult. Evolution has obeyed an undeviating principle from the amœba to the ape, from the ape to Isaiah, and that principle is the development of inner faculties, mental or moral or religious, only by depending on them. Not the eyes of the body but of the soul, have perceived all the light that has ever affected human progress. You don't strengthen the eyes of the soul by materialising the dead so that the living may see them, on the contrary, you revert to a gross animal dependence on the eyes of the body.

Faith is a far bigger word than our common use of it to mean belief in an unseen God or in an unproved immortality. Faith is the most important faculty the race possesses, and nothing is more perilous for progress than to weaken faith by making it depend on proof. Faith is the power to walk on an hypothesis, and hypothesis is the only bridge by which people have ever crossed from the past into the future. If men had been denied the privilege of acting in accordance with facts they could not prove, if belief of any kind had ever been conditioned on what we can see with our eyes and hear with our ears and feel with our hands, we should have remained monkeys, we should not today be men.

The most searching test of the psychic is the psychological.

Not, "Can the dead speak to us?" is the root question, but, "What good will it do even if they can?" Every red-blooded brain resists any tendency toward reversion. Even if psychic research advertises its importance from every publisher's catalogue, shall we human beings voluntarily revert from our dependence on our own souls, and rush for advice to the souls of the dead? As we look back at history, either universal or individual, and observe the slow, bitter spiritualising of humanity, does it really appear ever to have been safe to consult any human spirit except that one which faces us so mysteriously in the glass every morning?

In order to examine the spiritualising power of spiritism, suppose psychic communication to have become as popular as some new method of telephoning; what results should a plain common sense knowledge of human nature expect if the ouija board become as common a household convenience as the telephone receiver? In the first place, all materialists would leave the psychic alone except as offering problems for the pathologist. Materialists are not people to be despised, for many of them through their whole-hearted attention to the mysteries of life are doing work of highest service for the slow upward climb of humanity toward liberation. It is less dangerous to evolution to exaggerate the mystery of matter, as do many of our noblest scientists, than to neglect the mystery of matter as do many noble spiritists. Further, spiritist and materialist can hardly afford to scorn each other, for each is a little responsible for the other's creed. As today's preoccupation with the psychic marks the far swing of the pendulum away from yesterday's preoccupation with the material, so today's spiritism is confirming if not producing, a good deal of materialism. The methods and the message of much psychic communication are so grotesque, and the effect on mentality so regrettable, that the instant rejection by materialists of all psychic claims is largely the assertion of healthy human instincts. Perhaps an honest materialist would rather not have a soul than have the sort of soul spiritism describes. Perhaps of all creeds materialism sees most clearly that spiritism is unspiritual.

So much for the effect of psychic research on people who don't

believe it. There remains to divide the people who do believe it into those who think and those who don't. Five years ago it would have seemed absurd to analyse the dangers of spiritism as applied to everyday living, but today the popularity of the psychic is so amazing both among thinking and among unthinking people that simply for one's own clarity and stability it is well to recognise its fallible psychology. In print and in conversation one observes much facile credulity in regard to psychic research and as much facile mockery, but very little of civil refusal to accept its knowledge not of ghosts but of men. Looking at basic human nature as it is, not as the ingenuous psychic researcher looks at it, one is forced to see the disastrous effect a general acceptance of spiritism would have. The rank and file would degrade all psychic intercourse to mundane purposes, as, obviously, they already do. They would go to mediums for advice in sickness and in financial speculation, for assistance in finding lost articles and in betting on Presidential candidates. It is a significant and arresting fact that no spirit has yet expressed any moral inspiration that his interviewer was not capable, consciously or subconsciously, of expressing for himself. All authoritative students of the soul, Shakespeare, for example, or Socrates, or Jesus are pretty well agreed that it is incapable of reformation from without, but only from within. A voice from the dead may frighten us, it can't regenerate us, for regeneration is not a psychic but a psychological experience. If therefore we possess a fatal facility for remaining materialist beings in our purposes, no matter how familiarly we converse with immaterial beings, then the methods of intermundane intercourse will always expose mediums to the same ordeal that often betrayed Roman augurs and Greek soothsayers: it will be a stout-minded medium who never yields to the temptation of saying whatever will please the sitter!

Psychic enthusiasts are sadly ignorant of the healthy toughness of humanity. It never gasps long over the miraculous, it accepts it and goes on its humdrum way. If really converted to the authenticity of automatic writing, the general public would employ that agency to make themselves more luxurious, not more noble. Nine out of ten applications for spirit advice would

be some variation of the question, "How may I get more money?" This priceless advice could be obtained merely by holding a pencil laxly in the fingers, and all such inquiry could be so secret that none of us would be restrained by wholesome shame before our fellows no matter what selfish desires we might reveal to our ghostly counsellors. The ease with which mankind adjusts itself to all discovery and converts miracles into conveniences for its comfort, might well give pause to those who aver that spiritual reformation would follow the acceptance of spiritist claims.

The only people who would use psychic agencies for their own ennobling are the people who think, and these are precisely such as are capable of attaining beauty by those nobler methods which have an age-old sanction. Persons of true aspiration would be debilitated exactly in so far as they turned from their hard-won spiritual insight and vigor to depend on the advice of mediums and of letter-writing controls. Such persons are equipped to get their help from their own souls, if only they will be patient enough to take the trouble. Here and now we have beauty enough to live and die by, without running to the dead to reveal it to us. For the thinking and the unthinking alike, spiritism is the evasion of the responsibility to develop our own vision and our own energy under a handicap surely set us with patient creative purpose.

The human soul is capable of being vitalised only by the moral, not by the miraculous. We have forgotten that Jesus looked upon even his raisings from the dead as being "mere works". Incalculable discussion has waged about the authenticity of the gospel miracles. The essential point is not whether or not the miracles were true, the essential point is that Jesus scorned them, and the people who needed them. The proof of Christian idealism is not to be found in history, but in psychology. Instead of being a clarion call to faith to investigate for itself, spiritism belongs to that lower order that requires "mere works". By discovering for us rather than by letting us discover for ourselves, it weakens all our soul powers. It stunts us because it denies our noblest aspiration.

Examined as a practical doctrine to assist us in living, spiritism would tend to make us less, not more, spiritual human beings. As a creed to energise us in our relations to this world, it is

weak; as a creed to fortify us in our relations to another, is it any more vital? If it does not help us to meet life, does it help us to meet death, our own or our loved ones'? It was as a panacea in universal bereavement that psychic research attained its present popularity, and yet one dares to insist that spiritism is no more a spiritual way of regarding death than it is a spiritual way of facing life.

For the man seeking to sift for himself the purport to himself of psychic science, the most illuminating method of procedure is to admit the hypothesis that its evidence is true, but to scrutinise the effect claimed for this evidence. Granted that we can freely communicate with our dead, is the manner of conversation through the frankly occult means of ouija, mediums or automatic writing the surest solace for grief? If one accepts the testimony of spirit messages at their face value, and examines them in the light of this acceptance, what conclusions are to be drawn by an unbiased mind? The first is that we seem to be subjecting our loved ones to an intense difficulty in mere means of speech; it appears to be terribly hard for them to reach us. They seem to be feeling, often with real pain, for the old shackles of language, for the old physical restrictions that alone make possible an interchange of ideas with us who are still held by those restrictions. If it troubles our dead to talk to us, why should we ask it? According to spiritist records, our dead send reports of a busy, happy, emancipated activity. When we summon them, we interrupt their own high services, deter them from starry climbs. All that the departed seem allowed to transmit to us is that they persist, with personality accentuated rather than weakened, and that they are joyously occupied,—as to anything more than this, the accounts of post-mundane existence are so contradictory as to be impossible even for spiritists themselves to disentangle. That our dead are alive and happy, all of us who accept Christianity with any sincerity believed this before. Many who did not accept Christian revelation were at least open to a faith in immortality through observation of earthly lives so miraculously disciplined toward perfection that it seemed impossible to conceive the universe so prodigal that it would devote so much energy to making a man beautiful only to snuff him out like a

candle! People who have had enough religion of any kind to believe in the immortality of the soul will strengthen their faith best by reference to the testimony of their own souls rather than to material evidence. And how many people who did not believe in immortality have been converted by spiritist evidence?

Again, still taking psychic messages at their face value, we gather that the dead desire of us a serenity so poised that they need not stop to worry about us, and an energy for righteousness in our physical sphere so vigorous that it shall be to them our strongest assurance of sympathy with their own activity. The firmest earthly bond between any two people is shared service; why should it not also be the most vital method of communion between the living and the dead? This conception of grief is exactly what Christianity has been teaching for two thousand years. The Christian attitude toward immortality is more vitalising than the spiritist because it demands the expression of this faith in action, it is inexorable in its insistence that the truest reverence for our dear ones is shown in incorporating their beauty into our own lives. Surely that is the highest tribute that one can ever pay to a loved one, and if our dead have indeed that surer vision which spirit messages affirm, they would value most that affection which imitates their earthly nobility. They must surely see, if they are capable of seeing anything, that preoccupation with mediumistic messages undermines the energy, which, expressed in service to the living, is the sole healthy curative of sorrow. If spiritist messages really establish, as they appear to do, a sphere of joyous activity for the departed, and another sphere of activity, less lucid, but as necessary, for us, both forms of activity having the same ultimate purpose, the spiritualising of humanity, then the surest way of feeling near our dead here, and the surest way of educating ourselves to join them there, seems to be to live while we live, rather than to try to penetrate the Great Divide. Spiritist accounts of the universe seem to show that the work beyond and the work here require the individual attention of each soul. Neither those others, nor we, have energy enough for both sides of the grave.

One is speaking of course of the capacities of the average soul, physical or disembodied, and on the assumption that one accepts

the evidences of spiritism while objecting to its inferences; arguing from and not against psychic phenomena, one may admit that the possibility of communication may legitimately engage specialists on both sides of death. Certain beings may well be selected by equipment and desire, like specialists in any other department of science. But just as on this planet progress would be interrupted if everybody went into biology or mathematics, so the great work of this interwoven universe would surely be retarded if everybody went into the subject of post-mortal intercourse. At its best, communication between the living and the dead would be merely a means not an end. Psychic research has been dignified to an undue importance. Unless messages from the dead make us better, they have no justification, and it is a question whether they have the power to make us better unless we possess that spiritual endowment and discipline that could make us better anyway, if we let it.

Surely the highest regard we can show our dead is to trust rather than to trouble them. When the dead speak they seem to do so with difficulty, under the stress of patient pity. Even when the utterance is spontaneous, it always appears to be in the nature of an affectionate interruption to higher claims, as if they returned to help us when we can't help ourselves, but would really rather be about some beautiful business that forever draws them. Can we not suffer them to go to this high service? Has human love sunk to such pitiful selfishness that it would deter our dead from their transcendent occupations? Even suppose they faded into extinction, is there nowhere in us a nobility that would be glad we had possessed them even for a little while, and that could create for ourselves an indissoluble inspiration, forbidding us to mar that holy lost companionship by self-engrossed mourning? Instead of going to some trained medium to beg our dead child to speak to us, might it not be one's highest aspiration to say: My son has passed into nothingness, even as I myself shall presently pass, but meanwhile I will create within myself that divinity which shall cause me to walk godlike while I may, because for a little while I possessed him in his beauty.

Yet few of us are strained to such high but tragic effort, for communion with our dead is not forbidden us even if we refuse

any occult intercourse. We do not deny ourselves the consciousness of an inter-related universe. There are moments when our dead seem strangely near, but, significantly, these moments come unsought. They are the moments when we are most courageously attacking our problems with our own spiritual strength. This sense of unseen presences is too deep, too absolute, to need the impertinence of alien mediums, or of automatic writing. No matter how completely we are convinced of the juxtaposition of two worlds, our attitude is sanest if we decide not to penetrate too soon that other temple ordained for our pilgrimage. If by chance we do intercept some wireless message from beyond, it is best to attach it instantly to conduct, not to contemplation. We may sometimes rejoice in the happy confidence and assurance of definite personalities seeking to touch us, but we shall be in deeper accord with the purpose of their life if we neither desert our own posts nor recall our loved travelers from their starry journeying.

If psychic research does not provide the noblest solace for the death of our loved ones, does it at least make our own dying easier? On the surface that would seem to be its chief excuse for being. Ripping the veil from before life's exit is supposed to make our going less painful. To think so is to exhibit once again the fallibility of spiritism, its ignorance of human nature. We would enter upon death more bravely if we knew what is there? Hardly, if what is there is what psychic research reveals! Death has been the one holy land secure from the desecration of human discovery. It has been the only adventure that could not be stolen from any human creature. As we look back at our lives we know that it has always been mystery that exhilarated us, it has been certainty that turned us craven with ennui. No, studying the geography of No-man's-land will not make us "bolder men in death", for to make death banal is to deny our soul-powers, inured to risking the desperate splendid chances of life.

The elaborate detail to which spiritism reduces the New Heaven is for most of us an ugly substitute either for mystery or for nothingness. A somewhat sublimated repetition of existence here, is that all? We have a right to expect better things of

death than that. Extinction would be more dignified, more in accord with the sublimity we have witnessed in heroic earthly lives.

Spiritist pictures of life beyond the grave must affect people in two different ways; those to whom life is a disappointment will be enervated by a lotus-eating contemplation, those to whom life is a challenge will be revolted. There remains, of course, that number to whom psychic research will never mean anything at all. The history of thought, the history of religion, the history of the attitude of the living toward the dead, all repeat themselves in a way to make one a little hesitant about proclaiming that there is anything novel in scrutinising the other side of the grave. Other periods have occupied themselves with the life beyond,—to their own peril, and to the detriment of after generations. Other men in other times have conceived ghostly cities. It is no new pastime to build a heaven out of spirit-blocks so that we may hide earth from our eyes, but every age that has achieved growth has put away these childish things. All those other heavens were anthropomorphic, too, and reflected contemporary thought and feeling as transparently as does the spiritist heaven of today. It is true that our methods of approaching the other side are scientific rather than ecclesiastic, because ours is a scientific age. The after life that these scientific methods lay bare, however, is as clear a reflection of contemporary mental and spiritual development as was Virgil's or Dante's. In fact if one wanted to study the successive eras of history, one might easily do so by confining one's research to the successive pictures that earth has made of heaven. And no age and no man whose pictures of heaven have been more vivid than the realities of earth has ever pushed the human race far upon its way.

For the security of our evolution, better the grossest materialism than that gazing upon the life to be should beguile our strength from living the life that is. Many thoughtful people are mystified by the present popularity of the psychic:—here is the explanation stated by a spiritist, who, a sincere Christian minister of today, is unconscious that he has reverted to the medievalism of yesterday; he thus explains the popular preoccupation:

It proceeds, I think, from a wave of intense dissatisfaction with this present world. If there is a better world we want to be assured of it, and to be assured of it quickly. For minds seeking a firm basis on which to stand, there is none in sight.

And therefore are we to turn to the contemplation of a post-mundane order and security, because we abandon the effort to discover security in the world in which we are placed? Because our own souls are discouraged and impatient, are we to turn to souls passed on, to comfort and bolster us? Is that the road to spiritualised vision, to spiritualised effort?

The medieval monks, aghast at the ugliness of the real world, made for their imaginations a celestial city built out of their own restricted aspirations, their own restricted notions of right and beauty, and in their tranced meditation on their own heaven, they rested. What energy did they have left to rebuild and redeem the tormented real world beyond the monastery gates? By way of escape from life they lived in contemplation of death. Exactly in the same way do spiritists act today. There is a mysticism that vitalises and a mysticism that destroys. Mysticism is a confidence in invisible beauty. A cowardly mysticism can find invisible beauty only in an existence freed from the ugliness of the physical; a courageous mysticism finds beauty here and now, and seeks to embody it. We earn the right to fulness of life beyond the grave only by practicing fulness of life here.

The boasted new science is more medieval than it dreams. Not only is it lost in gazing at its self-created heaven, but it is subtly self-centred. We scorn the ethics of the hermit who was intent upon the saving of his own soul from the world. The monk in his monastery, the nun in her convent, were at peace while robbers raided the countryside, and fire and murder and rapine wrought a hell for other lives. Today we are told in book after book that spiritism has brought the writer serenity. Serenity? But how about activity? Or service? Or ringing denunciation? Now, while famine and cruelty and greed walk the earth? No wonder that some of us see in spiritism a desperate peril. Today of all days, an instinct that would safeguard human growth makes us cry out to spiritists,—oh, turn from dreaming, and save a civilization that goes reeling!

The dead are speaking to us? Well, let them! If listening to them means that we are deaf to one starving baby's cry, let them speak unheeded! There is no healing for a broken world in any teaching that exalts death at the expense of life. Spiritism asks us to give thought to our own dying—today of all days! It pleads: See how comfortable you will be in death and afterwards! What man worthy his heirship of life troubles himself about his dying? What man with red blood in him would not reply to the pleasant promises of spiritism. Let my death be like a gnat's if by extinction I may save one young life from the bestiality of war!

It is beneath the dignity of the live soul to demand material proof of survival; it takes from us our right to be intrepid. We crave the opportunity to prove our faith in the loveliness of life victorious over all ugly seeming. We demand our right to embody that faith in service without being insulted by promises of ease beyond the grave.

We allow no one to steal from us our awe of death. Life here is one temple, life there is another, and it is hideous to desecrate its threshold by material certainties. Why, one can imagine the descriptions in Raymond put into a movie scenario! My whole soul shrinks at this vulgarising of death. The august spirit that inhabits our body, has its right to an august destiny. Certainty is an affront, a sorry conclusion of that adventure into mystery to which this world has habituated us. Earth has honored the imperial soul that possesses us by allowing us to follow dauntlessly the quest of beauty amid darkness and despair. After that high privilege must we shrink to the pettiness of knowledge, the sordidness of certainty? The human soul is mysterious and has a right to its exit into a mystery worthy the intrepid trust, which freely permitted us in this world, is still the soul's supreme prerogative in the world to come.

One strange thing about this bewildered and bewildering period is that one meets religion in unexpected spots. People are not half so ashamed of God as they used to be; every little while one is startled by a confession of faith breaking out abruptly in a parliament or at a commercial convention or a lawyers' luncheon. Amid so much in the daily news that is heartless or avaricious or

lawless or murder-mad, every little while appear these sudden flashes of a burning insight and a fiery zeal. Faith is not dead, but it is appearing in strange places, in editorials, in fiction, "The history of the human soul and its relation to divinity is the only history worth any man's pursuit,—" it is surely significant that these unabashed words are found in a popular present-day novel, Hugh Walpole's *Secret City*. People are trying to get at God in a manner that is often fumbling, but surprisingly candid, so that today one need offer no apology for concluding a challenge of spiritism with a study of its relation to religion.

If faith is the power to perceive the substance of things not seen, then, clearly, when spirits are materialised for us and photographed and their surroundings pictorially reported and vouched for, we need no longer exercise a spiritualised imagination about them, and are denied any opportunity to trust God as to their welfare. Faith and material proof are a contradiction in terms. They cannot possibly exist together. Faith results from the slow education of the divine inside of us to recognise the divine outside of us. Being essentially a spiritual activity, faith cannot be strengthened by material evidences, for to depend on these would be to abrogate its own functions. The salient weakness of spiritism is its materialism. Its spirituality is fallacious. Psychic research, instead of introducing into our bewildered physical existence the clarity and nobility of the spirit-world, on the contrary, introduces our own material standards, our finite valuations, our ephemeral desires, into the spirit-world. Psychic research by invading mystery does not make earth spiritual, it makes heaven material. The medieval monk established in his heaven a hierarchy quite as specific as the actual hierarchy of church and state familiar to him,—is psychic research any less naïve in establishing in its after-world that order which current taste thinks beautiful and desirable? Even granting that every description which spirits give us of their life is authentic, still, since they are forced in communicating to employ terms fitted for our life, their accounts must necessarily be grossly materialistic. If psychic research so cripples the exercise of our spiritual sight that we require the evidences of our eyes and ears before we are willing to believe in the existence of our dead, by

so doing it will cripple our faculty for perceiving an invisible God.

Faith must be founded on something sturdier than spirit-contacts. If life and death are alike designed, through a tortuous evolution, to develop the divine out of the human, then spiritism is in its very essence opposed to spirituality. Materialist proofs of God and our immortality are the stifling of the highest faculty we possess. Certainty forbids education through faith. Training in faith comes through acceptance of the physical as purposely ordained. Faith is attained through the search for God in matter,—in the twisted tortured flesh, in the brave, pitiful complexities of human conduct, in the sacred energies of the physical earth, in the authentic scripture of the pushing spring, in the holiness of small daily usages,—those homely shining presences that haunt the tea-kettle,—in those blind titanic struggles that scourge the nations through blood to progress. To miss seeing God in His physical world, who can tell whether it might not mean missing Him also in His world to come?

Psychic research, with its preoccupation with physical evidence for a post-physical existence, is merely a harmless science, it is only as a religion that it is harmful. It is as superstitious to fear that faith could be destroyed by any scientific discovery as it is superficial to expect that it could be automatically assisted by any scientific discovery. People were afraid about faith when the principles of evolution were first announced, and yet evolution merely revealed a new aspect of God's mind, for evolution did not deny our divine creation, it merely emphasized the transcendent patience needed to bring forth a man from the void. To say that man was not made in a day was not to say that God did not make him; to say that the divine imprint is so sacred that it takes æons to effect it is not to say that the man is not made in God's image. The discovery of evolution did not destroy faith for any except those who were rather relieved to put God out of court. For those whose faith was established, evolution merely meant a quickened reverence.

That sin of spiritism which live people most resent is its failure to recognise the majesty of earth. Why are we created physical and planted in a physical world if we are to run away and expend

all our thought on a psychical one? What contempt for the body, whose smallest cell is evidence to the divine structure of the temple of the soul! What neglect of the senses, given us as a means to discover the beauty of a world lent us for our joy and our education! To disregard the witness of our senses to the glory of the physical world is to bar ordained avenues of reverence. And must we fly to the spirit-world to find companions who shall inspire us? Noble souls are all about us,—if we do not see them, it is because we have not trained our physical sympathies to recognise spiritual beauty prisoned in flesh. We shall be fitter companions for the souls that inhabit heaven, if we have quickened our vision to discover the aspirant flesh-bound souls who inhabit earth. To become absorbed in the activities of emancipated spirits is to be dull to the intrepid efforts of the thousands who toil in blindness and dark to build the architecture of progress, it is to deny the dignity of those here striving to make the world a nobler dwelling for man's soul, a worthier footstool for his God.

We are here not as unwilling slaves to circumstance, but as people who accept a gage from God, and submit to the laws of the game. We are put here to find out as much as we can about this earth ourselves, and God. When we call on spirits to help our spirit in its search, we are refusing both our duty and our privilege. The parable supreme to show the relation of man to man is that of the Good Samaritan, but the Good Samaritan obeyed his own conscience; if he had merely obeyed a ghost, would his example inspire us? The parable supreme to show the relation of man to God is that of the Prodigal Son, but the Prodigal Son obeyed his own conscience; if he had merely obeyed a ghost would he have won sure communion with his Father?

This present world is too majestic a temple to abandon for psychic contemplation. One world at a time is the law of the spirit's progress. We were not meant to telescope the courses in our eternal education. It is possible that in occupying ourselves with our psychic faculties before the due time we may neglect the most important foundation for their development. It is possible that arrived in that new world, we may look back with regret to neglected studies, to exactly that strengthening of perception and

energy which is appointed to accrue from our opportunities to spiritualise ourselves here. The effort to live in two worlds at once dissipates our energies and stunts our development for either plane.

Psychic research has no reverence for the divinity appointed to the physical. Flesh and blood are imprinted with God's image; why must spirit photography summon faces out of ether in order that we should recognise God's artistry and go forth joyous to service? Why need we undergo the difficulties of psychic communication in order to ascertain that grass grows in the world beyond? The grass at our own doorsteps is divine enough. Through our physical handicap we are purposely blinded to the full import of the universe, that we may discover it through trust, that slowly we may enter into the knowledge of the divine. The blindered horse, the hooded falcon, are justified in existence in so far as they submit to the master's clear vision and directing hand; our confidence that we serve some purpose beyond our comprehension is faith. To vulgarise death by certainties is to vulgarise life, to take away our highest privilege, that of discovering God in the clay, and by our efforts thus illumined to help God create man out of dust. Spiritism contributes nothing to a faith so strong that to some it shall seem audacity to demand personal survival in addition to the priceless privilege of helping to evolve a beautiful thing. Only by constant reference to our own insight, by constant putting our own energies to the test of conduct, do we become not faithless but believing; we shall not be worthy of our immortality until we learn to trust God so joyously that we should be willing to accept even extinction at His hands.

WINIFRED KIRKLAND

AN ESTIMATE OF MAETERLINCK

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

In the late afternoon of a typical winter day in Paris, December 14th, 1903, and in response to a cordial invitation giving the time and the place, I walked through the cold drizzle up on the heights not so far from the Trocadéro, entered the long crooked Rue Raynouard, came to an opaque portal in an opaque wall, made out in the darkness the number 67, rang a bell, and waited the result of the tintinnabulation—which went echoing off in the remote interior—with an accelerated heart. I am not ashamed to confess that I have always been a hero-worshipper; only my heroes are not pioneers, nor politicians, nor captains of industry: they are creative artists. I admire individual specimens of all the classes just mentioned, only I admire them without any excitement; but I never can see a poet, novelist, dramatist, painter, musician, without reverence. I had time to think about all this and various other matters before the solid gate fell back. I followed a maid-servant through long passages and reverberating corridors—just as if we were characters in one of the plays—until after an incredibly long and winding pilgrimage, the maid stopped in front of a door and knocked. A clear voice called "*Entrez!*" and I did.

A cheerful contrast it was to all I had seen outside of it. It was a rather small square room; a bright fire was blazing merrily in the open grate; the walls were lined with books; a table was in the middle of the room, a comfortable chair placed at it, while directly behind the chair, so that the writer could reach these particular books without getting up, was a set of the Mermaid Series of the Elizabethan Dramatists, besides many other volumes in the English language. The chair at the desk faced the door, and as I entered, I saw the man in the chair busily writing in the old-fashioned way, with pen and ink. He looked up with a hospitable expression, immediately rose, shook hands warmly, and

offered me a cigarette. I lit it, and was so confused that I put the wrong end in my mouth. This appeared to amuse M. Maeterlinck; in fact, he roared with laughter. I laughed to keep him company, and at once we seemed to be intimate.

For an hour we talked freely, "*Une heure amicale*," he was kind enough to call it afterwards. He spoke of his immense admiration for English literature, for English poets, English dramatists, and, among American authors, for Emerson. He confirmed all that he had written to me about his love for Browning. I reminded him of his early translation of the Elizabethan Ford's tragedy, *'Tis Pity*, and he smiled, saying it was a work of his youth. I told him of my difficulties in finding a copy in Paris, and of my pleasure in finally adding it to my collection. We spoke a good deal about his play *Monna Vanna*, and when I said I should witness it next month in Munich, he looked distressed, saying that the Munich performance was bad—later, I thought it was good. It certainly gives one a notion of the standards that prevail at Paris when I say that of all the months I have spent in Paris in the twentieth century, never at any time during my visits to that city has there been a single one of Maeterlinck's plays on the stage. I can judge of the acting qualities of his dramas only through English and German.

As I rose to go, he gave me an autograph copy of his translation of the work of a Flemish mystic.

When Maeterlinck visited America for the first time in 1919, I found him the same man—frank, hearty, modest and sincere. The enormous successes of his plays written since 1903 had not changed his personal manner.

Maeterlinck is one of the great dramatists of modern times, and is perhaps, if we consider both the excellence of his work and its universal influence, the foremost living writer in the world. Although practically all of his work is in prose, he is commonly spoken of as a poet—an unconscious recognition of the spirit and quality of his writings—and he used to be called "the Belgian Shakespeare." He has modestly insisted that the late Emile Verhaeren, the Belgian poet and dramatist, is a more important figure in literature than himself; but he can get no one to agree with him. During the war there was talk of electing Maeter-

linck to the French Academy, despite his foreign birth and citizenship; in a letter to *Le Journal*, he suggested that they choose instead "my old friend Emile Verhaeren, first, because he is my elder; second, because he is a very great poet, while I am only an industrious and conscientious prose writer. Anyone with patience could write what I have written; nobody could do what he has done. Only a poet is qualified to represent worthily a nation's greatness and heroism."

Patience is an admirable quality; but, uncommon as it is, it is more common than genius. Nor is it a particular qualification for producing literature. Browning and Byron were unlike in many ways, but neither was conspicuous for possessing patience.

Good news was brought to Ghent on August 29th, 1862, for on that day and in that place Maurice Maeterlinck was born. He came of a very old Flemish family, and had the mediæval mystics in his blood. He took the regular course at the Jesuit College of Sainte-Barbe, in Ghent. These early religious impressions were lasting, for though it cannot be said that Maeterlinck is either an orthodox Catholic or Protestant, he is a life-long student of religion, and not from an aloof standpoint. He is a religious man, and ethical ideas have formed the foundation of much of his work. After graduating in 1885, he took up the study of law at the University of Ghent. But he cared much for literature and little for law.

M. Tourquet-Milnes informs us that the first thing written by Maeterlinck that got into print was *The Massacre of the Innocents.* The scene is in Nazareth and we are told that it is painfully detailed and realistic. It is interesting to note that in common with all great writers, his main inspiration is the Bible. Its pages were to have a powerful influence on his mature prose style, and he was later to write a play on Mary Magdalene.

After this prose sketch, came what is generally called Maeterlinck's first publication (really his second), a volume of poems named *Hot-Houses* (*Serres Chaudes.*) This thin book is full of vaguely melancholy verse; quite different in appearance are these forced flowers from those of *The Double Garden.*

Serres Chaudes appeared in 1889; and three years before, Mae-

terlinck had realized a dream of his boyhood—he saw Paris for the first time. I am quite sure that no American and no Frenchman can realize or even adequately imagine the sensations of an ambitious Belgian when he first comes to Paris. Maeterlinck was twenty-four; so far as polite intercourse and writing had been concerned, French was his mother-tongue; yet he had never seen Paris nor heard Parisians talking together. His attitude toward the centre of French art and literature must have been entirely different from that of a southern Frenchman like Alphonse Daudet, or from an Englishman who had learned the language in his youth.

English literature is diffused all over the world; it can never be centralized again as it was at London in the days of Samuel Johnson. But French literature is still centralized at Paris; and as young Maeterlinck saw the world-famous poets and novelists walking the streets, and lingered in the Bohemian cafés listening to manuscript verse from youthful enthusiasts, we can only imagine his excitement and the spur to his literary ambition. "Very often," he once said to the journalist, Jules Huret, "I saw Villiers de l'Isle Adam. It was at the *Brasserie Pousset* in Montmartre. There were others too: Mendès came in occasionally."

After some months in the French capital, he returned to Belgium and lived in solitude and calm—that expectant calm that hovers over the landscape of the Low Countries—that silence which was to be characteristic of his early dramas. This period of prolonged and uninterrupted meditation, study, reflection, and composition was immensely important to his future development.

His reputation bloomed in the same year that saw the publication of *Serres Chaudes*, though not by that work; for in 1889—the year of the first play by Hauptmann and the first by Sudermann—Maeterlinck produced *La Princesse Maleine*, a tragedy in five acts. Octave Mirbeau, who was later to become a famous dramatist, and who was then a journalist, greeted the unknown Belgian with the following rhapsody, printed in *Figaro*, August 24th, 1890:

I know nothing whatever of M. Maurice Maeterlinck. I don't know where he comes from or anything about his present condition. I don't know whether he is old or young, rich or poor. I only know that no man is more unknown than he; and I know also that he has produced a masterpiece, not indeed a

masterpiece so labeled in advance, such as our young poets publish every day, sung on every note in their yelping lyre, or rather on the contemporary yelping flute; but an admirable and pure eternal masterpiece, a masterpiece which is enough to immortalise a name and to make this name blessed by all who hunger for the lofty and the beautiful; a masterpiece, such as all honest and struggling artists, sometimes, in their moments of enthusiasm, have dreamed of writing and such as no one of them has written until now. In short, M. Maeterlinck has given us a work more richly charged with genius than any of our time, and also the most extraordinary and the most simple, comparable—shall I dare to say?—superior in beauty, to what is most beautiful in Shakespeare. This work is called *La Princesse Maleine*. Are there twenty persons living who have heard of it? I think not.

That was the beginning of the echoing cry, "The Belgian Shakespeare." Now it is easy enough to laugh at this rhapsody, as many have done; but Mirbeau was not so far from the truth. Certainly the world has not placed Maeterlinck above Shakespeare; certainly *La Princesse Maleine* in itself does not and did not deserve such extravagant praise. But the most important thing to remember is that Octave Mirbeau recognised the genius in this play at a time when the author was unknown; and Mirbeau was right in his wild enthusiasm, for Maeterlinck, although no one but Mirbeau suspected it, was to be accepted as one of the great writers of the world.

Yet it was years later that when a professor in an Eastern college in America asked his class if they knew who Maeterlinck was, one youth confidently volunteered this information: "He is the king of Abyssinia."

It is inevitable that Maeterlinck should have been labeled; a label is like a proverb or a catch-phrase: it saves expense of thought. So Maeterlinck's plays were called "symbolistic," "static," and so on. Like all artists, he felt the same objection to classification that the subjects of art themselves feel. In a letter to Mr. Barrett Clark, cited in the latter's valuable book, *The Continental Drama of Today*, Maeterlinck wrote:

You must not attach too great importance to the expression "Static"; it was an invention, a theory of my youth, worth what most literary theories are worth,—that is, almost nothing. Whether a play be *static*, or *dynamic*, *symbolistic* or *realistic*, is of little consequence. What matters is that it be well written, well thought out, human, and, if possible, superhuman, in the deepest significance of the term.

That it should be superhuman is not only a favorite idea of the Belgian author, it was realised in all his best plays except *Monna Vanna*. Every work of talent has three dimensions: length, breadth, depth, and if it be a work of genius (which includes talent) then it invariably has the fourth dimension, as shown by the plays of Ibsen. For example, *Pélléas et Mélisande*, reduced to its lowest terms, is the familiar tragedy (Paolo and Francesca) of a young and beautiful woman married to an old, ugly, uninteresting husband, and allowed frequent conversation with the husband's young, handsome, and brilliant brother. The same result invariably happens, although not always the same consequences. You have love, conscience, loyalty, treachery, jealousy, murder, remorse—surely the ingredients of tragedy. But over all this, Maeterlinck throws a veil through which we see these lovers struggling helplessly like children in the night; and for the time all human life seems surrounded by impenetrable forests in which the children of men are lost, because we have no map and no guide. The little group of sufferers, who suffer horribly, represent humanity. There are times when we all feel the "encircling gloom". Even sure-footed Newman was content to take only one step.

The love of "silence" in Maeterlinck's plays, the suggestion of meaning by pauses and immobility, so characteristic of *Les Aveugles*, *L'Intruse*, and *Intérieur*, arises, I think, from that overwhelming desire in every artist for some better means of communication than spoken words. It is only the unthinking and the inartistic and the unimaginative who find human speech a satisfactory method of communicating ideas and intentions; perhaps it is adequate to the ideas and intentions that such people employ —as some poems are clear because they are shallow. Browning, who had a wide vocabulary and unusual power of expression, frequently cried out against the inadequacy of words as a vehicle of thought. He believed that in the next world we should have some better method.

The intimacy of silence is naturally the most difficult of all things to represent on the stage. Yet in real life silence is often the best means of communication between those whose affection is sincere and deep. Love, and even friendship, will annihilate

formality; it is only between new or rarely-meeting acquaintances that a constant flow of conversation must be maintained. Carlyle and Tennyson both agreed that the best evening they ever spent together was when they sat voiceless for hours, opening their mouths only to exhale tobacco-smoke; they knew each other so perfectly that they were in absolute harmony; somehow their thoughts traveled from one to the other through the smoky fragrance more swiftly and more clearly than through the medium of words. Mr. Howells said that he and Mark Twain once entered the smoking compartment of a train at Hartford, sat directly facing each other for three hours, and exchanged not a word until they entered the station at New York. Mr. Howells lacked the power of expression through nicotine; but both friends felt no embarrassment, and enjoyed the journey together.

This would be static drama if represented on the stage—and something akin to this is actually accomplished in the plays of Maeterlinck. It is communication through silence—not necessarily between human beings—but between a human being and surrounding imponderable forces.

The "obscurity" of Maeterlinck is unlike the obscurity of those authors whose language is clumsy or involved; his obscurity arises from the fact that he is an individual constantly oppressed by the environment of vast mysteries; and in the simple language of his plays he is forever trying to give to the reader or the spectator that double sense of infinite distance and close imprisonment.

One drama that is usually passed over in discussions of his work, I believe to be one of his most beautiful, most important, and therefore most lasting—*Sœur Béatrice*. This was written in 1901, and came just before that definite change in his manner which was marked the next year by *Monna Vanna*. In *Sœur Béatrice* we have a masterpiece both of literature and of the stage. Yet he himself dismisses it as a trifle.

Not only is this one of the best of Maeterlinck's plays for representation, provided always the setting and actors are adequate, but it comes as near as any other of his dramas to expressing his philosophy—which may be summed up in the one word Love. In *Sœur Béatrice*, *Monna Vanna*, *Joyzelle*, *Mary Magdalene*, *L'Oiseau Bleu*, *The Betrothal*, Love is the fulfillment of the law—

the final philosophy and religion. It is in this aspect of his work that Maeterlinck comes closest to Browning; for the English poet would have delighted in the story of the Virgin and in the sacrifice made by Monna Vanna.

As everyone has noticed, a definite turning point in Maeterlinck's career occurred in 1902. This was signified by the production of *Monna Vanna* in that year. Up to this time he had been a "literary" dramatist, enjoying a reputation as a man of letters and a philosopher, but not regarded as a practical playwright. But *Monna Vanna* was and is a brilliant stage play, full of contrasts, full of conflict, full of passion, and ending with a marvellous opportunity for the actress. No wonder that its success has always been associated with some woman; for the man who takes the part of Prinzivalle has the thankless and difficult task of remaining on the stage during the third act without saying a word. Like a cinema actor whose happiness and life are at stake, he must continually "register" emotion.

Two problems interested Maeterlinck in this play: Can a woman be physically dishonored and yet spiritually pure? Should a woman sacrifice her "honor" for her country or for the welfare of others, as boldly as she would sacrifice her life? To both of these questions the dramatist gives an unqualified affirmative; in fact, he re-emphasizes the first in *Joyzelle*.

The meaning of *Monna Vanna* ought to be transparently clear, for in this play the author emerged from the veil of symbolism. Yet many have misunderstood it. In two letters to enquirers, Maeterlinck said that Monna Vanna is a true heroine, and old Marco the inspiring genius—he represents the final wisdom of life, having lived long and learned much. Monna Vanna sympathised keenly with her husband's agony in the first act, and still loved him; she would have continued to love him, even after the affecting interview with Prinzivalle; but his stupidity and total lack of confidence in her and in her word finally open her eyes to his meanness. She strives no longer against her growing love for Prinzivalle, and will fly with him to some remote place, where, if destiny permits, she will begin a new and happier life. In this explanation, Maeterlinck used almost the exact words of Ibsen: "She recognises that her marriage has been a lie".

The first performance of Maeterlinck's *Mary Magdalene* took place in the English language and on the New York stage; it happened at the New Theatre, December 5th, 1910. There were three difficulties: the translation was not very good, the leading actress was miscast, and everyone was reminded of Paul Heyse's play on the same theme, which had been powerfully interpreted in English by Mrs. Fiske. Two points were borrowed from Heyse; and when Maeterlinck wrote to the old German dramatist asking permission to use them, he was refused not only unequivocally but harshly. Then he determined to use them anyway, saying in his preface that one was taken from the New Testament and the other was common stage property—it was, in fact, the ethical problem that we have already seen in *Monna Vanna* and in *Joyzelle*. It seemed at one time to obsess Maeterlinck.

Maeterlinck bought an old Norman Abbey near Rouen, where a performance of *Macbeth* attracted wide attention. It was in this romantic and inspiring Abbey of Saint Wandrille—which gave him even more inspiration than he could have hoped for—that he wrote *L'Oiseau Bleu* (which, by the way, should be called in English *The Blue Bird*—never *The Bluebird*). This carried his fame to the remotest parts of the earth, and, unsupported, it is sufficient to carry his fame to remote generations. It is the crown of his life's work, summing up all his best qualities as poet, dramatist, playwright. His early dramas are a greater success in the library than on the stage; *Monna Vanna* is a greater success on the stage than in the library; *L'Oiseau Bleu* is equally great in both places—it is a masterpiece in literature and it is all-conquering in the theatre. It is an original and beautiful play—a distinct contribution to our present glorious age of drama.

When it was ready for the stage, the author sent it to Mr. Stanislavski, the Director of the Artistic Theatre at Moscow. It was played in the Russian language in the year 1908, and from that first night—the world's most exciting *première* since *Cyrano de Bergerac*—it traveled far and fast. It has been given at the Moscow theatre alone over three hundred times; when put on at London, December 8th, 1909, it ran for over three hundred performances, the excitement being so intense that the management was often forced to give twelve presentations every week; when

it started the second season of the New Theatre in New York, October 1st, 1910, it was the talk of the town.

Like *Peter Pan*, it charmed both young and old. The delight of the children was audible at every performance; but the "deeper joys" of men and women were, if less vocal, even more in evidence. For just as in all his work, Maeterlinck's language is simple and his ideas complex, so *L'Oiseau Bleu* appeals to human beings at every stage in their journey.

So far as *L'Oiseau Bleu* has any philosophy, it is of course pessimism; even in that amazingly beautiful scene—the best in the New York version—the Land of Memory, the pathos arises from the fact that the dead never live at all except when the living think of them; which makes the graveyard, with the exclamation *There are no Dead*, seem as inconsistent as the scene showing that all individuals have a definite existence long before they are born. Furthermore, at the end of the play the Blue Bird disappears; nor did the children need to learn about it, because, at the opening, their delight in the view of their rich neighbors' happiness is quite unshadowed by envy,—a charming episode. But why look for logic in a work of art? Why cloud a thing of beauty by pointing out inconsistencies?

The Betrothal was an agreeable surprise. Naturally and inevitably, it lacked the novelty of *The Blue Bird*, but its inspiration was equally fresh and strong. The interest was steadily maintained, the successive scenes were both beautiful and captivating, and there was the same combination of fresh simplicity and far-reaching imagination. It was even more provocative to thought than *The Blue Bird*, presenting its ideas in a more aggressive and challenging way. The only thing that militates against the success of *The Betrothal* is the enormous cost of the production; even with the theatre packed night after night, it did not meet expenses.

Although here, as in *The Blue Bird*, happiness, if it exists anywhere, is to be found right at home—for the young man, after experimenting with many distant strangers, finally marries his little neighbor—the old bugbear Destiny has nothing to do with it. In the early scenes, Destiny is a colossal figure; he constantly becomes smaller, and finally he is no bigger than a doll, and is

handled contemptuously by human beings. The Ancestors hold the trumps, and determine the young man's choice of his mate. They are a heterogeneous collection. After seeing this play, one might logically believe that The Blue Blood is as difficult to find as The Blue Bird.

Maeterlinck's war play, *A Burgomaster of Belgium*, was produced in New York in the spring of 1919, and, while it was much better than most war plays, added little to Maeterlinck's reputation. The truly remarkable feature of it is Maeterlinck's aloofness. The play was written during the darkest hours, by a man passionately devoted to his country, and that country was Belgium; yet the presentation of characters and events was so honestly dramatic that many idiots said the piece was "pro-German"!

Maeterlinck has always been a greater writer than philosopher; a greater master of style than of thought. I have ever regarded him as a great teacher, as so many seem to do. It is just as impossible to formulate a universal philosophy as it is to demonstrate the absolute truth of religion. Maeterlinck loves metaphysical speculation; he has studied and reflected much; he knows ancient writers, Flemish mystics, Carlyle and Emerson by heart. He observes life with the minuteness of the scientist and with the imagination of the poet—men and women, animals and flowers. He has not only written about mediæval and modern heroes and heroines, he has written about dogs and bees. Even so, he is more dreamer than interpreter.

But although Maeterlinck is neither a great teacher nor a great philosopher, he is a great writer, a great dramatist, a great artist. The so-called "truths" of philosophy pass away, for they are often mere fashions of thought; every professional philosopher has them in his shop-window; sometimes they are garments covering lifeless blocks; you ask for an idea and you get a phrase; tomorrow the world will all be running after new phrases, which will then be as fashionable as the catchwords of today. But beauty endures forever.

William Lyon Phelps.

NATIONALISM IN OUR LITERATURE

BY EARL L. BRADSHER

THE average student of our national life is apt to say that our intellectual Declaration of Independence was declared by Emerson in his oration *The American Scholar* in 1837. "We," said the stalwart American, "have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe. The spirit of the American freeman is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame." But in no wise can Emerson be said to be the Jefferson of our intellectual independence. His is but a noteworthy contribution to a long series of efforts to throw off the chains of intellectual subserviency which bound us to Europe, a series that began decades before he was born and that was destined not to bear full fruiting until after his death.

As long ago as 1729, faintly, without prescience of its mighty contribution to the world-soul, the spirit of Americanism began to stir in our literature. The three thousand miles of estranging ocean across which European literature filtered with such painful slowness and irritating disregard in quality for our intellectual needs were beginning to exert their potent aid to nationalism. In the Philadelphia *Weekly Mercury* appears the proposal for the famous Busy-Body papers. "The Delay of Ships expected in, and want of fresh Advices from Europe, make it [your paper] frequently very Dull," says the candid would-be contributor. With the editor's permission he begins the series which exerted a powerful influence in bringing to our forefather's attention the fact that America might produce a literature of her own. That discontent without which the soul of the nation could never grow had begun.

It finds an eloquent voice in the pages of another colonial, the gifted Crevecour. Brotherhood, freedom, the sense of opportunity, those salient qualities of Americanism, have never been more surely stressed than in his *Letters from an American Farmer*. "We," he writes, "are the most perfect society now existing in

the world. Here man is free as he ought to be. Who can tell how far it extends? Who can tell the millions of men whom it will feed and contain?" he asks of our beckoning land of opportunity. "In them [the immigrants] the name of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and European is lost," he continues. The very name of this brilliant Frenchman suggests that over him there could be no spell of intellectual subserviency. And the case was the same with so many of that heterogeneous horde which were flocking to our shores. Dutch, Swedes, French, Germans—though they became good Americans they were never servile towards Great Britain, the power which chiefly held us in mental vassalage. The English language was a commercial necessity; but the race consciousness of a dominant people, the traditions of a thousand years, did not sway them with the vague though cosmically massive force that they exerted upon the offsprings of the British Isles. Every intelligent immigrant from the Continent was a clear gain in the struggle for intellectual freedom which was coming.

But only after the Revolution was our struggle for nationalism vitalized by a conscious tenacity of clearly discerned purpose; for only after that period could there arise the feeling that the surrender at Yorktown had not broken, once for all, the bonds of colonial subserviency. Very misleading is Tyler's statement that after the Stamp Act of 1765 our literature was informed by a singleness of commanding idea; for that idea was directed towards a political rather than an intellectual freedom; and much of its manifestation in print can scarcely be dignified by the name of literature. Even Freneau, spokesman of American patriotism as he was, more than once turned his face longingly towards the shores of Europe where poetry might flourish more than it could hope to do in torn and distracted America. Moreover Freneau was too cultured to desire to break away entirely from the rich literary heritage of the past.

By no means wanting, however, were those fiercely independent spirits, sometimes crude in their insistence upon the sufficiency of our land unto herself, who did not view that heritage as an asset. To some the very language in which it was conveyed seemed an almost unsurmountable obstacle to the intellectual

enfranchisement which they sought. Lowell in the North American Review for 1849 turns the irradiation of his scholarly humor upon the subject. "It was even seriously proposed," he writes of the generation following the Revolution, "to have a new language. The existing ones were all too small to contain our literature whenever we should get it. One enthusiast suggested the ancient Hebrew, another a fire-new tongue of his own invention."

Men of no less ability than Walter Channing, writing in 1815, and the famous Scotch scholar Professor Nichol, offering his opinion in the early sixties, believed that America suffered a great misfortune in not having a separate language.

> If the people of the United States had spoken a language of their own—it is probable they would have found originality more easily, without the violence and eccentricities in the midst of which they are beginning to "sign their intellectual Declaration of Independence."

It was the need of a new language that in a greatly softened form was stirring in the brain of Noah Webster, the man who was destined to wield the most potent individual force of the entire struggle. Webster's birth away from a large center of population, where the spirit of British subserviency was always most pronounced, and his education in the classics rather than in modern literatures were powerful aids in fitting him for the rôle which he was to play. Military service in the Revolution prevented him from later acquiring any British habits of thought. The stoppage of school-book importations during that deracinating struggle gave him his first chance; and there appeared the famous *Speller*. The book was not merely a list of words. It was filled with selections whereby Webster sought to stir the spirit of American nationalism. Between the first edition of 1783 and 1874 it is credibly reported that twenty-four million copies of the *Speller* were sold. As late as 1890 the sales were almost one million copies a year. In Webster more clearly than in any one else we can watch the growth of the desire for complete intellectual liberty, and through him see what was more slowly forming in the minds of his most radical contemporaries.

"North America is destined," he says in his first calm beginning, "to be the seat of a people more numerous probably than

any nation now existing with the same vernacular language. It would be little honorable to the founders of a great empire to be hurried prematurely into errors and corruptions by the mere force of authority." Beside this passage one should set the following written by him some thirty-three years later. Not for himself alone is Webster speaking therein. His is the authentic voice of the most intellectually progressive part of his generation. All over the country men were arriving at the point where they reflected the tone in which he speaks.

> My mind revolts at the reverence for foreign authors. . . . There is nothing which so debases the genius and character of my countrymen as the implicit confidence they place in English authors.

After such passages as these, which find an echo in the pages of many contemporaries of less importance, it is idle to say that our intellectual Declaration of Independence was declared by Emerson as late as 1837. But for our intellectual leaders to declare independence was one thing: to bring the American public in general to a point where they would take a patriotic pride in their own authors and have that pride acknowledged by European critics as a just and praiseworthy attitude was an entirely different matter. Long and often desperate was the struggle destined to be.

That our infant literature was not strangled in the cradle was due largely to Webster's untiring efforts to secure a copyright law in each of the original sovereign thirteen States. Up to the International Copyright Law of 1891, the struggle of American authors against being undersold by cheap pirated reprints and translations of European writers was tragic enough. But had not Webster succeeded in getting some sort of copyright bills passed by the various States, authorship in America would have been hopeless. In all probability the United States would have acted under the Federal Constitution only after great delay; and in the meanwhile our intellectual colonialism would have deepened with the lapse of time. It was Webster, too, who convinced a fettered age that American might differ from British orthography without blushing for itself as a degraded patois. And every change which he made, encouraging others, encouraged also the printing of books in this country. "A *national language*

is a band of *national union*," he writes. "Every engine should be employed to render the people of this country *national*. . . . However they may boast of independence, and the freedom of their government, yet their *opinions* are not sufficiently independent."

The most efficient coadjutors Webster had in his attempt to Americanize our education and our literature were Morse, Barnes, Anthon, Channing, Paulding, Neal, and Kirkland. As a rule the country towns were at least indifferent in the matter, but in general the larger ones were more or less hostile to any American innovations. Especially prone to deal harshly with all literary and linguistic efforts that did not measure up to what they considered the perfection of British models were the *Anthology* of Boston, the *Evening Post* of New York, and the *Gazette of the United States* and the *Port-Folio* of Philadelphia. The influence exerted by the ultra-conservative *Port-Folio* was unusually powerful. After the North American Review was established in 1815 new influence began to make itself felt in the struggle. Three of its editors, William Tudor, John G. Palfrey, and James Russel Lowell were especially active in aiding to inculcate a spirit of true Americanism.

The War of 1812, though it forever set to rest any lingering doubt that may have existed concerning the finality of our political entity, marked no important stage in our intellectual freedom. However, in the year following its close there begins in the North American Review a series of book reviews in which it is hard to resist the conviction that the editor is trying to foster the spirit of Americanism, and two important articles by Walter Channing are published. Channing mourns the lack of a new language and of a past rich in the colorful legend of romance. The crude, familiar newness of our country is, he thinks, an insurmountable barrier to the production of the highest form of literature.

Our earliest verse anthologies cast much light upon the slow growth of an American interest in American literary productions. The first one, projected in 1773, never appeared. In 1791 was issued an anthology in part American, to be followed in 1793 by the first one completely so. But it reached only one volume,

though the original plan called for several. Not until 1829 did a publisher dare to count upon such public interest as would justify a venture of three small volumes.

Many of our forefathers of the early nineteenth century believed with unshaken firmness that Great Britain, beaten twice militarily, had consciously planned to keep us intellectually subservient. That appalling question of Sidney Smith,¶"Who reads an American book?" has come ringing down the decades; but equally famous three generations ago were his two sentences of 1818:

> Why should Americans write books, when a six weeks' passage brings them, in their own tongue, our sense, science, and genius, in bales and hogsheads? Prairies, steam-boats, grist-mills, are their natural objects for centuries to come.

Wrathful answers to these two passages reverberate through the literature of our country for more than a generation; and at least one of our men-of-letters, John Neal, rushed to Great Britain to vindicate his countrymen by securing entrance into those citadels of British conservatism themselves, the reviews of London and Edinburgh. But, alas, the attitude of the brilliant Englishman found servile reflection in the minds of by far too many of our countrymen. Speaking of the period of about 1820, Goodrich, publisher and author of repute, says that the impression prevailed generally that we could never have a literature. Not because he was an unknown writer, but because he was an American one, was the fiery and headstrong Cooper forced by his publisher to write the last paragraphs of *The Spy* and have them printed and paged before he had even planned the body of the novel. No wise publisher took long chances upon an American author. "We dare not form a judgment upon a narrative of scenes that have passed under our own eyes, or express an opinion upon the merit of a picture at our own firesides, until it has been tried in the ordeal of Edinburgh or London criticism" is the remark, broadly truthful, of an American in 1817.

But strong forces, both personal and national, were at work to bring the dawn of a new day. All in the next year we find Paulding and President Kirkland of Harvard rebelling and Bryant pleading for poise. Like some later occupants of presidential chairs, President Kirkland may have invited his faculty to pub-

lish more frequently. At any rate he begs that it may not be said, "as it was many years ago, that our best botanical researches are published in Paris, our best geography in Hamburg, our law all in London, and our physics and divinity lugged together from Germany, from England, and from France."

Necessarily, progress towards intellectual enfranchisement was slow as long as leadership was held by the generation which had passed its plastic years in loyal adherence to British literary traditions. At first our most promising young men were educated, as a rule, in Europe. From 1759 to 1782 one hundred and fourteen Americans were admitted to practice in British law courts. The humanities, medicine, and divinity would probably make a very similar showing. However loyal politically these young men might be to the country of their birth, at best theirs would be but a divided allegiance intellectually. But by 1825 a new generation had arrived, alien to the influences that had produced such powerful Loyalist writers as Leonard, Seabury, Boucher, and Galloway.

The Napoleonic wars turned us away from France. The Holy Alliance was viewed with deep distrust. The Monroe Doctrine was a clear enunciation of our growing self-assurance. The Federalist party, pro-British in its sympathies, social, political, and literary, often on the part of its leaders allied to British houses by marriage, was losing its leadership; while the raw Jacksonianism of the aggressive West was gaining prestige at the expense of the more Europeanized Atlantic seaboard. Indirectly perhaps, but subtly, all-pervasively, irresistibly, these forces were moulding a new Americanism of mind and soul.

The obsession that American men-of-letters must win the approval of British critics died hard; and pathetic indeed at times were our efforts. Somewhere about 1814 there began on the part of some of our authors a curious attempt to flank the critical enemy, every direct attack having failed. A writer in the *Port-Folio* of 1824, says:

> Well convinced that the prejudices of the British critics were too strong to be conquered by any direct attempt, they determined to leave the island of Great Britain to itself, and turned their attention to other nations of Europe, particularly Germany and France. They justly thought that when

once our books should be known and appreciated by the learned men of the European continent, those of Great Britain would not stand single but would follow their example.

This attempt at a literary *entente cordiale* was successful, especially so in the case of Germany. Two journals were established in this country to further the project, and one devoted exclusively to American affairs was published at Leipsic. Our forefathers must have looked upon this phase of the battle as won when a combined history and anthology of our literature, a large octavo of four hundred and thirty-four double-columned, closely-printed pages, was issued at Braunschweig in 1854. Hardly less responsive to our approaches was France. *La Revue Encyclopedique* featured the review of our books; while at Paris in 1842 an American reading room was established, which served as a center for dissemination of knowledge relative to our intellectual life. Emboldened by our successes on the Continent, a New York house set up a book shop in London in 1838, to be followed three years later by a second one.

The last notable wail at our colonialism in literature is uttered in 1844 through the columns of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, where so many battles of the long contest had been fought. Whipple, once the most heeded of American critics, writes:

> We begin to sicken of the custom, now so common, of presenting our best poems to the attention of foreigners. If the *Quarterly Review* or *Blackwood's Magazine* speaks well of an American production, we think that we can praise it ourselves, without incurring the reproach of bad taste.

After Whipple such passages become very infrequent. Conscious of growing power, with eyes turned westward and southward where domestic problems were calling insistently for a solution, we were giving less and less heed to European criticism. The old generation had passed completely away; and what few Americans were educated abroad, more mature in years than formerly, returned, as in the case of Ticknor and Longfellow, not Anglicized but Americans still, though laden with the culture of the Continent. Even in the days of our political nonage we had sent abroad men of genius. Copley, Stuart, West, Rumford, and Carver had been succeeded by Irving, Neal, Willis, Haw-

thorne, and Story. Our theologians stood second to none. Franklin, Rittenhouse, the Bartrams, Wilson, Cleaveland, Bigelow, Nuttall, and Audubon had won us fame in science. Trumbull, Vanderlyn, Allston, and Leslie, besides those other painters just mentioned, had given us assurance in pictorial art.

However deeply it may have been marked at times by provincial narrowmindedness and lack of culture, as a whole the struggle was characterized by the high idealism of forward-reaching minds. And here it might seem that this sketch of a nation from its first dim stirrings of self-consciousness to the fulness of intellectual maturity might end. But one great force antagonistic to the complete development of American nationalism has not yet been touched upon. By 1850 men believed that we could, and should, and in a measure did, have a literature. But the inert forces of purblind selfishness were in powerful opposition to it. It is necessary that we return to that stirring second decade of the last century and touch upon the tragic struggle for an international copyright.

In the first two or three decades of our political freedom it was probably best for us that we should have no such law, though some few authors had already begun to suffer. But when the novels of Scott, each new one watched for out at sea by boats of eager publishers and exciting more national attention than had dynasty-crumbling battles of the Napoleonic wars, began to appear at regular intervals, the need for protection of American authors became strikingly apparent. And when the pen of the great Scotchman was stilled, Dickens, James, Marryat, Lytton and others filled the gap. Against the deluge of cheap and enormously popular reprints which the pirated works of these men furnished, American authors were forced to carry on a long, poverty-haunted struggle. So efficient became the exploitation of European literature that by 1834 Palfrey could write: "Here is a weekly periodical, consisting of sixteen large quarto pages, well printed on fair paper, and sold for six cents a number. The two first numbers exhibit the whole of Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling* and Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*." It was but mere chance that the two titles were not the very latest popular successes. And this was but one such journal out of many. American

authors were driven to despair. Irving in the middle of his career found himself without a publisher; Hawthorne well into his forties was practically penniless; Simms declared it was to his interest to become a British citizen, while Cooper made life a burden to at least one publisher with his complaints of inadequate financial returns. In fiction, especially, more than one writer was driven from literature entirely. Such, very briefly, were the positive effects of the lack of an international copyright law.

So far as the fostering of an American spirit through the reading of our people is concerned, the negative effect was even more disastrous. When Bryant, Gay, Putnam, Lowell, and others began their long fight which culminated in the International Copyright Law of 1891, one of their most insistent arguments in favor of such a law was that it would encourage the national spirit of America. How, they argued, could Americans, especially the youth of our land, saturate themselves in that eager age of reading with European literature so totally at variance, socially, morally, spiritually, from our own life without becoming in the very fiber of their beings less American than they should be? European life is not our life; European problems are not our problems; European ideals are not our ideals. Insistently, tinged often with despair, runs such reasoning through those gloomy years of struggle from 1837 to 1891. Though from the very nature of the case no figures can be given to show how greatly the Europeanization of our reading held back the development of our intellectual and spiritual national solidarity, it must have been very great. That American authors finally triumphed over all these adverse conditions, and that they never ceased to inculcate the spirit of true Americanism, proves the tenacity of purpose and the spirit of high idealism which inspired them.

EARL L. BRADSHER.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF WAGNER

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Music's Song of Songs is now being heard again in the land, after a three-years' silence enforced upon it by the drums and tramplings of twenty-one warring nations. We mean, of course, Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, which was revived at the Metropolitan Opera House in the first week of the current season, where it had been unheard since 1917. It is likely to stay in the repetoire until the next war destroys us all, for the quite simple reason that the musical public has demonstrated that it will not endure any more seasons without Wagner; and it particularly clamors for *Tristan*. Is it possible that *Zaza* and *La Juive* had ceased to comfort us for the absence of *Tristan* and *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung* and *Meistersinger?* To be sure, the Metropolitan dutifully boiled Miss Ponselle in a cauldron of the best Oriental oil on the opening night of the season, and Mrs. Farrar-Tellegen zazaed as of yore at the fourth convening of the faithful. But, to the joy of all suburban Wagnerites, Mr. Gatti-Casazza threw the key to Tristan and Isolde's moonlit garden into the communal lap of the Saturday matinée contingent, and boundless was the consequent happiness of Flushing and East Orange and New Rochelle.

Wagner's transcendent lovers are singing to each other this season in the alleged "English" of the Corder translation (amended, as we shall later explain). But Mr. Gatti-Casazza has been so temerarious as to prophesy in Mr. Key's *Musical Digest* that next season his company may possibly sing the text to which the music was composed,—so that we shall no longer have to imagine Isolde hailing Tristan as "Faithless enfolder!"—which is the best that the accomplished John P. Jackson was able to contrive as an equivalent for Wagner's "*Treuloser Holder*" (Mr. Alfred Forman, who had no dread of sibilants, hit upon the

inspired equivalent of "Faithlessly fondest!") For the present, no doubt, we shall have to content ourselves with the desperate and piteous makeshifts of the English translators—which yield us ineffable things like the phrases we have quoted, and like the following matchless felicity, out of the standard Corder translation, which was devised to be sung by poor Isolde to the music of the *Liebestod:*

> Passion swelling,
> all things telling,
> gently bounding,
> from him sounding,
> in me pushes,
> upward rushes
> trumpet tone
> that round me gushes.

We say, "supposed to be sung": for, frankly, we do not know what kind of English really *is* sung in the Metropolitan's present version, for the excellent reason that we could not distinguish more than a dozen phrases in the course of the four-hour performance. We understand that Mr. Sigmund Spaeth, an accomplished literary craftsman, was engaged by the Metropolitan to exert some civilizing influence upon the unspeakable barbarisms of the Corder text. But we have not been able to obtain the text of Mr. Spaeth's revision, and, as we said, we heard almost nothing of the language that was sung on the stage. We have no idea—for example—what Mr. Spaeth has done with the famous Corder version of King Mark's despairing cry: "*Die kein Himmel erlöst, warum mir diese Hölle?*"—which the Corders translated as "Why in hell must I bide without hope of a heaven?" We have no idea, because we could not hear the words sung by Mr. Blass as King Mark. As for Mme. Matzenauer, a superb and thrilling Isolde, musically and dramatically, her "English" was, for us, non-existent.

On the whole, it makes little difference. Of course it is important to hear the words of Isolde's narrative in the first act, and the words of Tristan's invitation to Isolde, in the second act, to come and die with him—if one is unfamiliar with the text. But it is possible to memorize the significance of the speeches from preliminary study, and this is all that is needful. It should

suffice for the opera-goer until such time as he can listen to the German of the original text without spiritual discomfort, when he will probably realize how indissolubly Wagner has wedded his words to his music, and will arrive at the inescapable conclusion that music written to express a particular set of words cannot possibly be made to express a quite different set of words; for the musical accent will unavoidably, time and again, fall upon the wrong words or the wrong syllables. Furthermore, the musical setting of a text is inseparably bound up with the particular genius of the language used by the composer. Tristan's "*Ach, Isolde! wie schön bist du!*," easily convertible into English though it is, loses something definite and irreplaceable as soon as one attempts to turn it into any other language than German. And one must pity no less the plight of the translator confronted with the reiterated "*petit père*" of the child Yniold in *Pelléas et Mélisande*—"dearest father" is the best that the ingenious Mr. Chapman could do with it.

But, fortunately, the words of an operatic text are, for the most part, negligible: with Wagner, their essence is in the emotional and dramatic curve of the musical declamation, and in the miraculous underscoring of the orchestral commentary. It is Wagner the musician who counts; not Wagner the deviser of texts —even though one must take account of the fact that Wagner the composer has lately encountered the displeasure of certain critical apostates who have heard him too often and loved him too much.

It will be remembered that when Mr. Pickwick fell through the ice, Mr. Winkle endeavored to obtain prompt help by running at full speed across the countryside shouting "Fire!" at the top of his voice. Is it by such an expedient—undeniably inspired and effective—that our enthusiastic Contra-Wagnerites (quite apart from nationalistic considerations) are today slyly seeking to attract support to Richard the First? It is now the critical mode to regard Wagner as essentially a man of the theatre—"cursed by a craze for applause and shekels". Even the magnanimous James Huneker (whose words we have just quoted) has lately, with stern patibulary gestures, strung up poor Richard before the world. Yes: Wagner—Wagner the composer—is dead; he died, they say, even before the war. An overrated mediocrity, he has gone

the sunset way. We weep for Adonaïs. Yet, as we cut him down and shovel the clods upon his once imperial form, let us venture a few memorial tributes. First, let us insinuate that this "man of the theatre", this applause-hungry writer of "footlight music", with his mind on the possibilities of dramatic effect and his eye ever on the audience, achieved, as an amazing result, the invention of music which, at its most characteristic, is so utterly untheatrical, so intolerable a strain upon the attention of the average opera-goer, that his victims flee from such passages in dismay and disgust, or else sit through them yawning miserably behind their programmes.

It is surely one of the hugest anomalies of aesthetic history that the reproach of "theatricalism" should be aimed at the brooding and profound psychologist who wrote Tristan's long death-scene, which ninety-nine out of a hundred opera-goers cannot endure without exquisite boredom—a thing so fathomless in its tragic beauty, so overwhelming in its conveyence of human suffering, that those who care most deeply for music as an instrument of expression can never dislodge the memory of it from their ears and hearts. This musician whose prime concern was with the souls of men and women and the adventures of clouds and winds; to whom the woods and fields, as to Richard Feverel, shouted golden shouts; who loved the drama of the mountain-tops, and sang to the rising sun with the exuberant delight that is aroused in most opera-composers only by the contemplation of betrayed sopranos and the lethal activities of bloodthirsty baritones—this musician was often so lacking in theatrical shrewdness, so careless, time after time, of theatrical effect, that his most typical creations are becoming less and less tolerable as dramas and more and more welcomed as excerpts in the concert-room, where their incomparable eloquence as music can work its effect free from the encumbrances laid in its path by Wagner the dramatist.

Wagner—*Il est mort*, as Maurice Rollinat sang:

> . . . Mais sous les cieux froids,
> Aussitôt que la nuit se trame,
> Toujours, tout au fond de mon âme,
> Là, dans le coin des vieux effrois,
> J'entends gémir, comme autrefois,
> Sa cornemuse.

That immortal piping haunts some hearts as it haunts the music of the third act of *Tristan:* the saddest and most beautiful music in the world, for a few—are they a dwindling and benighted clan? Perhaps. And yet that pipe has called the tune for much of what we know as contemporary music. All our admirable "moderns" have danced to it. They are dancing to it yet.

Wagner "a man of the theatre"!—this composer who stupidly or indifferently threw over the chance for a magnificent dramatic "effect" at the end of the love duo in the second act of *Tristan* for the sake of letting the injured and kingly spouse utter his grief in music of matchless dignity and pathos; thus cruelly delaying the action and putting to sleep all those in the audience except that lonely handful who love noble and affecting music more than they do theatrical "effect". Wagner "a man of the theatre"!—this wonderful music-maker but witless dramaturge who contrived not only the misguided soliloquy of Mark and the delirious *longueurs* of Tristan, but the endless recapitulations of Wotan and Gurnemanz, the nationalistic exhortations of Hans Sachs: why, Puccini, Mascagni, Massenet, Fevrier, Wolf-Ferrari, and a score of other opera-makers could have taken this bungling theatrical craftsman aside and taught him a dozen tricks of the stage. But only Bach and Beethoven could have taught him any secrets of majestic or lovely musical speech that he did not know—and they could not have taught him much. For, after all, there is nothing in Bach that surpasses, for polyphonic grandeur, the finale of *Götterdämmerung.* There is no Adagio of Beethoven's that surpasses, for grave sublimity of utterance, the music of the scene wherein Waltraute describes to Brünnhilde the majestic sorrow of the gods; and, finally, there is nothing in all music that equals, for sustained and passionate beauty, the three acts of *Tristan and Isolde.*

What, you wonder, *could* they have taught him?

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MARGOT SHOWS HER MEDALS[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

By sea or by land, I swear you will far go
Before you can hit on a double for Margot

THUS wrote the Hon. William Ewart Gladstone in 1889 to Miss Margot Tennant, in her twenty-fifth year. It is not fantastic to suppose that there may be many in England to-day who would admit, with some hint of passion, the fact therein asserted. Five years before Miss Tennant won this very handsome posy from Mr. Gladstone, she had compelled from Lord Tennyson a still more memorable attention. Miss Tennant was then twenty years old; but that did not estop the Laureate from pulling her (the verb is Miss Tennant's) on to his knee and reading *Maud* to her. He began, relates Miss Tennant, "Birds in the high Hall-garden", but, apparently relenting, he skipped the next four sections, and went on to: "I have led her home, my love, my only friend." When he had finished, he remarked with admirable generosity that "many have written as well as that, but nothing that ever sounded so well".

Miss Tennant could not speak. It was a fortunate inhibition; for Lord Tennyson proceeded to tell her of the unhappy experience suffered by a former occupant of his illustrious knee. It appears to have been the Laureate's habit to pull young women upon his lap and read *Maud* to them until they became either speechless or incautiously articulate. Miss Tennant's predecessor, it seems, had been listening to a reading by the poet of the lines:

Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

[1] *Margot Asquith: An Autobiography.* In Two Volumes. New York: George H. Doran Company.

"I asked her", said Tennyson, "what bird she thought I meant. She said, 'A nightingale'. This made me so angry that I nearly flung her to the ground: 'No, fool! . . . Rook!' said I".

It was hardly kind. But at least the blundering damsel escaped the infliction that fell upon the speechless Miss Tennant in the form of an original poem written for her by Lord Tennyson—a tribute to Scott. It has never, we are assured, been published. Here it is:

SIR WALTER

O great and gallant Scot,
True gentleman, heart blood and bone
I would it had been my lot
To have seen you, and heard you, and known!

—Tennyson

[There is nothing in the manner of Mrs. Asquith's reproduction of this "tribute" to indicate that it is intended to be taken other than seriously.]

The Tennyson family seem to have impressed Miss Tennant as being insufficiently maculate. Lord Tennyson was "a magnificent creature to look at" (having also, as Meredith said of him to Miss Tennant, "the feminine hint to perfection"); but he accused Miss Tennant of thinking him "untidy and dirty." Miss Tennant countered by saying she thought he was "very handsome". She writes somewhat less cautiously of the poet's second son, Lionel Tennyson, who "had an untidy appearance, a black beard, and no manners. He sang German beer-songs in a lusty voice and wrote good verses".

The double package of dynamite which the wife of a former Prime Minister of Great Britain has just exploded under the drawing-rooms of England, in the form of this two-volume autobiography, should move all members of the literary bomb-squad to examine with respect what is left of the container. Those who are disposed to treat with modified gravity the deliverances of Mrs. Asquith,—once Miss Margot Tennant, but henceforth in these admiring repercursions to be known as "Margot",—should ponder the lady's testimony to the effect that John Addington Symonds "besought" her to write, and said to her these words: "You have *l'oreille juste*, and I value your literary judgment".

He compared her to Marie Bashkirtseff: "You and she, detached from the forest of life, seem to me like leaves plucked from the same sort of tree"—a sobering opinion, when one learns that Symonds placed Marie Bashkirtseff as a literary artist above—"far above"—"the laborious beetle-flight of Henry James; above even George Meredith."

Margot has no intention of letting us forget that she must be viewed against a Literary Background. This Background juts up majestically on many pages of the Autobiography. At Davos, in 1885, she read, with Symonds, "the *Republic* and all the Plato Dialogues; Swift, Voltaire, Browning, Walt Whitman, Edgar Poe, and Symonds's own *Renaissance.*" Against this elaborately illuminated Background you perceive Margot triumphantly silhouetted, with her detractors ignominiously disappearing into the wings—as when, one night at Lady Londonderry's, she routed her foes as Don Quixote dispersed the host of the great Emperor Alifonfaron.

It is not likely that Margot has ever blushed,—though she tells us that her husband, the Hon. Herbert H. Asquith, was "a little *gauche* in movement and blushed when he was praised", though he was "not precisely shy". When she met him first at a dinner in the House of Commons he was "abominably dressed", but Margot forgave him because of his impressive conversation and his "clean Cromwellian face". They were married on May 10th, 1894, and Mr. Bennett's *New York Herald* published a dreadful woodcut of the bridegroom, referring handsomely to the "remarkable position won by Miss Tennant in the heart of an unusually brilliant and competitive society".

Remarkable indeed! For thirty years Margot has known everybody in England who was in the smallest degree worth knowing—has not only known them, but has sat at their dinner-tables or on their knees, and has sassed them when she felt like it; and she often felt like it. She did as she pleased with Gladstone, Randolph Churchill, Morley, Chamberlain, Balfour, Rosebery, Salisbury, Haldane, Birrell, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Jowett, Lyall, Harcourt. She does not tell us that she joshed Edward VII and Alexandra; but she declined to dance a cotillion with Edward (who was then Prince of Wales), because it would

"bore her father stiff" to stay and wait for her. Edward confided to her that he "had had a dull youth, as Queen Victoria could not get over the Prince Consort's death and kept up an exaggerated mourning. He said he hoped that when I met his mother I should not be afraid of her, adding, with a charming smile, that with the exception of John Brown, everybody was". It does not appear that Margot was afraid of the Queen, who took a lively interest in Margot's confinement, "sending messengers constantly to ask after me". Margot was dauntless enough to answer her once in a pencilled note, perhaps forgetting the Queen's stern insistence upon form—she once rebuked someone who had failed to refer with sufficient particularity to the Duchess of Connaught as "*Her Royal Highness*, the Duchess of Connaught" —"to distinguish her," explained the Queen, "from ordinary Duchesses".

Those were indeed glamorous days,—those days when Margot was in her prime. She is almost sixty now. But she remembers and mourns for the days of the great English beauties—when photographs of the Princess of Wales (with the unforgettable "bang" and tiarra and diamond collar), of Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. West, and Lady Dudley, drew crowds to the shop-windows; when great and conventional aristocrats like old Lady Cadogan climbed upon an iron chair in the Park to see Lily Langtry walk past. Ah, those radiant Helens of the 'eighties!—when, as Margot assures us, "London worshipped beauty as the Greeks did". Margot has lived to witness the Twilight of the Goddesses. There is no one in London today, she laments, whose promenade would impel anyone to climb on an iron chair in the Park—"no one with enough beauty or temperament to provoke a fight in Rotten Row between gentlemen of high society. . . . London society is neither better nor worse than it was in the 'eighties; there is less loyalty, perhaps, among groups of friends; but where all the beauty has gone I cannot think."

Well, one has Mr. Henry James' word for it (in a quoted letter to "My Dear Margot Asquith") that Margot possesses a "singularly searching vision". "This [he observed of the "wonderful diary" she had shown him] and your extraordinary fulness of opportunity, make of the record a most valuable English document,

a rare revelation of the human inwardness of political life in this country, and a picture of manners and personal characters as 'creditable' on the whole (to the country) as it is frank and acute. The beauty is that you write with such authority, that you've seen so much and lived and moved so much, and that, having so the chance to observe and feel and discriminate in the light of so much high pressure, you haven't been in the least afraid, but have faced and assimilated and represented for all you're worth".

No: Margot hasn't been in the least afraid.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

The first meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations, at Geneva,—the Council also, of course, meeting—commanded world-wide attention; which it unquestionably deserved, not alone for what it was but also for what it disclosed and for what it actually did. Any official gathering of the representatives of more than two-score nations, for any purpose, would be of interest. In this case the interest was enhanced, on most practical grounds, by the prompt revelation of a radical divergence of opinion between the Assembly and the Council. The latter manifested a determination to exercise at least equal authority with the Council, and to resist the notion that it is a mere debating society while the Council is the real power of the League. It insisted that the interest of the entire League in the "mandates" for administering conquered territories should be recognized, and made a vigorous demand for publicity in all the doings of the Council; the Council, on the other hand, wishing to conduct all its deliberations in secret, and afterward disclose concerning them only so much as it saw fit to publish in a *proces verbal*. Interest culminated in the act of the Council in promptly providing for the formation of an international police force, or "army of the League", and ordering it into action to keep the peace and supervise the plebiscite between Poland and Lithuania. This military force was to use the Free City of Dantzig as its base of operations and supplies, and take the field on December 1. The Council ordered it to be composed of British, French, Spanish, Belgian, Danish, Dutch, Swedish and Norwegian contingents. These States were directed to bear themselves the expenses of the campaign, to be reimbursed by the League when it got the funds, and the League in turn to be repaid by either Poland or Lithuania, according to which won the plebiscite. Not the least interesting feature of this arrangement was the fact that five neutral Powers were thus summoned to take part in the military

settlement of the issues of a war in which they had not been engaged.

A cogent and forceful note was sent by the American Secretary of State to the British Foreign Minister, insisting upon an "open door and equality of opportunity" for this country in the commercial and industrial exploitation of the territories over which the League of Nations gave mandates to various Powers; asserting the principle that the mandates invested the Powers not with ownership but with mere trusteeship, which must be impartially exercised. The immediate occasion of this strong representation was the desire of this Government for equal rights with the British Government in the oil fields of Mesopotamia, but its principles and arguments apply to all the former enemy territories taken over by the Allies. The mandates ordered by and now effective under the League of Nations are as follows: To Great Britain—German East Africa, 384,000 square miles; Palestine, 9,000 square miles; Mesopotamia, 250,000 square miles. To the Union of South Africa,—German Southwest Africa, 322,000 square miles. To Australia—Kaiser Wilhelm Land, New Britain, and other German islands south of the Equator. To New Zealand—the Samoan Islands. To France—The German Cameroons, 269,759 square miles; Togoland, 21,892 square miles; Syria, 106,670 square miles. To Japan—The Caroline, Ladrone, Marshall, Pelew and other islands north of the Equator. Thus the British Empire takes under its administration 1,050,000 square miles, or more than one-third the area of the United States; France 398,391 square miles, an area half as large again as the State of Texas; and Japan only 800 square miles, or two-thirds of the area of Rhode Island. But the islands which Japan takes form a gigantic quarter-circle off the eastern coasts of the Philippines, a barrier between the Philippines and America.

The Navy Department has been investigating the "indiscriminate killing" of Haitians by American Marines; which it was incumbent upon it to do, and which was all it was competent to do. But it is still more incumbent upon some other authority, presumptively Congress, to conduct a still more important in-

quest into our Government's alleged coercion and practical subversion of the government of Haiti. The President of Haiti himself regards the latter work as by far the more important of the two. The work of the Marines he considers to have been generally beneficent; though marked with some excesses. At worst, the "indiscriminate killings" were murders of individuals, while for Mr. F. D. Roosevelt or any other American to write a new Constitution for Haiti and for it then to be imposed upon that country at the point of the bayonet, was potential murder of the national independence and integrity of the Republic. Some of those who now seek to defend our Administration's course in Haiti were vehement in condemnation of what they called the tyranny of the "Platt Amendment" in Cuba. Yet we are now imposing far more stringent restrictions upon Haitian self-government, without the warrant, which we had in Cuba, of more than half a century of practical and efficient protectorate.

Three months ago, Eleutherios Venizelos was enviously regarded as not only the greatest statesman Greece had produced in a thousand years and the man who had done more for the welfare, progress and greatness of that country than any other in modern times, but also as the one who had gained most for his country, at least cost, from the World War. To-day he is defeated, discredited, and in practical exile. Comments, more or less trite, are that "Republics are ungrateful"—Greece, though a monarchy, being one of the most democratic countries of Europe —and that he shares the fate of Aristides the Just. In these there is truth. Perhaps more to the point is the fact that the Greeks have at heart all along been largely pro-German and share in great degree the animosity of their Jugo-Slav neighbors against the Latin Powers with which Mr. Venizelos was in close accord and sympathy. The most direct practical result of the great Minister's downfall was the acute raising of the question of the succession to the throne; the adversaries of Mr. Venizelos being in favor of restoring King Constantine, or of choosing one of his sons who would be under his influence, a course strongly disapproved by France and only less strongly by her allies.

The expected does sometimes happen. When national prohibition was enacted there were those who—some dolorously, some exultantly—predicted that it would soon be followed by other still more extremely restrictive measures, savoring of the old "blue laws." Such expectations have not waited long for fulfilment. It is now made known that most of the same organizations which were the protagonists of prohibition are organizing a similar nation-wide campaign for Puritanical Sabbatarianism; to include the prohibition of all diversions, of newspapers, mails, railroad trains, automobiling, etc., on the first day of the week. In view of the success of prohibition, he would be hopelessly rash who regarded this design as impossible of achievement; or even its logical corollary, a law compelling, under penalty, attendance at church. The promoters of this measure seem not to recognize the incongruity of advancing it simultaneously with the tercentenary of the founding of a State wherein there should be "*freedom* to worship God".

Mr. Lloyd George's essay at Home Rule differs radically from his earlier one, and from that of Mr. Gladstone years before. Mr. Gladstone thirty-five years ago worked in accord with the chosen leaders of the Irish people and sought to enact a plan which he was assured would be acceptable to the great majority of them. Mr. George did the same, seven years ago. Now a measure has been prepared without any Irish coöperation, but against the strong opposition of the majority of the Irish people, and with absolute assurance that it will not generally be regarded as acceptable, but will have to be imposed upon the island by force, as though it were another Coercion Act; and its passage through Parliament has been accompanied by immeasurably the most serious state of civil war that Ireland has known since the Rebellion of 1798. Pernicious efforts have been made to involve America in the struggle by organized attacks of Irish sympathizers upon the British flag when publicly displayed in New York and elsewhere, and by attempts to interfere with and discredit the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims. The violence and malignance of these efforts have, however, recoiled upon their authors, and have

deprived the Irish cause of some sympathy which it might otherwise have won.

Among what may be called the by-products of the late election it is gratifying to observe the generous appropriations which were made by various States for improved roads. Eight States voted decisively for large grants for that purpose, seven of them doing so for the first time, and five of them providing bond issues therefor of an aggregate of $192,000,000, while another approved a grant of $50,000,000 already provided for. A dozen other States had in the preceding two years voted $272,800,000 for road-building, so that considerably more than half a billion dollars will next year be available or will have been partly spent for improved roads. It is superfluous to enlarge upon the wisdom of this work. Good roads are among the greatest material needs of the United States. Their general construction, on judiciously arranged plans, would do much to relieve the over-pressure on the railroads, and would immeasurably promote the economic welfare as well as the convenience of the people.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE AMERICANIZATION OF EDWARD BOK: An Autobiography. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In his early life there was little or nothing that especially prepared Edward Bok to be the editor of a great magazine for women. As a boy, it is true, he got a first-hand knowledge of house-work, for he and his brother were obliged to give up their play time after school in order to help their mother sweep and scrub and prepare the evening meal. He was Dutch, too, and the Dutch have never despised the day of little things. But these circumstances, though interesting, cannot be thought of as determining his career. Moreover, Bok, while he could not be said to dislike women, had certainly no special liking for them. His instinctive attitude toward them was that of avoidance. "When Bok succeeded Mrs. Curtis [as editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*] he immediately encountered another popular misconception of a woman's magazine—the conviction that if a man is the editor of a periodical with a distinctly feminine appeal, he must, as the term goes, 'understand women'. If Bok had believed this to be true, he would never have assumed the position."

The popular conception of him during his years of editorship—a conception diligently fostered by more or less friendly paragraphers, whom Bok, with an eye to publicity, allowed for a long time to have their way with him—was of a man something like Samuel Richardson, the maiden aunt—shall we say?—of the English novel. "Surely," says Professor William Lyon Phelps, "if it were ever given to any man to know the windings of a woman's heart it was to Richardson." This could not be said of Bok. His successes were all won in a thoroughly masculine way, and his failures were due to ignorance of feminine instinct. In the matter of aigrettes and of Paris dressmakers he failed with the women, because, as a woman friend frankly told him, he was attempting to fight something that he did not understand: he tried to win by the sort of appeal that would have been certainly successful with men—and he failed. It is just possible that Richardson or Rousseau might have succeeded in such attempts, but not Bok.

Richardson says of himself: "I was not more than thirteen, when three . . . young women, unknown to each other, having a high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love secrets, in order to induce me to give them copies to write after, or correct, for answers to their love letters." Bok, one gathers, if similarly appealed to, would have run away—at thirteen, or at thirty. In fact, the originator of the "Ruth Ashmore" department was appalled when he received the first installment of confidential letters from girl

correspondents. After glancing at two or three of these missives taken from the top of the heap, he hurried off for counsel and help to a woman friend.

If one looks for the secret of Edward Bok's success, one finds at first just the old rules, time-honored and trite, that every successful man refers to in explaining his achievements—industry, economy, preparation, an eye for opportunities, a moderate amount of push and an unlimited amount of perseverance. At twenty-one, "he had already done a prodigious amount of work for a boy of his years. He was always busy. Every spare moment of his evenings was devoted either to writing his literary letter, to the arrangement or editing of articles for his newspaper syndicate, to the steady acquirement of autograph letters in which he still persisted, or to helping Mr. Beecher in his literary work." Like every self-made man, he obtained his first job at a very tender age and worked for fifty cents a week. Has not all this a familiar sound? You may find the same sort of thing in the first volume of the biography of Thomas A. Edison—though not in the life of Samuel Richardson. In this aspect the biography is precisely as instructive as Samuel Smiles on Self Help, though, happily, a great deal more readable.

Fortunately there is a great deal more to be learned from it. Bok was not just the typical old-fashioned American business man always on the make, though he had something in common with the type. Bok was modern. He had "vision". He discovered the meaning of Service—that modern word to conjure with. Thus he made *The Ladies' Home Journal* an institution.

It was not the printed word that was its chief power: scores of editors who have tried to study and diagnose the appeal of the magazine from the printed page have remained baffled at the remarkable confidence elicited from its readers. They never looked back of the magazine, and therefore failed to discover its secret. Bok went through three financial panics with the magazine, and while other periodicals severely suffered from diminished circulation at such times, *The Ladies' Home Journal* always held its own. Thousands of women had been directly helped by the magazine; it had not remained an inanimate printed thing, but had become a vital need in the personal lives of its readers.

Bok's departments helped his readers in their intimate personal affairs. His experts answered many thousands of inquiries through personal letters: much of what helped most to build and establish circulation never appeared in print at all. On this firm foundation of personal service Bok built up the astounding financial success of his periodical, and he buttressed the structure by publishing some of the best literature of the day.

But there is a subtler reason for Bok's success. No word appears oftener in the man's account of himself than *instinct*. "Edward Bok's instinct never failed him." It prevented him from embarking on a career of Wall Street speculation under the tremendous tutelage of Jay Gould. Success "proved Bok's instinct to be correct as to the public willingness" to accept architectural designs for small homes when the architects and nearly every one else were against him. A "fatal gift of editing"—likewise instinctive—impelled

him, as a boy, to reject the ornate style of Spencerian handwriting then in vogue in the schools, with the result that unwittingly he worked a reform in teaching.

Instinct, as Falstaff said, with as much truth as wit, is a great matter. It may, to be sure, place a man occasionally in somewhat Falstaffian, or Joseph Andrews-like positions. Few men have it, and fewer still have the nerve to follow it implicitly, because it has a way of making a man somewhat ridiculous in the eyes of his fellow men. Yet Emerson spoke with more truth than in most of his bolder generalizations when he said: "If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts and there abide, the huge world will come round to him." The instinct that Emerson meant is not quite the same as conscience or the moral sense, though the two can hardly be separated. Those who narrow its scope narrow themselves. It is not, of course, the same thing as impulse or appetency; those who confuse the two go to wrack and ruin. It is something greater than either. It is what tells a man what he ought to do when other men, despite the proverbial cheapness of advice, will not or more probably can not. It is the inner guide; it is the self-knowledge of Socrates; it is wisdom. Bok had it, and he obeyed it.

The imagination of most persons who have it is an unruly element. Like the wind, it blows where it listeth, or like electricity flows along the path of least resistance, which may be anywhere. The imagination of the wise is not so. It is like water, which flows inevitably to a foreseen destination, finding out openings obvious to all, *after the fact.*

As a boy, Bok was at once instinctive and matter-of-fact. This combination of traits alone made his youthful career possible. A speculative mind would have hampered him. A certain genuineness and naïvete joined to a high degree of practicality, gained him the confidence of Grant, Hayes, Beecher, and other great men, elicited long and valuable letters from General Jubal Early and Jefferson Davis, made possible his successful visit to Boston and his intimate interviews with Oliver Wendell Holmes, Phillips Brooks, Longfellow, and Emerson.

A little too much of the academic, a hypersensitive imagination, the unhappy craving of the born thinker to get to the bottom of everything or of the artist to make all things perfect, would have spoiled Bok. A feather's weight more of the practical would have sent him into Wall Street. A little less of the boy and of the canny Dutchman, and his career would have been full of discouraging checks: he would have been too hard to understand: as it was, he was easy to understand, but he understood others. Too much of the simple boy, the naïve young man, of the disposition to rush in where angels fear to tread, and society in its shrinking from the unconventional would have disapproved instead of patronizing him. But instinct blended and controlled the elements in his character, happily various. A clear head, much business sense, a breadth of mind commonly associated with bookish culture, a natural inventiveness or a disposition to attempt what others would not, were all

regulated and impelled by the profounder instincts that taught Bok what he ought to be. Consequently his imagination travelled, if not always in great channels, invariably in right channels.

His smaller innovations prove the point. He was the real originator of that obvious necessity, the woman's page, and of the scheme of publicity through literary gossip, which all publishers have adopted, though not all with equal intelligence. He it was who first hit upon the device of running magazine departments and serial stories "over into the back"—not perhaps the brightest leaf in his wreath of laurel, yet a thing the practicality of which no one can deny. These things are in themselves as simple as Columbus's famous trick with the egg, and are hidden from the eyes of all but the elect.

But Edward Bok was also a great citizen. His campaign against patent medicines is enough in itself to entitle him to the gratitude of a nation. Still more courageous was his determination, under the encouragement of Lyman Abbott, to air the hitherto forbidden subject of venereal diseases. How much we all owe him for his stand on this subject, it is difficult to estimate, for he worked a change in conventional morality.

After the first articles, "thousands of subscriptions were stopped; advertizers gave notice that they would cancel their accounts; the greatest pressure was placed upon Mr. Curtis to order his editor to cease, and Bok had the grim experience of seeing his magazine, hitherto proclaimed all over the land as a model advocate of the virtues, refused admittance into thousands of homes, and saw his own friends tear the offending pages out of the periodical before it was allowed to find a place on their home tables. But the *Journal* kept steadily on. Number after number contained some article on the subject, and finally such men and women as Jane Addams, Cardinal Gibbons, Margaret Deland, Henry van Dyke, President Eliot, the Bishop of London, braved the public storm, came to Bok's aid, and wrote articles for his magazine heartily backing up his lonely fight."

But if all this required uncommon moral courage, the most remarkable and least foreseeable result was perhaps that achieved by Bok in his campaign for better architecture in the houses of those possessing moderate means. Already Bok had worked a revolution in the interior decoration of sleeping cars, which had been exercising a most baneful influence upon house furnishing! Now he attacked the monstrosities of American domestic architecture. The designs for moderate-priced houses—designs prepared by the best architectects—which he sold to his readers for five dollars a set, were eagerly bought and were used. There are few stranger or more amusing facts relating to public psychology in all history than the fact that scarcely any of the owners realized until after the houses were built that there were no *parlors* in them, that useless apartment having been deliberately omitted from the plans. Instinct, again! if one can draw a clear distinction between instinct and common sense. "Bok," said Theodore Roosevelt, "is the only man I ever heard of who changed for the better the architecture of an entire nation, and he did it so quickly and

yet so effectively that we didn't know it was begun before it was finished. That is a mighty big job for one man to have done."

Considered in every aspect, *The Americanization of Edward Bok* is an affording and a significant book. In style it is as simple and perspicuous as Xenophon's *Anabasis*, which was also written in the third person and by a man of shrewd common sense who trusted his instincts. The comparison is not farfetched; the Greek common sense wasn't so far from modern American common sense as some have imagined, and men of superlative sense and lucid mind are rare enough in any age to justify a parallel.

EUROPE: 1789–1920. By E. R. Turner, Ph.D., Professor of European History in The University of Michigan. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

Dr. Turner's book is one of an admirable class. The periods of European history treated broadly yet accurately supply the reader with almost all the historical knowledge, apart from a moderate familiarity with the history of his own land and people, which is absolutely essential for culture. In the case of most, indeed, the chief cultural value lies just in the outline, in the complete view, rather than in any historical study which the reader may be induced to do in the way of attempting to absorb details or to draw conclusions. Historical knowledge gained in youth may come to a man's assistance when his mind has matured, but its direct value as discipline is probably less than that of the sciences. Hence, for most, historical study is best conceived as a broadening process rather than as a detailed discipline, and hence the pre-eminent value of such books as this of Dr. Turner's. Of course, a general sketch is of little value without a background, without "apperceptive ideas", but the background may be gained by judicious reading without abandoning one's mind to details. Again, such a book as this affords the best possible basis for detailed study, if the latter is desired.

The reason for a new book of this kind is briefly the alteration in historical perspective brought about by the Great War, and this alteration involves two specific changes: a change in the significance attached to earlier events, and a change of emphasis and proportion.

Of these, the latter consideration appears to be the more important by far. One does not see, for example, that the French Revolution has been better understood since the war than it was before that catastrophe. Comparisons between the French and the Russian Revolutions are, of course, notoriously inexact and misleading if carried far. Perhaps, now that we have witnessed virtually the same thing ourselves, we may look back with somewhat altered feeling upon the Congress of Vienna. "In 1814 and 1815 at Vienna," writes Dr. Turner, "as in 1919 at Paris, those who wished the settlement made by all the Powers interested were obliged to see the decisions made in small

secret meetings and determined only by the most powerful states. In both cases, perhaps, the work could have been done in no other way."

But it is the change of proportion and emphasis made necessary by the treatment of the War of Nations that most distinguishes the book from those previously written and used. It is only a little past the middle of the volume that one comes upon a reference to a thing so strikingly contemporary as the play, *An Englishman's Home*. The bibliographies appended to each chapter are rich in the titles of books published during the years 1913–1919.

The whole later period is treated in a manner by no means powerful, nor intended to be, but adequate for instruction. In style and method the latter half of the book is somewhat like those editorial summaries of current events contained in some of the best modern journals. It is concise, considered, rather neutral, but useful for exactly the purpose for which it was designed, that of giving perspective; and it is authoritative as based upon wide reading and judicious sifting. There is no neutrality, however, in Dr. Turner's discussion of responsibility for the war, nor is the author too "scientific" a historian to make one feel the emotions of the war or marvel at its vast results in destruction and in achievement.

The tone of the discussion of the Peace Conference is no more pro-League than is natural to one considering broad results apart from immediate issues. There is no *ex parte* argument. No one can easily quarrel with the statement that "the results of the war being what they were, the peace was probably as good a one as under the circumstances was to be made." A good reservationist and one whose ideas concerning the treaty-making power are quite sound, can readily accept all this.

On the whole, one feels distinctly wiser after reading this book. Its value lies not so much in the backward glimpses of the past from the present point of view as in the light thrown forward on the war and upon our present state by the course of events since 1879. Through this book one is enabled in some fashion to see the march of events steadily and to see it whole—to view the war as part of the story of an epoch, and thereby in some fashion mentally to assimilate it with the rest of our knowledge concerning this mysterious world and our mysterious selves.

FREE THINKERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Janet E. Courtney, O.B.E. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

It is a little hard for many of us to-day to realize how deeply our common life has been affected by certain freethinking men and women of the nineteenth century—"those spiritual teachers and masters from whom the generation now grown to maturity has learned its love of freedom." Frederick Dennison Maurice is almost forgotten, the main part of his influence blended indistinguishably now with the currents of our ordinary thinking, the rest, the personal part, too fragile, too subtle, to survive for long the actual personality

of the writer. Matthew Arnold, intellectually the most virile of the group, holds his high place in literature as the author of essays, incomparable in their kind, a really original poet, the apostle of a "culture" already beginning to seem a little old-fashioned, the originator of phrases—such as "Sweetness and Light"—beginning to seem more old-fashioned still. Except by the learned, he is scarcely thought of as a reformer of ideas. Again, who now traces anything in his own mind to the influence of Charles Bradlaugh? His thought means no more to us nowadays than does that of Ingersoll; those who busied themselves to disprove the Bible from the Bible have pretty much passed away, and a whole order of ideas has passed with them. The question they discussed has taken on new forms. Harriet Martineau, remarkable woman as she was, has little direct contribution to make to our modern thinking. Even the satirical characterization: "There is no God, and Harriet Martineau is his prophet", is scarcely felt as witty, so obsolete is the issue betwixt old-fashioned theology and agnosticism, so nearly forgotten is the prophetess. Leslie Stephen, known as a man of letters, is scarcely recognized as a militant freethinker. Charles Kingsley survives as a charming literary personality. Huxley shares simply in the glory of Darwin, now almost universally regarded as a seer, and it is hard to remember that not very long ago both he and our own John Fiske were anathema to the religious of almost every denomination.

The fact seems to be that in most cases the message of each of these thinkers was simpler than the teacher supposed. It was not therefore of the less importance; happily, no one's truth is vitiated because it is not the whole truth, and the illusion with which we suggest ourselves, the illusion of possessing uncommon originality or penetration, may serve a good purpose in giving us the courage to assert a simple right. We owe much to the fearlessness of those men and women whose lives Mrs. Courtney has sympathetically told—much to their self-denial, their patience and perseverance, relatively little to their doctrines.

The sketches in this book are therefore of historical value. The author has wisely given much of the social setting of the persons she describes and interprets, and of their inward struggles. The outstanding moral lesson of their lives is made plain without didacticism, and we have a book variously illustrating one phase of character, one type of intellectual virtue, the primary significance, helped by the contrast of minor traits and circumstances, lying in this unity of effect: a tendency, a movement, almost a reformation, is outlined. For those who want to be stimulated by criticism of ideas still related to questions accepted as vital by the modern world, or by analysis of personalities so great or so subtle that one still hopes through fresh criticism to get a glimpse through them into the mystery of human personality—for such the book holds little. For those who like to understand the present in the light of the past and to realize the continuity of our thinking with that of the thinkers who have preceded us, there is much.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINES

SIR:

I found my copy of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW at my home last evening and noted in the Table of Contents an article entitled "Two Pillars of the British Merchant Marine" I.—By Sydney Brooks, whom you justly term "one of the ablest English publicists". Having long been desirous that the United States should have a Merchant Marine of its own great enough to be commensurate with the importance of the nation, I read the article with especial interest.

That Lloyds' Register is one of the pillars of the British merchant marine is cheerfully acknowledged, but that it should therefore also become one of the pillars of the American merchant marine, as insinuatingly set forth by Mr. Brooks, without saying so in so many words, cannot be conceded.

He refers to the "sound judgment" of Senator Jones in recognizing the importance of his two pillars—Lloyds' Register and Lloyds' Insurance—to the British Merchant Marine and that "the goal he (Senator Jones) has set himself seems an eminently right and rational one to strive for" even though the Senator may "so far as American Shipping is concerned desire to oust the influence and authority of the great British organizations."

Whether or not the effort made by the Merchant Marine Act, 1920, attempts to oust the British organizations is not pertinent to my thought in writing now to you, but surely if the said *British* organizations have done so much for a *British* merchant marine, the United States, by their importance among the nations of the earth, their geographical position, their enormous resources and by their past experience in upbuilding are fully warranted in following, somewhat late to be sure, the brilliant example of the great British nation in having their own pillars of strength. That such pillars of our own must be free from the control of any foreign agency or organization should go without saying.

The article almost to the end is a clear, interesting and detailed narrative of the usefulness of a Classification Society. It is rather too much detailed, for the impression is conveyed that a Classification Society performs marvelous duties, which, however, are considered by the societies themselves as being not extraordinary, but only all in the day's work. The excessive detail in description is, however, not important.

The account so well and so completely describes the aims, performance and accomplishment of those "merchants, ship owners, shipbuilders and under-

writers and marine engineers", who with the same thought of those others who in 1834 reorganized British Lloyds, did reorganize on February 1916, and carry on the work of the American Bureau of Shipping, that in all sincerity, I ask your permission to republish it (of course, with proper credit) merely changing it to read American Bureau of Shipping instead of Lloyds' Register and making the figures to suit.

The author displays no knowledge of the accomplishments of the American Bureau, which does not claim the advantage of the hoary age of eighty-five years, an age that naturally commands a certain prestige, but a few inquiries from headquarters would have convinced him that the Bureau is very much alive, and while it may not yet, due to certain opinions also very ancient that still obtain to some degree in the United States, have achieved the full ambition of its supporters and its rank and file, it takes a high degree of satisfaction in the success that has been attained. But then perhaps this is too much to expect of an English publicist. A keen, analytical, inspiringly American Editor may do this, perhaps.

Senator Jones and Representative Edmonds, the sponsors for the two bills which were finally merged and passed as the Merchant Marine Act, 1920, evidently gave the whole subject of the Merchant Marine, Classification, Insurance and co-relative matters very careful consideration. They must have made a great many inquiries warranting the mention made of the American Bureau of Shipping, though such mention was made without any seeking of the Bureau.

They must have found good reasons for such action; all of the reasons mentioned by the author in describing his "Pillars", as well as some special reasons, for the text of the bill throughout shows the way in which an American merchant marine may again make "the Stars and Stripes to be seen on every ocean" as mentioned in the article, even though the United States may not soon again accomplish its old and new records of "launching twice as many tons as Great Britain."

The author says:

> The United States Government may compel its own vessels to obtain their classification at the American Bureau, (this, by the way, has only been done within the last six months), but the private American ship owner I conceive will prefer in the future, as in the past, to go to Lloyds' Register.

I do not burden this communication with statistics, which will be furnished if desired, but you may take my word for it that existing facts absolutely prove this conception to be wrong.

In this connection, it is curious that the English author does not even hint at the credit due to the British Corporation for Classification and Registry, a corporation of his own country founded in 1890 and still active, which has undoubtedly had a very great effect on shipping developments notably in structural methods and in types of ships. See Pages 230–231:—Kirkaldy's *British Shipping*, etc.

The American Bureau of Shipping has no quarrel with the British nation or any of its organizations. We recognize the extraordinary solidarity of the British people as a most admirable quality, a solidarity that never fails in unitedly working for the benefit of Great Britain, a solidarity that has only seemed to fail in binding to the United Kingdom its other appanage, Ireland. Is it not time that the American people followed so good and efficient an example? Yield to British organizations, and it consistently follows that there will be neither an American Merchant Marine or any other great enterprise. What would the United States have become had they been governed by British organizations when the Declaration of Independence was written? Lest we forget the lessons of 1915–1917, when we had no ships with which to distribute either our products or our forces, we must always bear in mind that the United States can, more than ever, perform any duty assumed, provided a reasonable forethought be exercised, and if past accomplishments, despite all propaganda, mean anything to this nation, they mean that the nation must rely on its own organizations, not on foreign corporations, be they ever so old and competent.

STEVENSON TAYLOR.

New York City.

STRIKING AGAINST THE PUBLIC

SIR:

What are known as "public service corporations" often have real and serious grievances. For example, several urban traction companies in various cities recently complained of the unfair competition of jitney omnibus lines which the municipal authorities either established or at least authorized. For such complaints there were, beyond doubt, ample grounds.

Consider what that competition means. A trolley company makes a large investment in plant, practically all of which is immovable—tracks, power plants, car-sheds. It pays heavy franchise and other taxes. It is compelled to keep the streets well paved, and to clear them of snow in winter. It is required to run its cars with a certain frequency at all times, regardless of the weather and regardless of whether there is sufficient patronage to make the running of them profitable.

Then the omnibus drivers are permitted to compete with them, running their vehicles on the same streets with the cars. They make not one cent of permanent investment of any kind. They pay only a trifling tax, or license fee. They run practically as they please, getting the cream of business in the rush hours, and suspending operations whenever traffic is so light as to be unprofitable or when the weather is bad and the pavements slippery. Having no immovable property, they are free at any moment to quit the place and remove to some other city which promises better business. Such competition with chartered companies may be or may not be legal. Some courts seem inclined

to hold that it is not. It certainly is unfair and inequitable, and it is properly regarded by the trolley companies as a serious grievance.

Nevertheless, any such aggrieved corporation is ill-advised in seeking relief, solace, revenge, or what not, in striking against the public by suspending its service; for in so doing, it sacrifices the interests of an innocent and unconcerned third party, whose interests are paramount.

When the employees of a trolley company have a dispute with their employers and go on strike, we say that they have no right to interfere with the running of the cars for the accommodation of the public; that they have no right to sacrifice the welfare of the public in order to score against the company. So, with equal emphasis, it may be said that the company has no right to sacrifice the welfare of the public in order to score against a competitor. So long as it holds a public franchise and occupies public property with its lines, it is under a moral obligation, and certainly should be under a legal one, to serve the public needs. If it has grievances, the courts are open for redress.

J. H. P.

Norwich, Conn.

AMERICAN SCHOOLS

SIR:

Miss Hammond's article in the November number of the REVIEW on American schools is so strong and clear, and points to an ideal which should not be difficult to attain, that I am forced to write and congratulate you upon its publication. It contains the most constructive suggestions for the improvement of our schools I have ever seen.

CARL DREYFUS.

Boston, Mass.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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The Artistic Future of the Movies . KENNETH MACGOWAN
Music of the Month . . . . . LAWRENCE GILMAN

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Winning the Battles of Peace

France has almost won her great fight against war's destruction. Eighty per cent of her wrecked and crippled factories again hum with activity. All of the 4,006 villages and towns in the devastated regions have again resumed municipal life; and of the 6,445 schools in this vast area, 5,345 have been rebuilt and opened. Farms, factories and homes again cover most of the scarred land.

In her reconstruction, France has shown the same unconquerable spirit that stopped her invaders at the Marne.

And here, at home, another great peaceful victory is being won against the greatest odds. This has been the fight of the Bell telephone employees to rebuild a national service.

Despite all of the difficulties of the post-war period, the organized forces of the Bell system have established new records in maintenance and construction.

Facing, after the armistice, a public demand such as was never before known, they have yet responded to the nation's need with hundreds of new buildings, thousands of miles of new wires and cables, and with the installation in the last year, alone, of over half a million new telephones.

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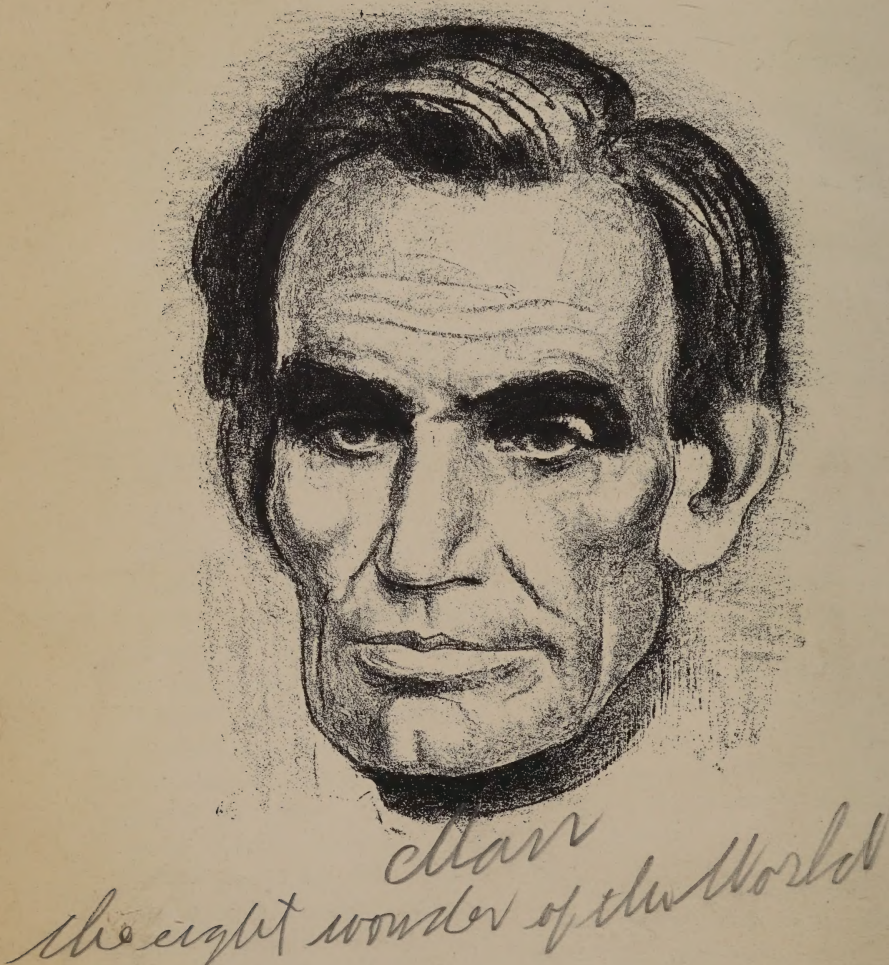

THE SOUL OF LINCOLN

[*From an auto-lithograph by Boardman Robinson*]

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1921

A PLAYMATE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

BY MARIE KIMBALL

On a certain July morning of the year 1802, as Miss Eleanor Randolph of Edgehill, Virginia, was earnestly occupied in "taking great care" of her "bantams", she was disturbed in these duties by the arrival of the following note from the President of the United States:

Washington, Tuesday, July 20, 1802.

My very dear Ellen

I will catch you in bed on Sunday or Monday morning.

Yours affectionately,

Th. Jefferson.

Miss Eleanor Randolph.

Although the news of her grandfather's coming doubtless caused Miss Ellen no small degree of excitement, his threat was no new thing. Surprising his little granddaughter in the early morning hours was, indeed, an established custom with Jefferson which he often jestingly alludes to elsewhere.

The subject of these affectionate surprises was the third child of Jefferson's beloved daughter Patsy, born in 1796, while he was Vice-President. She was the favorite among his many granddaughters, with whom he corresponded more frequently than with any other and of whom he spoke in terms of unique devotion. He alludes to her as "my peculiarly valued granddaughter for whom I have a special affection;" and on another occasion, many years later, he writes: "She merits anything I

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could have said of a good temper, a sound head and great range of information."

Ellen received letters from her distinguished grandfather from her fifth year until his death some twenty-five years later. The letters, lying still unpublished among the papers of the Massachusetts Historical Society, have lost none of their quaintness and charm. They reveal a phase of his nature which Jefferson was usually careful to conceal. It was only his tiny correspondent who could lead the grave President to write as a birthday greeting: "On Sunday next, the 30th, . . . receive the kisses I imprint for you on this paper." Ellen rewarded his devotion, as she herself says, with "all the affection of a child and something of the loyalty of a subject."

For a long time the letters from the President greatly outnumber those from his little correspondent, and he is obliged to resort to various amusing devices to coax replies from her. The first letter is dated Washington, November 27, 1801, and is in answer to one from her written by her mother. It is addressed very formally to "Miss Eleanor Randolph," and reads as follows:

My dear Ellen,

I have received your letter and am very happy to learn you have made such rapid progress in learning. When I left Monticello you could not read and now I find you can not only read but write also. I inclose you two little books as a mark of satisfaction, and if you continue to learn as fast you will become a learned lady and publish books yourself. I hope you will at the same time continue to be a very good girl, never getting angry with your playmates nor the servants, but always trying to be more good humored and more generous than they. If you find that one of them has been better tempered to you than you to them, you must blush, and be very much ashamed, and resolve not to let them excel you again. In this way you will make us all too fond of you, and I shall particularly think of nothing but what I can send you or carry you to show you how much I love you. . . . I have given this letter 20 kisses which it will deliver to you: half to yourself, and the other half you must give to Anne [Ellen's older sister]. Adieu my dear Ellen.

TH. JEFFERSON.

That Miss Eleanor Randolph was not able to reply to this personally, we gather from a letter of her mother to the President. His jesting allusion to Ellen's literacy proved to have stimulated her to unwonted efforts, if we may believe a fond mother's account:

Edgehill, April 16, 1802.

. . . Ellen reads, not very correctly it is true, but in a way speedily to do so, I hope. For which I really think we are indebted to your letter expressing your surprise at her having in so short a time learned to read and write; she began with it herself, and by continually spelling out lines, putting them together, and then reading them to whoever would listen to her, she convinced me of the practicability of carrying on reading and spelling together, before, in the regular course of business, she had got into two syllables. The writing she attempted also but the trouble was so much greater than any end to be attained by teaching her at so early a period, that very reluctantly I prevailed upon her to defer that part of her education to a more distant one. So much for my hopes and fears with regard to those objects in which they center . . . if they turn out well with regard to morals I *ought* to be satisfied, though I *feel* that I never can sit down quietly under the idea of their being blockheads.

The first letter from Ellen to her grandfather that is still preserved is one written a little later, when she was eight years old. A thoughtful mother had ruled the paper for her guidance with delicate double lines in pencil, and had helped with the spelling, although not enough to eliminate all errors. Ellen writes in a large, round, regular hand, its occasional trembling betraying the great pains she took, as well as her lack of practice with a pen. In her eagerness and pride she forgot to dot her "i's":

My dear GrandPapa

I recieved your letter and am very much obliged to you for it, as it is very seldom that I get one you cannot think how glad I was at it. I am very much obliged to you for the bantams you promised me and will take great care of them. I go on very slowly with my French for I have got through but one book of Telemachus but I hope that I shall now go on better since Mamma's health is so much better that she is able to hear us our lessons regularly. Give my love to Papa and Mrs. H. Smith [whose acquaintance she had made in Washington during the winter of 1802]. Adieu my Dear GrandPapa believe me to be your affectionate GrandDaughter

Ellen Wayles Randolph.

Feb 22, 1805.

With his next letter Jefferson inaugurates a custom, which he adopted with all his grandchildren, of sending them poems cut from the papers of the day and from various other sources. These they were to keep and learn by heart:

Washington, Mar. 4, '05.

My dearest Ellen,

I owe a letter to you and one to your sister Anne. But the pressure of the day on which this is written and your Papa's departure permits me to write

only to you, to inclose you a poem about another namesake of yours, and some other pieces worth preserving. As I expect Anne's volume is now large enough, I will begin to furnish you with materials for one. I know you have been collecting some yourself; but as I expect there is some tag, rag & bobtail verse among it you must begin a new volume for my materials. I am called off by company therefore God bless you, my child, kiss your Mamma and sisters for me & tell them I shall be with them in about a week from this time. Once more adieu.

TH. JEFFERSON.

Mrs. Harrison Smith, in one of her sprightly letters, has revealed what an attachment for poetry this custom initiated in Ellen's susceptible mind. "She is singularly and extravagantly fond of poetry," Mrs. Smith writes. "I repeated to her Goldsmith's *Hermit*, which she listened to with the most expressive countenance, her eyes fixed on mine and her arms clasped close around me."

Late in May of the same year Mistress Ellen received the following distressing statement of her account with the President of the United States:

Miss Eleanor W. Randolph to Th. Jefferson Dr

1805 May 21	To a letter which ought to be written once in every three weeks while I am here, to wit from Jan. 1, 1805, to this day, 15 weeks	5.
	Cr	
Feb 23	By one single letter of this day's date	1.
	Balance due from E. W. Randolph to Th. J.	4.
		—
		5

So stands the account for this year, my dear Ellen, between you and me. Unless it be soon paid off I shall send the sheriff after you. I inclose you an abundant supply of poetry, among which you will find Goody Blake, which I think you wanted. I will thank you if you will put on your boots & spurs & ride to Monticello and inform me how my thorns live. This part of the country is beautifying with them so fast that every ride I take makes me anxious for those at Monticello. Your Papa in his last letter informs me the mumps have got into the family. Let me know who have it and how all do. Kiss your dear Mamma for me & shake hands with all the little ones. Present me affectionately to your Papa & accept *mes baise-mains* yourself.

TH. JEFFERSON.

Ellen's letter of the fourth of July, 1805, to which the following one from her grandfather is a reply, is unfortunately not pre-

served with the rest of the correspondence. How charming it must have been, how full of a wistful eagerness to share the secrets of the grown-up mind, Jefferson's letter leads us to suspect. Odd as it may strike us of the present day that a child of eight should express such interest in the fine arts, her grandfather takes it quite as a matter of course, and writes her in the spirit in which the questions were asked:

Washington, July 10, '05.

My dearest Ellen,

To answer the question in your letter of the fourth I must observe that neither the *number* nor the particular arts entitled to that appellation have been fixed by general consent. Many reckon but five: Painting, sculpture, architecture, music and poetry. To these some have added Oratory, including within that Rhetoric which is the art of style and composition. Others again, add gardening as a 7th fine art. Not horticulture, but the art of embellishing grounds by fancy. I think Lord Kames has justly proved this to be entitled to the appellation of a fine art. It is nearly allied to landscape painting, and accordingly we generally find the landscape painter the best designer of a garden. No perfect definition of what is a fine art has ever yet been given. Some say that as those are *mechanical* arts which consist in manual operation unconnected with the understanding, those are *fine* arts which to manual operation join the exercise of the imagination or genius.—This would comprehend sculpture, painting, architecture and gardening, but neither music, poetry nor oratory. Others say that the sciences are objects of the understanding, the fine arts of the senses. This would add gardening but neither poetry nor oratory. A definition which should include Poetry and Oratory and no more would be very difficult to form. I have delivered your love to Mrs. Smith. I will bring mine to you all on Thursday, Friday or Saturday next. . . . God bless you all.

TH. JEFFERSON.

By some mischance this disquisition on the fine arts did not reach Ellen before it was time for her to write again, and she is very frank to express her disappointment. The faded yellow sheet on which this letter is written bears interesting testimony to Ellen's gradual advance in the art of writing. The lines are still painstakingly double-ruled for her guidance, yet her hand is smaller and more sophisticated. As she draws near the end, however, she relapses into her former childish manner in an endeavor to lengthen her letter. The cloak of sophistication was still apparently not too firmly fixed upon her shoulders. The letter is without date or superscription:

How was I disappointed at not receiving a letter from my dear GrandPapa this Post in answer to one I wrote him! You said in your letter to Sister Anne that you expected but a short one from me, however I am determined to keep up a regular correspondence, if possible. You said also that you would catch me in bed the morning of the 18, 19, or 20 of this week; I hope you will not, for I shall rise betimes all three mornings I expect you. Aunt has had the mumps and is not quite recovered. I am very much obliged to you for the Poetry you sent me and think it all very Pretty, particularly *Little John* and the *Ode to Modesty*. Sister Anne's fowls are increased greatly. My hen has laid a great many eggs not fit for hatching. Adieu my dear Grand Papa believe me to be your affectionate GrandDaughter

E. W. Randolph.

Ellen's determination to "keep up a regular correspondence" with the President seems to have suffered during the summer and fall of 1805, for her next letter was not written until the tenth of November, when she had just passed her ninth birthday. This was not due to a lack of steadfastness of purpose, as one might suspect in so youthful a correspondent, but to "want of impliments," as she herself confesses. The letter bears witness, however, that she was not wholly without practice during her long months of silence, for the lines are now single-ruled, her writing has become small and dainty, and it preserves its new character of sophistication to the very last letter of the very last word:

Dear Grand Papa,

I expect you think I have forgotten the Promise I made you of writing to you every Post but I have not for I have tried several times but could not effect it for want of impliments to do it. You must answer my letter for it would give me great Pleasure to keep up a regular Correspondence with you. I have no news to tell you except the report that prevails that of Mrs. Trists marriage with Governor Claiborne. I suppose you have heard it. It is time to finish my letter I have written enough for this time. Sister Anne gives her love to you and says she will write to you shortly. Mamma gives hers to you also as do all the children. Give mine to Mrs. Smith and tell her I hope I shall see her soon. Adieu my Dear Grand Papa believe me to be your affectionate Grand Daughter, Ellen Wayles Randolph, Edgehill, November 10, 1805.

The next letter Ellen received must have set her in a whirl. Preparations were going on apace at Edgehill for the Randolphs to spend the winter at the White House with the President. Mrs. Randolph took all her children with her. It was an exciting

change from the quiet life of a Virginia plantation, and we know that the children enjoyed it, even though their mother was never tempted to try the experiment again. Ellen was quick to make friends. Among those most devoted to her were the beautiful Dolly Madison and Mrs. Harrison Smith, who speaks of "the lovely Ellen . . . without exception one of the finest and most intelligent children I have ever met with":

Washington, Nov. 24, '05.

My dearest Ellen

Your letter of the 10th did not get here till the 19th and this is the first post-day since that for answering it. . . . It is expected that Mrs. Madison will leave Philadelphia tomorrow and be here with Mrs. Cutts in the course of the week. She will of course be here before you. I believe I formerly inclosed the poem now sent; but not being certain & its merit considerable I now forward it. In hopes of soon seeing you I shall only add kisses for your Mamma & sisters & yourself, and my affectionate salutations to your Papa.

TH. JEFFERSON.

A long silence now ensues in the correspondence while Ellen is visiting her grandfather and, apparently, while she is getting over it. Then come several little notes full of a tender love and respect for the great man. In Washington she had learned that he was President of the United States as well as an indulgent grandfather. The following extract is characteristic:

I cannot let slip so good an opportunity of writing to my dear Grandpapa as now offers itself. Although I cannot write a very long letter yet at least I will write a few lines to let him see how much I love and respect him and that I intend to correspond with him. We are going over to Edgehill tomorrow there to wait impatiently until we can see you again. I do not intend to let you catch me in bed that day as I will get up with the sun that you may not, for I should be very sorry if you found me as averse to getting up early as I was when you left us. . . .

With Ellen's increasing years and growing sense of responsibility, the letters to her grandfather improve, until a statement of their account would this time stand very much in her favor. She magnanimously forgives him, however, saying, "I do not regard your not punctually answering my letters as I know how many you have to write." Her letters contain, for the most part, news of the health of the family. As Ellen herself quaintly phrased it, "I rely upon your indulgence to excuse this

short letter as I have not anything to say to you." Throughout the correspondence one can observe her rapid development and her adoption of the language of her elders to a degree even greater than is usual with most children, as when she writes: "James [her small brother, James Madison Randolph, at this time about two years old] is very much grown & I think now is a very handsome and sprightly child."

Jefferson replied to his little granddaughter's series of patient communications by a letter in his most amusing vein. At the same time he betrays how eagerly he craved the small news of those he had left at home—a very human characteristic never dulled by his long public life:

Washington, Feb. 8, '07.

My dearest Ellen,

I believe it is true that you have written me 2 letters to my one to you. Whether this proceeds from your having more industry or less to do than myself I will not say. One thing however I will say that I most sincerely wish to be with you all, and settle the point viva voce (if you do not understand these two Latin words you must lay Jefferson's [her older brother] Latin under contribution that you may know because they are often used in English writing). To return to our correspondence, you have a great advantage as to matter for communication. You have a thousand little things which I am fond to hear; for instance the health of everybody . . . then what you are reading, what are your other occupations, how many dozen bantams you have raised, how often you and Anne have rode to Monticello to see if the tulips are safe etc. etc. etc. However I shall be with you about the 11th or 12th proxim (more Latin, madam) and then we will examine the tulips together. Kiss your dear Mamma a thousand times for me, and all the sisters q.s. (more Latin) and be assured yourself of my tender affections.

TH. JEFFERSON.

Ellen's reply shows that she has not lost the literal-mindedness of extreme youth. She artlessly discourses upon each point her grandfather has suggested:

Dear GrandPapa,

I suspect that it would be more reasonable to think that your owing me three letters proceeds from my having more time than industry, although a very little part of this winter has been spent by me in Idleness still however I think that you must have a great deal more to do than I have. . . . As for the bantam she laid one egg in the cold weather and eat it up. I am very much afraid she will do all the others so. If she does she will be as worthless as the others. But in spite of that I am fond of them and think them very hand-

some. . . . I have not finished the Grecian history but I shall very soon. . . . Your affectionate GrandDaughter,

ELLEN WAYLES RANDOLPH.

A group of letters from Ellen recounting the small news of the family now follow in quick succession. Simple and naïve as they are, they are not lacking in charm or in a certain wistfulness that is most appealing. Her bantams cause her no end of concern. Once she writes: "One of my poor little bantams is dead and the one I liked best, although it was the old one. He had got so tame that he would fly up in my lap and eat out of my hand. All the children were sorry of his death." Again: "My bantams are well but I am afraid I shall never raise any." Another time a "wild animal" caused great excitement at Edgehill, for Ellen writes: "An Elephant passed through Milton lately. Jefferson went to see him but we did not. He was only three foot tall." Finally Ellen has a bit of real news. "We heard lately from Aunt Virginia," she hastens to relate, " . . . that the embargo has thrown the dissipated inhabitants of Williamsburg in great confusion. The ladies say they cannot give up their tea and coffee and the gentlemen wine. . . . "

Jefferson was not slow to express his opinion of the "dissipated inhabitants of Williamsburg." On February 23, 1808, he writes:

You give a bad account of the patriotism of the ladies of Williamsburg who are not disposed to submit to the small privations to which the embargo will subject them. I hope this will not be general, and that principle and prudence will induce us all to return to the good old plan of manufacturing within our families most of the articles needed. I can assure you that we never lived so comfortably as while we were reduced to this system formerly. . . . I expect it will not be long before you will spin me a dimity waistcoat. . . .

Ellen is appalled by this idea. She replies three days later: "I fear I shall never be able to spin you a dimity waistcoat for I cannot now even spin candlewick, although I could do it once it has been three years since I have spun any. . . . "

Ellen presently proposes that she write her grandfather by every post, and that he write her every month. She is true to her agreement, and during 1808 the letters become very numerous,

faithfully chronicling the health of the family and of the bantams who have taken up their residence in the cellar. Often the letters are rather prosy and always they are very long. Nevertheless, we frequently catch amusing glimpses of her life and of the genesis of a Virginia gentleman. "James is a sweet little fellow," she writes, "speaks quite well and has really grown handsome. He things of nothing but guns, horses and dogs. . . . " Speaking of the proposed visit of her seven-year-old cousin, she says: "The children are much pleased at the thought of seeing Francis next summer. I think James is a little like him. Does he curse as much as he used to do formerly?"

As the year goes on the letters become more and more interesting, and it is easy to see that Jefferson comes to rely on Ellen for the execution of many small commissions. She writes him in detail of the progress of the buildings at Monticello, of the garden and its condition, and when the wine was bottled. Jefferson answers her regularly, patiently, and in his usual kindly manner, often ending with "to yourself I am all love." Once he advises her to read Mme. de Sevigné's letters and form her style on them; Ellen conscientiously retorts with four pages of "style."

The last letter of Ellen's childhood is a short note dated January 26, 1809, which she concludes in her usual charming manner: "You must pardon this letter so full of mistakes, for it is written by candle light. I have been writing almost all day."

With Jefferson's retirement to Monticello in March, 1809, these childhood letters come to an end. Mrs. Randolph removed to her father's estate to preside over the establishment, and Ellen came into more intimate association with her beloved grandfather. In later letters she has left an account of the contented years of Jefferson's retirement, which, to use her own phrase, but "repeat the same tale of love and kindness." "From him seemed to flow all the pleasures of my life," she writes.

In 1824 something occurred which threatened to bring to an end Ellen's companionship with her grandfather. Prominent among the many visitors to Monticello in that year was the rich and charming young Bostonian, Joseph Coolidge, Jr. A fortnight's visit, as he himself confesses, sufficed for him to fall a

victim to "the many valuable qualities of Miss Randolph." The quaint and formal letter in which he asks Jefferson "the sanction of your approval" is still preserved, the elegant blue paper and exquisitely written lines betraying the importance of his request:

My dear Sir,

I have delayed to express the gratification which my visit to Monticello, during the last spring gave me, until called upon to ask you for further kindness. During the fortnight which I passed so agreeably in your family, the many valuable qualities of Miss Randolph made an impression upon me which, at parting, I did not attempt to conceal. I confessed to Mrs. Randolph the interest her daughter had inspired. But want of sufficient knowledge of my character was an objection to forming an engagement which involved the happiness of life; and my own judgement acquiesced in a delay which, though painful to my feelings, permitted something more to be known of myself and the family than could be learned from the letters I had presented: permission to write occasionally was however granted me, and the correspondence which followed has perhaps assisted in showing us something of each other's character; it has certainly confirmed the high opinion I had formed of Miss Randolph's heart and understanding. Several months have elapsed: my friends have given their full consent; and I now ask of you Sir, permission to return to Monticello, that my own character may become better known, by longer personal intercourse.

The visit I am about to make does not involve Miss Randolph in any positive or implied engagement:—should she see fit to decline all connection but that of friendship, I should think less well of myself, but not of her: if she consent, after further acquaintance, to gratify my dearest wish, may I not hope, Sir, for the sanction of your approval?

I do not presume that you now hear, for the first time, of my attachment to a member of your family; but respect and gratitude alike forbid me to ask again the protection of your roof without confessing the true motive of my visit. Apart from the interest which I feel in you, Sir, as the cherished relation of one who, under every circumstance, will be dear to me, may I not be permitted to assure you of my individual, unfeigned regard?

J. Coolidge Jr.

Boston:
October 13, 1824.
Thomas Jefferson, Esq^re.

Jefferson's draught of his reply, with its many interlineations and scorings, mutely testifies to his affection for his granddaughter and his anxiety for her happiness:

Monticello, Oct. 24, '24.

Dear Sir,

I should not have delayed a single day the answer to your interesting and acceptable letter of the 13th inst. but that it found me suffering severely from an imposthume under the jaw. . . . I avail myself of the first moment of my ability to take up a pen to assure you that nothing could be more welcome to me than the visit proposed, or its object. During the stay you were so kind as to make with us, my opportunities were abundant of seeing and estimating the merit of your character insomuch as to need no further enquiry from others. Nor did the family leave me uninformed of the attachment which seemed to be forming towards my granddaughter Ellen. I learnt it with pleasure, because from what I believed of your, and knew of her, extraordinary moral qualifications, I was satisfied no two minds could be formed better compounded to make each other happy. I hold the same sentiment now that I receive the information from yourself, and assure you that no union could give me greater satisfaction, if your wishes prove mutual, and your friends consenting. . . .

Your visit to Monticello and at the time of your own convenience will be truly welcome, and your stay whatever may suit yourself under any views of friendship or connection. My gratification will be measured by the time of its continuance.

TH. JEFFERSON.

Ellen's marriage on the 25th of May, 1825, and her removal to Boston, did not deprive Jefferson of her solicitude and love during the last year of his life. Frequent gifts and a constant interchange of letters bear witness to Ellen's thoughtful devotion. None of these better expresses the spiritual union of the venerable statesman and his playmate than the first letter from her new home. "One of my first cares," she writes, "is . . . to thank you for all the kindness I have received from you, & for all the affection you have shewn me, from my infancy & childhood, throughout the course of my maturer years: the only return I can make is by gratitude the deepest and most enduring and love the most devoted; and although removed by fortune to a distance from you, yet my heart is always with you."

MARIE KIMBALL.

THE ECONOMIC SIGNIFICANCE OF FORESTRY

BY GIFFORD PINCHOT

WHILE I was a student of forestry in the French Forest School at Nancy, there reached me a magazine from home in which one of the leaders of the scientific thought of his day, a public servant of most distinguished achievement, described a forest fire. He told how he had laid his camp fire against the bole of a giant tree, and how the flames, rising along its trunk, jumped from it to other trees, until a great forest conflagration went roaring off through miles of mountain timberland in the heart of the Rockies. What struck him was the beauty of the fire, and nowhere in the whole account was there the slightest indication of compunction or regret for the huge destruction he had caused.

His attitude was typical of his time. Today few men of thought, and none of light and leading, think lightly of forest fires. Yet the forest problem of the United States is far more pressing now than when a leader in science rejoiced over the incidental beauty of forest destruction, and the solution is far more distant, and more difficult to reach, than it was then.

In the matter of our supplies of forest products, we Americans are faced by a set of facts and a problem which, in gravity and far-reaching control over our immediate and remoter future, take their place fairly alongside the issues which center about the League of Nations. The essential fact is that we are not only destroying our forest supplies far more rapidly than they are being reproduced, but also—what is much more to the point—that we are using up the productive capacity of our forest lands. Not only is there less wood year by year and day by day in the United States, but there is less land growing wood. We are living beyond our income and destroying our invested capital at the same time.

We are nearly bankrupt, and do not know it. Because there has always been wood enough to go round, we have placidly assumed that there always would be. Unfortunately, the facts are against us.

It is true that we have made progress. Forestry in America has come to mean something more than the planting of trees in yards, streets, and schoolgrounds. It is true that we are leaving behind that phase of public opinion which believed that we could somehow compensate for the destruction of the forests on thousands or millions of acres by the planting of trees on tens or hundreds. We hear less of the influence of the forest on climate and health, and more of the need for wood. Even the discussion of the effect of the forest in producing rain, and controlling the flow of springs and streams, has been largely replaced by more immediate and practical considerations. Forestry has become a problem to be taken seriously, but as yet its real economic significance is little appreciated and less understood.

We are coming to realize that wood is the most universal of all materials, that without wood all production would be impossible, transportation a dream, and business dead.

Iron, coal, oil, and wood are the four basic materials upon which modern civilization rests, and of these the most widely employed and undoubtedly the most indispensable is wood. So far as wood is concerned, the human race is still very much in the same position it has occupied since before the dawn of recorded history. No need of body or mind can be met, no instant of our lives can be passed in comfort or well being, without something that only the forest can supply. Nothing we eat or use or wear can be produced, transported, or consumed without the help of the forest. We never could and cannot now get on without it.

When iron is put to use, whatever percentage may be consumed and disappear, there is still an important salvage and re-use. Coal and oil, once utilized, are gone for good, but provision has been made in the recent Coal and Oil Leasing Bill, passed at the last session of Congress, for preventing waste and prolonging the life of our supplies, at least such of them as are still in the public lands. Timber, the one renewable resource of the four, is being destroyed (and not renewed) more rapidly than ever.

This statement is true, notwithstanding the fact that National Forests to the extent of 150 million acres, and State forests to the extent of less than five million, have been set aside and their power to produce has been saved for good. Public forests contain but one-fifth of our timber, and can never be expected to yield much more than one-fifth of our necessary supplies.

Before proceeding to touch upon the actual situation of our timber and timbered lands, it may be well to say a word about wood substitutes. In the first place, the use of a substitute almost invariably means the employment of a less satisfactory material at a higher price. In the second place, the increase of our population and industry more than keeps pace with the development of substitutes, so that, for example, more wood is used in building construction than when all houses were built of wood, more for shipbuilding than when there were no iron ships. The use of substitutes does not decrease the consumption of wood in any great line of industry.

The essential facts in our forest situation are these: Three-fifths of the timber we once had in the United States is gone. Over two-thirds of our original forest area has been culled, cut-over, or burned. Of our virgin forests, one-sixth remains. Out of about 825 million acres of original forest, we have left today less than 140 million acres of virgin timber, about 110 million acres of cull and second growth timber big enough to saw, and about 130 million acres partly stocked with smaller growth. More than eighty million acres have been devastated, and, so far as production is concerned, are practically desert.

Of the merchantable timber yearly cut or destroyed, about three-quarters is taken from the virgin forests which still remain —about one-quarter from second growth. The cut of every class of timber exceeds the growth. Even the young trees too small for the saw are being cut three and one-half times faster than they are being reproduced. Taken together, we are cutting wood of all kinds from our forests more than four times faster than it is being replaced by growth.

The foregoing are official figures presented in reply to a resolution of the Senate by the United States Forest Service on June 1, 1920.

The United States must grow its own timber, or go without. Within a time perilously short in the life of a nation, and well within the active life of men now in affairs, the timber supply of the United States threatens to reach such a point of exhaustion as to compel the abandonment or reorganization of a controlling proportion of our industries, including manufacture, transportation, mining, and agriculture. The change may be calamitous and substantially complete, unless we can secure from elsewhere the wood absolutely indispensable to our present methods of doing business, and which our own forests will no longer be able to yield.

Can we look to the rest of the world for material help when American forests fail? To our very serious danger, we can not.

The destruction of our timber, and of the timber-producing power of lands valuable for no other purpose, would be far less serious than it is if there were other portions of the world from which the absolutely essential lumber supply for our agriculture and industries could be obtained. From the point of view of the gigantic needs of the United States, Canada has no great supply of lumber, and has already made it plain beyond peradventure that she purposes to keep what she has for her own development. Mexico, even if the merciless exploitation of her remaining forests were permitted, could not supply us long. South America, with enormous resources of hard and heavy tropical woods, such as we use for cabinet purposes, has comparatively little suited to the needs of our industries and our people. The story is the same throughout the world. Africa, Australia, Russia, Siberia, the Philippines, and the islands of the sea offer us small relief.

Moreover, he would be a poor American who in the face of the lessons of the Great War would suggest that the United States should depend upon overseas transportation for an essential without which neither her agriculture nor her industry can survive.

We must raise what we need, or go without. Take Pennsylvania for an illustration. The industries of the Pittsburgh district alone require more timber than the total cut of the whole State. Pennsylvania, once the first timber-producing State of the Union, now cuts from her forests only one-fifth of

her own consumption, and is reproducing in new growth only one-third of that. The industries of the State therefore can go on only because the indispensable supplies of forest products can still be secured from other States at prices not yet entirely prohibitive. When these supplies fail, as they will, or when the cost of importing lumber rises too high, the industries of Pennsylvania will pay a bitter price, and the question will be no longer whether they can prosper, but whether they can survive. In that day the decision will depend on whether or not Pennsylvania has taken in time the necessary steps to raise at home the timber she must have and cannot get elsewhere.

As with Pennsylvania, so with every other deforested or unforested State in America. The exhaustion of forest supplies will threaten and very possibly destroy the life of its agriculture or its industries. It is no more than the truth to say that the forest question is vital.

What has brought this dilemma upon us? Two things: fire and destructive lumbering. These two working together have either cut down or utterly destroyed the productive capacity of vast areas of forest lands—lands which in large proportion are valuable for nothing except to grow trees and never will be, or which at this stage of our economic development are unavailable for agriculture and must produce timber or nothing.

Like the trouble, the remedy is two-fold. We must put an end to forest fires, and we must save the productive capacity of the virgin forest lands we have left. Thus we shall give the lands which are already cut over, and those which are yet to be cut, at least a chance to serve the Commonwealth by producing wood, and we shall keep lands good for nothing else at work growing trees.

Upon the continued productive capacity of the remaining virgin lands we must chiefly depend to bridge the gap between the time when what forests we still have shall be substantially exhausted, and the time when the lands now culled, cut, burned, and devastated may be expected to recover their power to produce. This is the first problem, and the key to success in American forestry.

Sixty-one per cent of our remaining timber lies west of the

great Plains. Half of it is in the States of Washington, Oregon, and California. By far the larger part of it is in the hands of private owners. So far has the concentration of ownership gone that one-half of the privately owned timber in the United States is already in the hands of two hundred and fifty owners, and this dangerous concentration will, in the language of the United States Forest Service, "steadily increase as timber depletion continues, approaching a natural monopoly in character, and this control will extend particularly to the diminishing supply of high-grade material."

What is needed, then, is to prevent the owners of commercially held timberlands, still uncut, from obliterating, by destructive methods of cutting, the power of their lands to keep on growing trees. For more than a quarter of a century argument and persuasion have been employed in vain. The time has come when the Nation can no longer trust to the lumbermen, who have got us into this trouble, to pull us out. We know they hold the belief that their immediate pecuniary advantage lies in forest destruction, and that (with honorable exceptions) they are living up to it in practice. We cannot safely leave to them the decision as to whether our agriculture, our industries, our transportation, and the comfort, safety, and welfare of our whole people shall be protected or shall be exposed to the unthinkable miseries which must accompany a famine of one of the basic materials of our civilization.

The lumbermen have not ceased from forest devastation, although the danger to the community has been abundantly demonstrated. They will not cease from it until they are compelled. The strong hand of the community, and nothing else, can prevent the devastation of the uncut lands which remain.

Public opinion is just awakening to the vital need for the practice of forestry on private timberlands held for commercial purposes. This awakening, far more purposeful and wide-spread than the similar stirring of public opinion which made it possible to secure the national forests, offers the most promising opportunity for progress in American forestry within my experience. There is clearly before us the chance for a great advance, an advance which may even extend within the next decade to

the point of assuring a permanent and sufficient supply of American forest products.

The chance is here, but we have not yet made use of it. We must crystallize this invaluable public opinion behind a policy wise enough and strong enough to make us independent for good and all of timber supplies from other countries. Our success in doing so will depend on two or three essentials in the policy behind which the forces of forest conservation elect to throw their strength. The first of these is that we must work with and not against the underlying trend of the times. The second is that we must present a policy which can be adopted, and which, when adopted, will produce results.

The policy we decide on must be submitted for the approval of Congress, a national body whose members are necessarily governed not only by the interests of the Nation at large, but more particularly by the interests of the individual States which they represent.

The essential facts in the lumber situation so far as the selection of a national forest policy is concerned are three: first, the United States is not self-supporting in timber, but is consuming its forest capital four times faster than that capital is being renewed; second, not only timber but the productive capacity of timberlands is being destroyed; third, the great majority of the States are unable to supply their own needs for wood, but must rely upon the forest resources of other States. Therefore, the agriculture and industries of most of the States are dependent for their essential supplies of lumber on forests outside of their own boundaries. As to a majority of our Commonwealths, this condition will be permanent.

It may be taken as basic, therefore, that the majority of the States, containing the larger proportion of the American people, will be permanently dependent for their prosperity on timber supplies produced outside of the boundaries of the States in which they are consumed. That being so, the balance of power in Congress as between the forested and the deforested or unforested States, is a consideration of vital importance in the formulation, and still more in the enactment, of a national forest policy.

Entirely apart from partisan considerations, certain facts as to the recent election have great importance in this regard. On March 4th next the weight of power in our Government will pass from the States that are predominantly exporters of lumber to the States that are predominantly importers of lumber; from a group of States whose principal business aside from agriculture is lumbering, to a group of States whose principal business aside from agriculture is manufacturing.

Under the new order, therefore, the States whose vital industries depend on lumber grown in other States will hold the balance of power. Of the States which have just gone Republican, three-quarters are importers of wood. Moreover, the chairmanships of the committees on agriculture and appropriations in House and Senate are now and during the next Congress will be held by men from lumber-importing States—not only so, but the great majority of the members of each committee is and will be from States whose industries would perish without lumber from beyond their own borders.

What is true of the membership of these two committees is true of Congress as a whole. In the consideration of what can or can not, as well as what should or should not, be included in a forest policy for the whole Nation, these facts obviously require consideration.

Two forms of national forest policy for preventing forest devastation are before the country for consideration: one that of direct national control, the other that of State control under national persuasion. One may be said to be that of the lumber-producing States, the other that of the lumber-consuming States —one that of the lumberman, the other that of the lumber consumer.

Under the State control plan, the National Government would endeavor to induce the States, by sharing their expenses, to enact and enforce legislation to prevent forest devastation on privately held commercial timber lands, such legislation and its enforcement to conform to standards fixed by the National Government under the law. Since within ten years the Southern States will no longer be able to export lumber but will produce only enough for their own needs, the State control plan means

leaving agriculture, industry, and transportation in the timber-importing States at the mercy of the Legislatures of those states from which must come the principal lumber supplies of all the other States for perhaps a generation.

It has never been impossible for the lumbermen of these states, when their vital interests so required, to dominate their legislatures sufficiently to bring about the protection of their own interests. If, then, their interests should run counter to the interests of the rest of the people of the United States, as it needs no long vision to realize that they would, then, under the State control plan, the remaining States would be helpless to do more than suggest and beg, while the industrial domination of our whole people in a great essential would pass to those in whose hands remained the indispensable supplies.

More specifically, it means leaving this prodigious power over the rest of us to the two hundred and fifty owners who already control half the privately held timber in the United States, or to the still smaller number that, with the increasing degree of control "exercised by a comparatively small number of large interests approaching a natural monopoly in character," will dominate the lumber industry, and through it the Legislatures, of these three great lumber States.

The proposal of the lumbermen amounts to this: Leave it to us. What they want is what they have now—no control at all. But if control of some sort is unavoidable, then State control, for nothing would be easier than to block or denature action by the law-making bodies of the lumber States. Thus State control and no control would amount to the same thing.

The outstanding fact is that here is a question not of control by the Nation or by the States, but a question of national control or no control at all.

Moreover, it is difficult to imagine that certain states will contribute their money through Federal appropriations, and then sit calmly by and trust to the legislatures and State forces of others for the enactment and application of measures to assure to the farmers of the Middle West and the workers of the industrial East the timber supplies they must have to earn their living. The mere statement of the situation is enough to show

that State control, even if it were desirable, is altogether out of reach.

Forest devastation is a national, interstate problem with which only the Federal Government can deal. National control will increase, not diminish, the value, importance, and extent of the work of every State Forest Department, and immeasurably advance the cause of forestry in every State as well as in the Nation at large.

The National Forest Service, with its practical and successful experience in the decentralization and localization of forest administration, can make certain, as separate State administrations naturally could not, of uniform fairness to all the private interests in all the States concerned. Under its supervision, an intelligent, clean, stable, and thoroughly democratic control would be assured. What is needed is the continuous, consistent, enduring, nation-wide plan which the United States Forest Service alone can lay down, and which the Federal Government alone has sufficient power to enforce.

Under the national plan the Federal Government would control the harvesting of commercial forest crops. That would involve the prevention of destructive lumbering, protection of young growth already on the ground, simple measures for securing natural reforestation, and slash disposal on the cut-over land. All this is a part of the lumbering.

What is desired is neither more nor less than is now taking place with entire success upon the National Forests. Conditions would thus be favorable for forest perpetuation, and the lands would be made less susceptible to fire. When the lumbering was over, Federal control would cease, and the Federal agents would move on. There would be no Federal organization to fight fire.

The State, for its part, would begin where the Nation left off. It would protect against fire not only forested lands, but also cut-over lands, and lands in process of being logged. The Federal Government would see to it that cut-over lands were left in safe condition, the State would keep them safe. The division is plain and the plan workable. With increased appropriations from the Federal Government, to be used according to a specified plan, fire protection by the States would become efficient.

Under the national plan, the Federal Government would undertake what the State forest organizations never have done and, in my judgment as State Forester of Pennsylvania, never can accomplish.

The question has been raised whether or not Constitutional authority exists for national control of our national lumber supply. Lawyers in whose judgment I have confidence tell me that in the Oleomargarine decision, in the principle of the Weeks' Law as applied to forests and navigable streams, and in various other ways, such authority exists and can be found. No one can know with certainty until the Supreme Court has spoken.

In the present case, few consumers of lumber (and that means all of us) will consent to entrust the future of our lumber supply to the decision of a handful of lumbermen, who have already organized with intelligent thoroughness in an effort to keep and make use of the commanding hold over the consumer which they exercised during and after the War.

There are, naturally, other items of consequence in a national policy designed to meet and solve the very serious timber problem which confronts this nation. But there is none which compares in immediate importance with the question whether a few lumbermen, or the Nation at large, shall control our future by controlling our supply of the most universal of the basic materials of modern civilization.

GIFFORD PINCHOT.

ALCOHOLISM, PROHIBITION AND BEYOND

BY PEARCE BAILEY, M.D.

It has always been difficult for a physician to square his conscience in opposing any measures which gave even a faint promise of doing away with such evils as alcohol is responsible for. It has been especially difficult for one whose practice and experience have been such as mine.

As a student of Kraepelin, the most scientific and original of alcohol's enemies, I learned, years ago, how indisputable are the proofs, experimental and others, which show that alcohol, even in small quantities, impairs temporarily the finer intellectual qualities; and thirty years of special practice in a "wet" city like New York have made me only too familiar with every phase of the havoc that the abuse of alcohol plays with the mind. And who has lived thirty years anywhere without having had brought home to him, to his head and his heart, the wastage that drinking brings about? Without having seen it either in his own family or among his friends and their children? Without having personal knowledge of the accidents, crimes, unhappy homes and poverty that go along with it?

But in spite of all the facts, I could never convince myself that legislating alcohol out of existence was the best means of meeting the problem; certainly not before restrictive measures, especially as to time and place of sale of intoxicants, had been given a fair trial. In the first place I always knew, although not as well as I know now, that alcohol is not responsible for all the crimes in the calendar, although all are imputed to it; and in the second place, it seemed to me a risky experiment to wrench out of existence abruptly, on a set date, any substance which for centuries has been so fixed in human customs as alcohol has. For it is, after all, a sacramental symbol of religion, a part of the ceremonies connected with marriage, birth and death, and of many of the

celebrations which stir and unite people's souls. It seemed psychologically impossible for a radical operation like that to take place without an extremely unwholesome reaction. What the reaction will be,—social unrest, criminalism, resort to drugs—no one knows. When laws get too blue, it is said, vice is not obliterated but is merely thrust under ground for a time. Perhaps this whole matter will eventuate as one of those "phantom" operations in which no operation is performed really, although the patient's mind is relieved by the operation having been gone through with in appearance.

It would seem that a change in the Constitution for the purpose of improving our morals could only have been justified on the ground that the thing legislated against was not only the nation's most immediate moral peril, but a peril that was becoming more threatening.

Now the evidence is that drunkenness has been decreasing rather than increasing. There are far fewer drunken men to be seen on the streets nowadays, and certain statistics compiled by Dr. H. M. Pollock of the New York State Hospital Commission show that alcoholism in New York State at least, has been fading away in recent years.

Alcoholic insanity, which results from years of inveterate drinking, may be regarded as an index of the amount of intemperance in a community. The percentage of these cases among the first admissions to the State Hospitals of New York has steadily fallen from 10.8% in 1909, to 5.6% in 1915. During the next five years ending June 30th, 1920, there was a further decline to 1.9%. During the nine years, 1909–1917, when alcoholic insanity was decreasing, there was no decrease of the insanity rate in the State, but on the contrary an increase. From 1917 to 1920, there was a slight decrease in the number of admissions, but the present insanity rate is still higher than it was in 1909. These statistics do not stand by themselves, but are corroborated by those which record the percentage of intemperate habits among first admissions. Of these, the percentage reported as using alcohol to excess was in 1909, 28.7%, in 1916, 18.5%, in 1920, 12.2%.

But what more than anything else convinced me that the emotional energy which resulted in the Eighteenth Amendment might better have been expended in other directions, are certain fundamentals coming to light as the results of the first country-wide health survey recently entailed by the mobilization. These results show that things far more deadly than alcohol undermine our national peace and morality, and that it is against them, first of all, that reconstructive efforts should be directed. Many of the facts to be presented in this paper are new, and were not available before prohibition became an assured fact. Before presenting them, as they concern national degeneracy, a word must be said as to what causes a race to fail to attain its maximum achievement, and, failing that, to decline.

The dream of enforced prohibition is a new, regenerate race; but, being a dream, it proceeds before having arrived at a real understanding of what causes a race to degenerate. Degeneration is a loose term at best, but may be defined as a racial weakness in physique and morale which becomes progressive through heredity. Alcohol by itself does not bring it about. If it did we would find that Great Britain and France, where the per capita consumption of absolute alcohol is considerably greater than with us, would be more degenerate than we are. Recent events do not sustain such a theory. As far as physique is concerned, pathologists, while they realize that alcohol favors the development of certain diseases and makes others worse, are becoming more and more chary about naming it as the sole cause of any physical disease; and the statistics to be presented in this article show conclusively that, so far as the military strength of the nation is concerned, the direct physical injury done by alcohol is practically negligible.

Morale is a question of mental states, and the quality of these states is shown in feeling and manifested in behavior. It is still to be shown that hard-drinking countries are deficient in those mental qualities which produce patriotism, efficiency, progressiveness; and on the other hand, those peoples—Buddhists, Mohammedans, Brahmins, Hindus, pledged to total abstinence by their religious creeds—have contributed little to the material progress of the world. Lowered morale evinces itself in discour-

agement, depression and inactivity, and, when organizations are concerned, in disloyalty. All this is contrary to the native tendencies of the bulk of mankind. Man is optimistic by nature, and when, without immediate, tangible cause, his optimism fails him, when his morale declines, the abnormal should always be looked for to explain it. The pathological factors most easily identified in the decline of morale are the nervous disorders, constitutional for the most part, which impair the functions of the mind and the stability of the character. Among these disorders are insanity, mental deficiency, nervous diseases and their borderline types. The statistics upon which this paper is based show that in every thousand physically sound American young men of a given age period, there are twenty too much invalided from such nervous causes to be soldiers, while there is less than one unfit from alcohol.

Through heredity, alcohol is rated high as a degeneration-inducing factor, but wherever it appears as such, other factors in degeneration are apt to be present. A considerable proportion of vagabonds who drink are feebleminded or epileptic, or came into the world strongly predisposed to insanity. The history of inebriety in the forebears of drug addicts and alcoholics is high,—60 to 80%. But inebriety as a family taint is less frequently encountered in epilepsy and insanity than a history of nervous and mental disease. The idea that drunkards are primarily predisposed individuals must have been in Voltaire's mind when he said "*Qui se donne un maître est né d'en avoir un.*"

A hereditarily defective nervous system, however, does not make a man drink of necessity. Mental defectives are born such, but they are not conspicuous as users of alcohol; and the American negro who carries about the average burden of neurotic heredity does not become alcoholic.

The entrance examinations of the Army, 1917–1919, have shown that for certain age-periods, chronic alcoholism is at the bottom of the list of those diseases and abnormal states in which heredity is most evident, and which, independently of economic conditions, are responsible for most of the idleness, poverty and despair of the world. The disorders mentioned existed in men physically sound and otherwise acceptable for military service.

The possibility of studying the question on a large scale was created by the foresight of the late Major General W. C. Gorgas, Surgeon General of the Army, who in July 1917 established in his office a division which throughout the war directed all matters pertaining to nervous and mental diseases, including alcoholism and drug addiction, occurring in the United States. The statistics quoted here, which will shortly be published in full as part of the medical history of the war, are chiefly derived from the activities of this division, and a word must be said at the outset as to how they were collected and tabulated.

The first thing the division did was to prepare for the examination of recruits. It secured the services of qualified specialists from all over the country, to serve under commission and contract. These special medical officers, called neuro-psychiatrists, were rapidly detailed to all points of recruitment and were in every cantonment when the first draft quotas arrived. They were recognized by commanding officers as their most reliable assistants in their subject, and soon became integral to the system of camp examinations, where all cases of nervous and mental diseases were passed on by them, either as examiners or members of or witnesses at disability boards. The results of their examinations were recorded on special forms which had been prepared for the purpose by that experienced statistician, Dr. Horatio M. Pollock. The record form provided spaces for all information desired. No option was left to the examiner who made them out, as each question was printed and could be answered by a "yes" or a "no", a cross, or at most two or three figures or words. The purpose was to eliminate individual error, to have results uniform and reducible to statistical form rapidly.

Each special officer was required to fill out a record form for each case that passed through his hands, and to forward it to the Surgeon General's Office. All records, on arrival at the Surgeon General's Office, were immediately inspected, and, when found incomplete, were returned to the camp with orders that they be corrected. From time to time, inspectors visited the camps and corrected any difficulties that might have arisen. The records in hundred-thousand lots were classified and reduced to statistical form, and finally finished in May 1919. At different

compilations they showed remarkable agreement in essential particulars.

It is difficult to conceive how statistics which concern human beings in huge aggregations could be collected more systematically or more accurately. It was an intensive experimental inquiry into national degeneracy among men in given age periods, of which the conditions and contingencies were foreseen and provided for. The individuals who carried it out were thoroughly versed in their subject, and enthusiastic for the work they were doing. They were not swayed by sectional prejudice, and had nothing to prove, one way or another. All operated under strict orders. The work had to be done, and was done, as planned.

My personal admiration for the splendid achievements of these able and conscientious officers does not lead me to the belief that the system was 100% perfect. Some cases undoubtedly eluded their vigilance, especially during periods of extraordinary recruitment, when the labors they were called upon to perform were beyond human capacity. For example, many cases were accepted at first which should not have been accepted, but except when overseas orders followed enlistment within two or three weeks (the average training period of troops who went overseas was six months), such men were ultimately discovered, and are included in the present statistics.

Neither were the record forms complete for all the cases identified. There were 72,000 neuro-psychiatric cases identified and reported, but in about 5% the data was incomplete in one or more particulars, owing to defects in mail, records lost, officers suddenly transferred, etc.

The statistics as to alcoholism concern only those in whom steady drinking had resulted in a chronic intoxication profound enough to have constituted a disabling condition. Thus, as used here, the term "chronic alcoholism" implies more than intemperance; the term "alcoholic," more than a drinking man. An "alcoholic," in the sense of the Army, was a man who had become so disabled through alcohol that the Army, for the most part, did not consider it a profitable undertaking to reconstruct him. It did, as a matter of fact, accept ten per cent of alcoholics, either for treatment or for some duty; but ninety per cent were recom-

mended for rejection or discharge. These were identified almost immediately—71.6% within one month, 85% within six months. How many intemperate men were accepted for service and made good under the conditions of it, we have no means of knowing; we only know the number of those whose habits had brought about disabilities incompatible with the bearing of arms.

Neither do we know how many of the men who went overseas became alcoholic under the less stringent regulations as to alcohol which prevailed in France. We know that the number could not have been large, however, as the hospital at Savenay, through which all cases invalided home passed, did not find it necessary to keep statistics as to alcoholism, as it did for conditions like insanity which were frequent.

At the military points of enrollment—viz.: at recruit depots and camps—there were 2150 recommendations for rejection or discharge for alcoholism and alcoholic insanity. To estimate the total of unfit alcoholics for the entire mobilization it is necessary first to add to this number the total rejections at local boards as reported by the Provost Marshal General. The Provost Marshal General did not distinguish between alcoholism and drug addiction, but grouped these together under the term inebriety in a sum of 2007. If one may assume that of this 2007, 1050 were alcoholics, the grand total of alcoholics, of approximately 3,500,000 men examined, would be 3200 or less than 0.1%, or less than one in every thousand.

This number is astonishingly small, far below any estimate that the present writer had made himself, or had heard made by others. It is so small, in fact, that it at once creates the belief that alcoholism occurring among soldiers as young as ours were, must be less frequent than when observed in a population containing older men; that the army contained alcoholics in the making, too young to be so actually, but who, given time and opportunity, would become so.

Such a possibility receives certain support in two ways. First, from the present statistics, it appears that the average age of alcoholism was above the average age of recruits; and second, that a relatively long period of drinking is necessary for the development of alcoholism.

The age distributions of alcoholics were as follows:

	Per Cent
Under 20 years	0.7
20 to 24 "	8.0
25 to 29 "	29.1
30 to 34 "	36.0
35 and over	26.2

According to an estimate based on a preliminary report of the Provost Marshal General of registrants in Class 1 between the ages of 21 and 29, 62% were below 25 years of age and 38% were above. Thus, nearly two-thirds of the registrants of Class 1 were at an age when alcoholism was infrequent as per above table. As a matter of fact, the alcoholics were much older than any other neuro-psychiatric patients. For example, while 36% of them were between 30 and 34 years, only 13.3% of the drug addicts had attained that age period. They had been drinkers for long periods, 82.5% having a history of indulgence for more than five years, 13.7% for from one to five years. Only four of the total number gave the date of beginning as since entering the service.

These two considerations limit to a certain extent the possibility of inferring from these statistics how frequent alcoholism is among male adults in the country as a whole, but not as much as at first sight appears. The reason for this is that while the majority of the alcoholics of the Army were above the average age of the draft, approximately half of them were not drafted men, but volunteers, a group averaging older than the draft age. This excess of alcoholism among volunteers confirms previous experiences. Applicants for enlistment have always had a high percentage of intemperate men among them. As a class, drinkers are easily swayed by appeals to the emotions, easily aroused by music, easily diverted from a none too straight path by the sight of such a stirring symbol as flutters outside of recruiting offices. They grasp at chances to make good, and, not greatly checked by the bonds that hold others back, flock to the Army, partly from idealism, partly because they realize that they are not making good, and the Army offers a fair fighting chance.

If the volunteers were excluded, the alcoholics disclosed by the draft examinations, 1261, leaves a number so small that when one

considers that 2,750,000 draft examinations were made, there is small room for doubt that alcoholism in this country is not, per se, a serious menace to the health of young men. This is true, even if only one-third of the draft had reached the age most favorable for the development of alcoholism.

This would seem to establish a new knowledge in relation to the extent of pernicious drinking in this country. In temperance campaigns, statistics drawn from countries other than our own are often made use of as applying to us. For example, Helenius quotes statistics to show that in England and Wales one-third of the population are drinkers before twenty years of age. The present statistics show the absurdity of applying any such figures to the United States.

The present statistics attain their highest degree of accuracy when they deal exclusively with neuro-psychiatric conditions which have been referred to as the chief factors in degeneracy, without reference to outside considerations such as troop strength, etc. There are complete analyses of 69,394 neuro-psychiatric cases divided up into nine different groups. Of these groups the highest was mental deficiency with 21,858 cases, or 31.5%; and the next to the lowest was alcoholism with 2150 cases, or 3.1%. Alcoholism was approximately ten times less frequent than mental defect, which is the index of a people's stupidity, six times less frequent than neurasthenia and allied disorders which more than any others create apprehension and idleness, four times less frequent than insanity, three times less frequent than epilepsy. The rejections of those individuals, who, though not feeble-minded, are unstable, undependable, have scant idea of right, and have never learned the meaning of obligation, exceeded those of alcoholics by nearly 4000. These persons, half psychopathic, half criminal,—drawn to the life by St. John Ervine in the hero of *Jane Clegg*,—are the greatest menace to the Army, as they are to the peace of a civil community. There were a few less cases of drug addiction than of alcoholism.

For the purpose of aiding the reader by offering him a standard of comparison, the facts concerning alcoholism, the most talked about of neuro-psychiatric conditions, will be contrasted with those of mental deficiency, the most frequent and least talked about.

A word must be said here as to what mental deficiency is, as even the most intelligent people rarely realize what it means.

A mental defective is one who cannot get along by himself very well, because his brain has never developed. Whatever his age may be, his mind remains that of a child, and, like a child, he needs constant supervision, constant example. Without it he is sure to make trouble for himself or for others. In the schools he does not get on, and so drops behind his class or is turned out and then may be found asleep in the hayloft or leaning up against the town pump. In social life he is the chameleon, taking on the color of his environment. In good homes, he follows, for the most part, the same moral conduct as that of his parents. In disrupted evil homes, or where he has no home at all, he becomes the petty offender, the thief, the boy who sets houses on fire. He is everyone's tool, the dupe of the predatory classes, the stool pigeon for crooks, the prostitute not clever enough to elude the police. The social difficulties created by mental defectives concern the higher grades or morons. The idiot is no problem at all, except in the matter of custodial care. The morons are the real trouble-makers, as at first they easily pass for merely dull people. In the neuro-psychiatric examinations, the higher grades, with reasonably good records, were accepted. Consequently the number of mental defectives actually rejected is far below the actual number in the draft. For example, concerning a hundred privates who arrived at an embarkation camp, fully enlisted and supposedly ready for overseas service with a hospital unit, the Commanding Officer of the Unit wrote as follows: "Of the one hundred enlisted men, eleven are unable to read or write or sign their name to the payroll; twenty-one can sign their name, but are unable to read or write and are ignorant, illiterate and mentally dull; three have been transferred from this unit as imbeciles." Such were the men detailed by necessity to take care of our sick and wounded in France!

The general opinion that alcoholism and mental deficiency go hand in hand, that the drunkard is defective and that the simpleton eventually fills a drunkard's grave; that both combine together to bring about the poverty and misery of the indigent classes, finds little support from these examinations of the Army.

The two conditions operate separately for the most part, and no two conditions which limit the normal function of the human mind are further apart in their clinical and social characteristics. Only nine per cent of the mental defectives of the Army gave a history of intemperance, and forty per cent were abstinent. Mental defect preponderates in rural communities (73%). Nowadays it is the more enterprising who quit the farm for the factory—the more sluggish stay at home to intermarry and to interbreed. Alcoholics are rovers, as is shown by their giving a history of venereal disease more frequently than any other neuro-psychiatric class, except drug addicts,[1] and by having double the number of divorces among them. In mental deficiency there is a 53.7% history of neuropathic heredity, as compared with 39.7% in alcoholism. In education, alcoholics compare favorably with normal soldiers, while with the defectives the comparison is as follows:

	Alcoholics	*Mental Defectives*
No education	4.8%	41.1%
Grades	84.4	58.0
High School	8.4	.5
College	2.2	.1
Others	0.2	.3

Mental deficiency was found associated with alcoholism less frequently (6.8%) than with any other neuro-psychiatric conditions and glandular trouble with the exception of drug addiction.

The great social differences between alcoholism and mental deficiency come to view when the statistics of different localities are compared. From the total of the neuro-psychiatric diagnoses, there was established a distribution-rate for the United States and for individual States for each of the nine different neuro-psychiatric groups. The United States distribution-rate, among whites, was 3.5% for alcoholism and 29.2% for mental deficiency. That is, of all cases of nervous and mental disorders among whites from all over the country, 3.5% were alcoholic, and 29.2% were mentally defective. How any individual State compared, in respect to any particular disorder, with the country-wide average, is quickly determined by comparing that State's

[1] Alcohol has heretofore been credited as the chief extraneous factor in the spread of venereal disease.

distribution rate for that disorder with the rate for the United States. When such comparisons are made it appears that alcoholism and mental deficiency, while not mutually exclusive, do not flourish in greatest abundance in the same communities and peoples. In the States where one exceeds the United States rate, the other sinks below it. For example, there were 19 States which exceeded the average 29.2% rate for mental deficiency, and not one of these exceeded the 3.5% alcohol rate. Of these 19 States, 9 exceeded the 29.2% rate by more than 10%, and all of these fell far below the United States alcohol rate.

Table showing 9 States which exceeded the U. S. rate of 29.2% for mental deficiency by more than 10% and which fell below the U. S. rate of 3.5% for alcoholism.[1]

	Mental Deficiency U. S. *Average* 29.2%	*Alcoholism* U. S. *Average* 3.5%
Arkansas	43.7%	0.2%
Kentucky	41.4	2.9
Maine	51.5	2.5
Maryland	44.9	3.0
New Mexico	41.4	0.9
North Carolina	46.7	0.7
South Carolina	43.4	1.1
Tennessee	43.0	0.8
Virginia	45.5	1.0

There were 17 States which exceeded the average U. S. 3.5% rate for alcoholism, and none of these exceeded the United States mental deficiency rate.

The apparent antagonism between alcoholism and mental deficiency observable in the different States, is carried out without exception in the different races. No one of the eighteen races classified which exceeded the average 29.2% rate for mental deficiency failed to fall below the 3.5% average rate for alcoholism. For example, there were no cases of alcoholism found among Mexicans, who contributed 257 cases of mental deficiency. The Greeks had 67 cases of mental deficiency and only six cases of alcoholism.

[1] The distribution-rate is given only as to whites, inasmuch as the negroes have so few alcoholics and such an excess of mental defectives. This table shows the lack of foundation for the frequent statement that the high incidence rate of mental defect in certain Southern States is due to the negro population. Also, Maine, the leader in mental defect, had no negro mental defectives.

Table showing 17 States which exceeded the United States rate of 3.5% for alcoholism, and fell below the United States rate of 29.2% for mental deficiency.

	Alcoholism U. S. Average 3.5%	*Mental Deficiency* U. S. Average 29.2%
Arizona	5.0%	15.0%
California	6.0	22.0
Connecticut	5.7	26.7
Delaware	8.7	22.8
Illinois	7.0	19.9
Massachusetts	8.8	25.7
Minnesota	4.9	22.2
Montana	3.7	16.7
Nevada	18.3	18.3
New Hampshire	4.4	27.7
New Jersey	3.6	27.5
New York	4.3	19.9
Pennsylvania	6.0	27.0
Rhode Island	7.2	29.2
Wisconsin	3.9	27.0
Wyoming	7.8	21.8
District of Columbia	3.7	16.1

Following the same method of neuro-psychiatric totals as has just been employed, six out of 13 classified foreign born, namely: Canadian, Dutch, Swiss, Irish, Scandinavian, English Scotch and Welsh, exceeded the 3.5% United States rate for alcoholism. In all of these foreign-born the distribution of mental deficiency was below the United States rate of 29.2%, the rate for the Irish being 28.4% and for the English Scotch Welsh 9.3%. Conversely, the foreign-born with an excess of mental deficiency without exception fell below the 3.5% alcohol rate.

The antagonism between alcoholism and mental defect is brought out with special emphasis in the statistics concerning negroes. Alcoholism among negroes practically did not exist. There were only 29 cases in all, too small a number to justify any deductions as to the general characteristics of alcoholism in the African race. But the number of negro mental defectives was 4055.

While generalizations from statistics are always perilous, it seems as though the evident antagonism between mental defect and alcoholism might admit of some such explanation as the following:

It may be assumed that a relatively high percentage of mental defect in a community lowers the level of general intelligence in that community for the following reasons. For each person in a community who presents a pronounced degree of mental defect (say a mental age of or below that of a child of eight years, which was the standard test for rejection in the army), there are at least ten who, while perhaps not definitely classifiable as feeble-minded, are sluggish, backward and dull. (See Terman, *The Measurement of Intelligence.*) Thus a community with, let us say, 20 defectives per 1000 population, is worse off, from the point of view of intelligence, than at first sight appears. For, in addition to its actual defectives, it would have 200 backward persons per 1000, whereas a community with 10 defectives per 1000 would have only 100 backward persons per 1000, and would have 100 more per 1000 of persons of good average intelligence than the other.

There would be a tendency for communities to show, in greater or less degree, other things being equal, a behavior reflecting the degree of mental defect distributed in them. That is, communities with a high degree of mental defect would tend to exhibit more of the characteristics of defectiveness than communities with low degrees of mental defect. In these former we should look for the tendencies to have no large cities and not to be alcoholic. In addition, we should expect to find in them, as compared with the country at large, a greater communal immaturity and credulity, a facility in following the propaganda of leaders,[1] and a backwardness in meeting the problems which demand thought and vision and outlays for distant but important results. On the other hand, communities which fall below the average for mental defect would show more restlessness, initiative, progressiveness, originality. They would be endowed with an excess of energy and would seek artificial outlets for it, alcohol among them. It may be that alcoholism is the price they must pay for their superior endowments.

It seems evident that the means of securing for a nation those

[1] Since the days of the erratic temperance orator, John B. Gough, Maine has been conspicuous in prohibition in the Eastern States. It is interesting to note that there were 22.23 mental defectives per 1000 draftees from Maine, as compared with 9.24 per 1000 draftees from New York. (See *Defects in Drafted Men*, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., 1919, page 101.)

qualities of progressiveness which it most needs to keep its place in the world, are the means which will raise the general average of its intelligence. Prohibition will not do this, for prohibition seems to have little effect on the mental defectives who lower the general intelligence.

Take the Southern States. Among the first to endorse prohibition, they have always been behindhand in their provision for their defectives. Prohibition will not solve their negro problem or greatly ameliorate it, as long as they fail to prevent the wholesale propagation of defectives and refuse to provide means by which the higher grades may be trained for useful employments.

Unless such measures are undertaken, prohibition might as well not exist, so far as the racial welfare of the negro is concerned.

For political reasons, perhaps, legislators keep themselves uninformed about such factors in racial decline as mental deficiency, epilepsy and insanity, all more frequent than chronic alcoholism. It would be a gifted propagandist, indeed, who could raise a wave of popular enthusiasm over these gruesome conditions. And yet, moral reforms launched by small groups, without efforts at real reconstruction, make one think of Rousseau, who told parents what they should do, while he left his own children for others to care for.

It would seem that one menace of such country-wide propaganda as resulted in the Eighteenth Amendment lies in the sense of righteousness which results from it, which fosters the idea that further action, for a long time at least, is unnecessary. The people delude themselves into believing that when prohibition is enforced the country will need no more saving; and legislators, hard of hearing before, become stone-deaf to the arguments which represent that the problems of degeneracy will not have been met by the removal of alcohol.

PEARCE BAILEY.

HALTING AMERICAN DEVELOPMENT

BY WILLIAM McCLELLAN

America's machinery for production and distribution is badly dislocated. This is a patent fact. Factories there are in abundance. The amount of skilled and semi-skilled labor has been greatly increased by the war impetus. The proportion of gold held in this country is greater than ever. But there is a startling condition of ineffectiveness in much of the industrial world. There is a foreboding inconsistency in the staggering collapse of transportation and other utilities, while investors of the country have been plunging into industrials. There is reason to fear that the foolish and shortsighted antagonism of the shippers against the railroads has done more than interrupt mere money-making. The present exhortation to boom foreign trade and investments arouses misgivings, under the circumstances. What is the real state of the country, and what may be expected? The readjustment in wages and prices now under way, with the consequent halt in production due to the uncertainty in the minds of buyers as to final price levels, has not destroyed the illusion of general prosperity. The average American believes that the industrial machine has merely stopped for minor adjustment and will soon be humming again. Can it be possible, then, that America's national and local development is menaced?

Immigration, huge in amount and various as to races, was the outstanding feature of the development of the United States in comparison with other new countries. Hardly less important was the order in which the races came, first from northern Europe, then southern, and finally eastern. During a century and a quarter, this immigration was a magnificent contribution of human wealth brought to maturity at the expense of Europe. It provided an abundance of labor full of enthusiasm, ready and willing to do any amount of hard work. These human units

were not assimilated, however, without adding vital qualities to American character. That character, hybrid though it is, acquired a powerful individuality, is able to reproduce itself, and has made the development of America possible.

The first menace to our continued advance arises from the possibility that this flow of immigration will be permanently diminished. Certainly Europe needs all of her man power, and no clear-thinking American will even hope that the men and women of Europe will be willing to forsake wantonly their native lands for the loaves and fishes which may possibly be for their taking in America. But constant additions of raw labor are indispensable for America. Recent reports show a very satisfactory increase in immigration even approaching the big inward flow of the past and perhaps sufficient. There is unenlightened talk of stopping immigration when what is needed is intelligent regulation. Suppose every immigrant were compelled by law to disembark—or perhaps more accurately, detrain—at some middle western city. In any case we shall be face to face with a new situation in labor, and American inventive ability may have to prove itself anew.

The peculiar faith of the American in the future of his country has been a controlling factor. This faith has been backed by unlimited investment of time, energy, and money. Men have been willing to invest and to keep on investing in situations where other types of minds would have been discouraged quickly. Railroads were thrown from one ocean to the other, over wide stretches of totally unoccupied country and scaling two mountain ranges purely on faith in national growth. Similarly, because of this peculiar national character, electric lighting and gas plants, electric railways, telegraph and telephone lines, were established in places where there was little but faith in the future to warrant them. As a result, these instruments of national development are more extensive and more generally distributed in this country than anywhere else in the world. It is not to be denied that much of it was ill-timed and ill-placed. But there was progress; and while individuals here and there suffered enormous losses, the country as a whole gained a magnificent advantage.

Pioneer days are over, however, and conservatism might reasonably be expected. Natural resources have become private resources chiefly. Losses of the past have made investors more critical. Lines of development have been marked out and locations for enterprise have been extensively preëmpted. Development, of necessity, must become more orderly, more coöperative, more controlled. But, unfortunately, conservatism has an easy facility for skepticism and consequent stagnation.

Investments are made because of faith in what the future offers. The workman invests his time and money in learning a particular trade, and the student chooses particular courses, because they believe that conditions as they see them promise adequate satisfaction and reward in the fields for which they are fitting themselves. And so with the investor of money. His money flows inevitably in the direction of expectant reward, and it flows in proportion to the attractiveness of the estimate. There is no sentiment about the dollar, and there is no investor more canny and more expectant, so far as returns are concerned, than the American investor.

The essence of our larger politics, therefore, must be to maintain conditions so that the individual American will enthusiastically and willingly make his investment of money, time and energy in order to keep up our national and local development. Is there any danger that we shall halt or stumble?

The plain fact is that some parts of our industrial and commercial machine for production and distribution have been growing at the expense of other parts. Production has gone ahead by leaps and bounds, while distribution has been neglected. In the good old days it was nonchalantly assumed that the railroads would be there, ready to function adequately, at any time. Industry ignorantly looked upon them as more or less private, competing enterprises. There was no realization that their success and adequate upkeep were just as vital to manufacturing and commerce as if they were owned in fee simple by the plants and people they served. The whole country, therefore, is alarmed at their present critical condition. But it is not so well known that quick recovery is impossible, and that genuine recovery has not even started,—is hardly in sight. The best evidence of

this ignorance of the real situation is the hopelessly inadequate and hampering Esch-Cummins Railroad Bill.

What is even more alarming is that the country may not perceive the effect on national development of this hardening of the arteries of trade. Although not so evident, the situation of the railroads is reproduced in every other public utility. They cannot compete with industry for money, and they cannot compete with industry for men. Money is to be had, of course, for a price, and with ample security. But those controlling the utilities can pay this price only so far as it is necessary to maintain what they have. They cannot pay it for development purposes. Large industrial concerns all over the country can pay for cars at any price,—passing this cost on to the consumer. Can a transportation system be healthy, can it be expected to develop, when the cars it cannot afford to buy are readily bought and owned privately by its industrial customers?

A few figures will illustrate the point. Pre-war cost of money averaged five per cent, and is now upwards of eight per cent, or one and one-half times as much. With this expensive money, the railroads and other utilities have been paying the industrials two and one-half times as much for equipment. Operating costs have been three times as much. These capital and operating costs will undoubtedly fall—they have fallen somewhat already but the fall will have to be great indeed to restore equilibrium. No one really expects it. Concretely this means that a new company would need rates three or four times the pre-war rates. In the present state of the public mind such rates are not possible, so there will be no new companies, and old companies will restrict growth as much as possible. That is, there will be no increase in facilities,—no development. Ponder on the conditions of the railroads which are allowed five and one-half per cent return by Congress, yet must pay seven and one-half per cent for money. How pushing will any utility be which is allowed to earn eight per cent and must pay nine per cent for the money? It cannot even trade dollars. And yet these utilities are the hands and feet of manufacture and trade.

No one should be misled into calling the recently expanded industrial capacity a satisfactory national or local development.

It is not prosperity, when analyzed. Manufacturing capacity is properly increased to use available labor. This fundamental rule has been outrageously broken. Millions of dollars have been put into manufacturing plants since the war, when it could be demonstrated clearly that every bit of labor in the country was at work. Managers had to bid for labor at any price. Whatever they had to pay could be passed on to the consumer in the selling price of the goods. The result is that the farmer, the public utilities, the highways and other municipal activities have had their labor bid away from them by industrials which had no right, on any economic basis, ever to have been started. The outcome has been clear to everyone who has had open eyes. The turnover in industrial employment has been enormous. Strikers no longer waited for their demands to be met,—frequently they made no demands,—but were immediately at work elsewhere at higher pay. In the switchmen's strike no rate of pay possible to the railroads would have brought the men back from their highly paid industrial jobs. The reflex is coming. Already we hear the industrial world wondering how it is to make use of the excess of factory capacity. The public rebels at continued high prices and refuses to buy. Unemployment of labor is on its way. Liquidation of overstocks has started everywhere. But the headway is too great, and there is no way of letting go suddenly. Development has halted, and the greatest problem before the country to-day is the readjustment of its commercial and industrial machine in all its parts. Our so-called "prosperity" is like a weed with an enormous flowering growth but a very inadequate root system.

Examine for a moment the resounding call for foreign investment. It is partly selfish and partly humanitarian. In so far as it is the latter, it must be furthered, but the selfish part—by no means the smaller—is a menace. Unquestionably America has financial responsibilities in Europe, but only the wisest and best-informed minds should direct them. As a matter of fact, if all our available funds for investment were applied at home, there would still be required a very long time to get the industrial, utility, and municipal situation in the United States properly arranged. Moreover, this country, rich as it may seem, is not

yet a lending nation, for it is not a saving nation. Its so-called capital is misleading. Its real wealth is its productive and distributing power and this is badly crippled. With a consistent purpose to help the world at large, it should first of all bring this power to a maximum.

The dislocation of coal production and distribution is another disturbing factor. Coal is at the very basis of civilization. To every industry it is of extraordinary importance, but to the electric power and gas companies it is the raw material out of which they make their products. Within the last year there has been a mad scramble for coal. Those who had the money could get it. Bidders have ocasionally gone to the mines and laid down checks for the operators to fill in as they pleased. Those who have had plenty of money to spend, and particularly those who could pass all their costs on to consumers in the selling price of goods, have been able to outbid the utilities and others whose pockets were shallow. It is generally conceded that had there been adequate car supply for all mines desiring to operate, there would have been no coal crisis. But car supply will not fully stabilize the coal business that has never been organized for production.

Someone has said that America cannot proceed now, any more than it could in 1861, half-slave and half-free. Industrials and utilities must march in even step. Both must draw from a common fund of labor and money, to which coal may be added as a third. The progress of the utility is a measure of the development in the nation and in the locality. The industrial plant is isolated from labor, raw material, coal and customer unless connected to them by an adequate group of utilities. The self-interest begot of earnings in the utilities is very small, whereas the self-interest measured by earnings in the industrial is to a certain extent unlimited. The decision is plain. If America is to maintain its progress and development, these utilities upon which all business and social activities depend for necessities and conveniences must be placed so that they are not at a disadvantage in the competition for labor, money, and coal.

The hands and feet of the industrials must be freed. The restraint comes through regulation of the utilities in competition

with unregulated industrials. Some would abolish all regulation, and let "good old competition" solve the difficulty. Others would increase regulation and extend it to the industrials. Still others would have government ownership and operation. Where do prudence and discretion lead?

Recently a prominent member of the coal business, speaking before a large group of public utility operators, took the position that regulation ought to be abolished, evidently thinking that he would strike a responsive chord in the minds of public utility men. No one was ever more mistaken. To a man, they rejected any such proposal, openly expressing the opinion that whatever difficulties regulation may have caused, absence of regulation would be worse. They knew that for centuries "public servants" had been subject, as they expressed it, to the "wolves of local regulation". The utility men were inhospitable enough to their speaker to suggest regulation of the coal industry. State regulation of public utilities, with its removal of the issues from the sphere of local jealousies and partialities, has been sufficiently a success in this country to cause those most interested to fight for it. Unregulated private ownership and operation are unthinkable. They would be retrogressive.

Regulation is not a failure. It has been hampered sometimes by commissioners who have apparently lacked courage. Usually, however, they have been responsive to the popular demand. Regulatory legislation has been extraordinarily full of retarding and restricting detail. Apparently it has been passed on the theory that commissioners were not to be trusted. Regulation, to be successful, must be as free from legislative and popular shackles as are the courts. Pay and tenure of office must be attractive to the highest type of administrators. Laws and men must provide a maximum of supervision and a minimum of management. The men must be respected and trusted by the legislature and the people.

We are in our present chaos because large-minded regulation has been absent. Somehow, because of popular and official prejudice, the object of regulation has seemed to be restrictive instead of constructive. In forming the prejudices, history has had a large part. Huge profits have been made by so-called

magnates. These men did rob the properties in various ways; they did raid the stock markets; but they got their great rake-offs only in these ways, for the profits from legitimate operation of utilities have always been small. Under regulation these profits can never be excessive. The theory is that regulation will add security and stability to the financial condition of utilities, and that a lower rate of return on the investment is justified. Regulation will be a failure until it does accomplish this constructive end; until it becomes an insurance to both public and utility. Regulation, under the law, is in control of the utilities, and, therefore, regulation carries a heavy and positive responsibility to strive for their success.

The recent rate increase granted by the Interstate Commerce Commission indicates a change for the better. There is apparently some realization of the Commission's true function and evidence of more courage. The shippers are now both intelligent and reasonable. But the labor problem is untouched and as uncertain as ever. Moreover, the material improvement is woefully inadequate for the needs. The problem is far from solved, but the outlook is much more hopeful. This is shown particularly in the reports that the commission is hard at work on plans for coördination and consolidation of lines.

Government ownership and operation must not be resorted to for the single reason that regulated private ownership has failed so far. Could the Government, unless it takes to itself peculiar advantages, do more than go into the coal market and compete with other bidders for coal? Time and again it has been proved that the Government cannot buy for a lower price than others. Unless the Government chooses to make up deficits by taxation of the whole people instead of those who use the railroads, and unless it neglects public improvements, which have heretofore been regarded as more properly within governmental purview than the operation of utilities, would it be able to get money at any lower rate? With the Government as owner and operator, is it to be expected that modern, enlightened, railroad workers will accept less than they would from private owners? The question of government ownership and operation must be decided on other grounds than these. It must be expedient for other and better reasons.

Few modern thinkers will consent to a wholesale condemnation of government ownership and operation. Theoretically, the Government can do as well as any private owner. The honest-minded citizen will recognize that government ownership and operation mean a radical and more or less violent change in governmental functioning. The question is first of all one of political science, and then as to whether or not political conditions promise success. One aspect is plain: whether the Government or the private owner operates, success will come only if receipts cover all genuine costs and provide an incentive to enthusiastic and efficient service.

The social organization cannot forever dodge the labor issue. Sooner or later a definite policy must be adopted. The Esch-Cummins Bill prevents a sudden, organized strike, but its futility is demonstrated by the recent "runaway strikes". Moreover, the strike is being condemned in favor of various forms of sabotage. The fact is that the very complicated, highly organized, railroad machine cannot be operated except by the army of more or less skilled workers, and the workers know this. They have learned their strength and are learning how to use it as subtly as may be necessary to attain their ends. They are the railroad magnates of to-day, and need just as much attention as did the financial magnates of a generation ago. It is folly to talk of their being reasonable and abating excessive demands. History records no group in power as ever having done so. As an example, capital has been giving numerous exhibitions of the most excessive demands—in its profiteering—that the world has ever seen, or at least has seen since the days of the robber-barons. Labor is entitled to a just wage, whether it works for an industrial or a utility; but just as utility-capital had to be regulated so that no advantage could be taken of its peculiar position, utility-labor must be regulated for the same reason.

Someone will say that the present dislocation is temporary, a result of the war, and will soon correct itself. This would be comforting if it were true, but it is not. In their weakened condition, the railroads and other utilities have had greater burdens than ever put upon them and must go staggering on. The management has been harassed and condemned so long that

esprit de corps is weakened. They have been fenced in and hobbled while they watched their fortunate industrial brothers running free and untrammelled. Further neglect will extend the damage in an increasing ratio. Radical treatment is necessary.

In the country districts years ago, when highways became nearly useless through lack of maintenance, everyone in the neighborhood stopped all private tasks and "worked on the roads". They did this because they had learned how dependent they were on usable roads. Somehow the public of to-day must get the same attitude toward their utilities.

The public mind is not yet fully informed on the real situation. This was proved by the numerous comments made by the man on the street when the recent rate increases were announced. There is a definite, even though subconscious, lack of faith in utility managements. They are like the dog that has earned a bad name in its youth. The average citizen refuses to distinguish between the exploiting banker-management of the past and the more enlightened technical management of the present. So long as this misunderstanding exists, there can be no hope of a real recovery. The public mind must be changed so that it will trust those who direct its instruments of development.

Utility men have a heavy responsibility, but not the entire one. They can do little except by exemplary conduct. The difficulty is the occasional black sheep who does more damage to the public mind than can be corrected by the faithful service of a thousand righteous men. The greatest task before the utility men to-day is to become willing to drive this man from the field before he accomplishes his vicious purpose,—and any man who is in the business to make money by exploitation, robbery of properties, or in any other way than by legitimate, efficient operation, is there for a vicious purpose. Right living will make it possible for publicists, newspapers, and magazines to enlighten the mind of the people so that a fair deal can be had. The development of America will stop marking time, and will march.

WILLIAM MCCLELLAN.

SOCIAL LEGISLATION AND THE COURTS

BY HENRY CAMPBELL BLACK

In recent years society has been taking a fresh appraisement of its own constitution, and has found much ground for dissatisfaction. The relations between those who work and those who employ the labor of others are in process of review and reformation; and this process involves the recognition of the general public as a third party, and one that is deeply concerned in those relations. New ideas are coming to the front as to the reciprocal rights and duties of the individual and the community and the relation of government to both. There is a turning away from the old *laissez-fâire* nonchalance; liberalism is in the ascendant; progress is the motto of the hour.

Looking at only one aspect of this significant movement, it may be said that this is a time when the class consciousness of the workingmen has reached its maximum, when the demands of labor are given paramount consideration in the counsels of the nation and indeed of the world, when we can perceive the industrial revolution actually in progress, and not unreasonably anticipate a reorganization of the world's work in accordance with labor's own programme. In the wider view, we see that the great body of social legislation (including much beside the making of laws for the protection and advantage of the workers) is continually growing, pushing out into new fields, abolishing old canons and harsh rules, raising new standards, encroaching more and more upon the domain of individual liberty as the conception of the solidarity of society widens the outlook of men. And all of it must pass the scrutiny of the courts. For every progressive measure, every statute designed to redress an industrial wrong or inaugurate an industrial reform, and practically every law put upon the books in the execution of the new social programme, is bound somewhere to come in conflict with private or corporate interest, to cross the path of individual initiative, or to limit the

freedom which men have been accustomed to exercise in the government of their own affairs. All such enactments, therefore, are challenged. Suits are brought to test their validity. It is argued that they cannot stand, because they violate the provisions of the constitutions. And the decision is with the courts; on their arbitrament depends the fate of the law in question.

On the one hand, the judicial tribunals have no warrant to thwart the will of the people as expressed through their legislative representatives, if the bounds of their constitutional power have not been overpassed. On the other hand, if a piece of legislation is indubitably contrary to some one or more of the provisions of the Constitution of the State or of the Union, the courts have no choice as to the course they will pursue. They must pronounce it null and void. That is their sworn duty. They cannot disobey the higher law. Occasionally they have been required to pass judgment upon some statute deemed especially favorable to the interests of a class or group or organization, or one which was widely and popularly approved, and have found it in irreconcilable conflict with the organic law. Every such decision brings forth a storm of protest, indignation, and vituperation.

Is this last circumstance a mere passing and insignificant phenomenon? Unfortunately, it is not. It is symptomatic of a continuous attitude towards the courts of justice maintained by considerable portions of the community. There is always an undercurrent of hostility against this constitutional function of the courts. It is asserted that it is based upon a "usurpation" of authority; its exercise is denounced as a "judicial veto." This must be regarded as a very disquieting fact, for it is an ever present menace to the stability of constitutional government. And even though it has no justification in law or in fact, it is especially and peculiarly a cause for apprehension and concern in a period of reorganization and social experimentation such as the present.

How, it may be asked, are the courts actually proceeding in the face of this sentiment? They are confronted with their own peculiar and difficult problem. On the one hand presses the concrete force of the social will as formulated in statutes; on the other hand stand the abstract and generalized inhibitions of the

constitutions. A survey of the constitutional decisions of the past twenty years or more suggests the theory that the courts are successfully escaping from the dilemma, first, by abandoning the conception of the written constitution as a yard-stick and recognizing its possibilities of growth; second, by conceding a due weight to the popular, as distinguished from the juristic, interpretation of the Constitution, and third, by contributing to the growth of a system of constitutional policy.

A written constitution, like that which has been established for the United States or for any one of the States, cannot remain a set of immutable formulas, dead and embalmed for all time. It must function as an organism. That is, it must live and grow with the life and growth of the society which it purports to govern, or else, to the extent that it remains stationary and unresponsive to the urge of an expanding public consciousness, it will be discarded by that society, either silently or with violence, and in either case it will lose its authority as law and become no more than an historical document.

Now there are at least four ways in which a written constitution can grow. First, by conscious and intended change effected in accordance with methods provided by the constitution itself. Several times within the last few years the people of the United States, acting through their representatives in Congress and then through their State legislatures, have expressed their conviction that the national Constitution should be amended, and it has been changed in conformity with their desires, and in each case the movement has been one of growth and not of contraction. Second, a constitution may undergo a process of unconscious and gradual modification without formal amendment. This happens when usages and customs grow up around a rigid constitution, which do not so much contravene it as supplement it, but which eventually replace or transform some of its provisions. A conspicuous illustration may be found in the history of the electoral college. The framers of the Constitution had no idea of committing the selection of a President to the general body of voters. The "electors" were meant to be a carefully chosen body, charged with entire responsibility for the nomination of candidates and voting according to their personal convictions. But by a custom

or usage of the Constitution it has come to pass that the candidates are named by party conventions, and the people cast their ballots for a set of intermediaries, who formally comply with the letter of the Constitution but automatically vote the ticket of their party. Thus the formulas of the Constitution are preserved, but they have been in this respect emptied of all meaning. The people have changed their Constitution, without disobeying it, by the growth of a habit. Third, a written constitution may grow as a consequence of the interpretation of its various provisions by the courts. It is not necessary to repeat the familiar story of the expansion of the Federal Constitution under the vigorous hands of Chief Justice Marshall and his associates. They changed no word of it. Only a few of its provisions underwent the process of a constructive enlargement. But as it stood, it might have fitted a feeble alliance of proud and not very concordant semi-sovereignties. As they left it, it fitted a powerful, autonomous, and closely compacted nation.

But in the fourth place—and this is the point to be especially emphasized here—a constitution may change and expand through a process of interpretation *by the people*, growing out of their progressing views of morality or of social and industrial relations. This last is unconscious. That is, the people are mostly unaware of the process, or they have no deliberate and continuous intention in regard to it, although, at any moment when their attention is sharply pricked, they may perceive the result. It is, furthermore, not specific nor very definitely formulated. It does not base itself upon the words or phrases of the Constitution. It is not a syllogism but a sentiment. It takes but little account of the framework of institutions and still less of precedent and tradition, for its wellsprings lie in the genius of our race and in the popular understanding of American liberty and self-government. Again, it is expectant rather than empirical. It assumes that the constitutions will be found in harmonious relations with the will of the people as each successive occasion shall arise. But it does not reason from experience, and this assumption has very little if anything at all to do with the judicial history of the Constitution. Finally, it is not at all legalistic, but it is intensely pragmatic. If the popular conception of con-

stitutional government could be made articulate, it might be heard expressing itself in terms somewhat like these:

"This is a government of the people by the people. Whatever the people deliberately decide upon in the way of governmental action they should be allowed to carry through. That is why we have our written constitutions. They were meant first to establish popular government and then to insure its continuity. They were not designed to cast society in rigid lines; on the contrary, their function is to give its expansion full play. Now this is an era of change. The day of intensive individualism is past. We are no longer an aggregation of units: society is the unit. Democracy is an organization of society in which every man is the keeper of his brother's welfare. Whatever injures or debases one reacts upon the whole. Whatever elevates one makes for the common good. Moreover, it is not an age of simple and uncomplicated relations. More and more the complexity of social and industrial interactions increases. So it is necessary to revise old rules, to discard outgrown standards. The principles of justice, it is true, are immutable, but in the distribution of justice we must take cognizance of the needs and the opportunities of the day and hour. Of course we know that our constitutions contain prohibitions and limitations. No one may be deprived of his life, liberty, or property without due process of law; all are entitled to the equal protection of the laws, and so on. But these are promises. They make safe forever the fundamental rights of free citizens. But they are not shackles to bind the feet of democracy, forever struggling to its distant goal. They are not manacles to chain its upward-reaching hands. If it were so, woe to democracy!"

When this general and liberal understanding of the meaning of the constitution is brought to the test of criticism by the courts, there is popular expectation that it will be adopted and followed. If it is not, in any notable case, there is a shock of surprise. It is then that the courts are denounced as reactionary and narrow-minded. It is then that the outcry rises against legalism. It is then that proposals come to the fore to deprive the courts of their authority to adjudge laws unconstitutional. The demand for the recall of judicial decisions is precisely a

demand for the right to substitute the *popular* interpretation of the constitution for the *juristic* interpretation. But popular interpretation must be translated into juristic interpretation, because otherwise it cannot take form and become definitely applicable to concrete cases. There is no way in which it can become practically effective except when it is to be applied to the rights of individual persons. Yet popular interpretation cannot be allowed to destroy constitutional limitations altogether; otherwise, public opinion would be the only constitution.

This, then, has been and still is the problem for the courts: to translate popular interpretation into juristic interpretation to the utmost extent compatible with saving the Constitution itself. And anyone who has studied the course of their decisions with an unprejudiced mind, and who has looked at them as human documents as well as legal judgments, will be justified in saying that, in the solving of their problem, our judges have been neither reactionary nor narrow-minded, but that, on the contrary, they have shared the popular vision and had sympathy with the popular aspirations, and so have aided and not retarded the growth of the Constitution.

For instance, in the marvelous expansion of the police power, from a function strictly confined to a few specific purposes to a practically unrestrained authority to legislate for the general welfare, the courts have not led public opinion, much less created it. But they have observed it, they have recognized it, recognized even that it has insensibly changed the constitutions, and they have given effect to it in their decisions.

Again, there has been a widening of the powers and activities of the Federal Government far beyond the prevision even of Chief Justice Marshall. There has arisen a "doctrine of paramount necessity," which is in effect a belief that Congress, under the guise of one or another of its admitted powers, can and should do anything which seems to be for the welfare of the whole country and which the separate States either cannot or will not unite in providing for by adequate legislation. And this is almost entirely the outgrowth of a changing popular conception of the scope and functions of the National Government. Insensibly it

has modified the Constitution. The courts have neither prompted nor fostered it, but they have recognized and acceded to it.

But the opportunity for the courts to exercise discretion, to adopt an attitude, to follow or retard a popular tendency, grows out of the fact that some of the most important of the constitutional limitations are expressed in general and indefinite language. If all were as precise as that which forbids the enactment of "bills of attainder and *ex post facto* laws," the courts would be held in rigid limits, and any manifestation of a tendency or proclivity on their part would be next to impossible. But such phrases as "due process of law" and "the equal protection of the laws" are so nearly incapable of exact definition that the courts have steadily refused all invitations to mark out their limits. Moreover, there are implied limitations in the constitutions—implied in the sense that they are thought to be implicated in the broad terms of some of the indefinite clauses, or that they emerge as a generalization from some of the conclusions that have been definitely reached as to what those clauses do or do not mean. These implied limitations set up barriers to legislation which are called by some such names as "justice," "reasonableness," "liberty," and "the inalienable rights;" and these terms, although they also are hard to define, certainly do make a nearer approach to correspondence with a concrete idea.

It is these implications or generalizations which now have weight with the courts. Left to deal at will with the broad and indefinite limitations of the constitutions, they have refused to give ear to the counsels of a dry literalism. Instead, they are trying to solve their problem by digging out the living meaning of such constitutional declarations, in the endeavor thus to arrive at norms and standards which shall serve the practical purposes of contemporary life. The matter is well put by Professor Corwin in the following terms:

> Our courts today, in construing the Constitution, are in a position to avail themselves of the modern flexible view of law as something inherently developing, in a way never before possible to them. All constitutional limitations setting the bounds between the rights of the community and the rights of the individual have tended of recent years to be absorbed into the constitutional requirement of "due process of law," and this requirement, in turn, has come

to take on the general meaning of "reasonable law." So far as constitutional theory itself is concerned, there is small ground for the complaints leveled by reformers at judicial review. (Edward S. Corwin, *The Doctrine of Judicial Review*, pages 64, 65.)

This progress from literalism to liberality is very clearly illustrated by certain observations of Mr. Justice Holmes in a decision rendered in 1911. He said:

We must be cautious about pressing the broad words of the Fourteenth Amendment to a drily logical extreme. Many laws which it would be vain to ask the court to overthrow could be shown easily enough to transgress a scholastic interpretation of one or another of the great guarantees in the bill of rights. They more or less limit the liberty of the individual, or they diminish property to a certain extent. We have few scientifically certain criteria of legislation, and as it often is difficult to mark the line where what is called the police power of the states is limited by the Constitution of the United States, judges should be slow to read into the latter a *nolumus mutare* as against the law-making power. (Noble State Bank vs. Haskell, 219 U. S. 104.)

It is no less true, on the other hand, that that with which the due process clause is brought into opposition is just as indefinite and unprecise, just as refractory to any attempt at delimitation. Without attempting here an account of the expansion of the police power, or of the present understanding of the subjects to which it may reach, it may be sufficient to quote Mr. Justice Field in saying that neither the Fourteenth Amendment,

broad and comprehensive as it is, nor any other amendment, was designed to interfere with the power of the state, sometimes termed its police power, to prescribe regulations to promote the health, peace, morals, education, and good order of the people, and to legislate so as to increase the industries of the state, develop its resources, and add to its wealth and prosperity. (Barbier vs. Connolly, 113 U. S. 27.)

It is in the conflict of two indefinites—the due process clause on the one hand and the police power on the other hand—that opportunity arises for discussion, adjustment, adaptation, and for the translation into a juristic, and hence authoritative, interpretation of that understanding of the Constitution which has already been reached by a process of popular interpretation. And as a result of the constantly recurring necessity of making decisions in cases which arise in this field of conflict, there has grown up an extensive body of constitutional case-law. Re-

garded superficially, it is only a series of precedents. But closer study of it reveals the steady growth and evolution of a system of constitutional *policy*. And notwithstanding occasional lapses into "drily logical" reasoning, or of academic timidity in regard to the accelerating process of liberalizing the constitutions, this is the broad ground upon which our courts seem destined ultimately to take their stand, even if they have not already done so. This matter has been very well set forth by Professor Ernst Freund in a recent work (*Standards of American Legislation*, page 211), in which he says:

> The idea of a constitutional policy and corresponding rights and limitations was readily entertained, not only by the courts, but by the great preponderance of public and professional opinion, and to a very considerable extent this opinion prevails today. This point of view should control the interpretation of much that goes on in America under the name of constitutional law. The decisions enforcing so-called inherent limitations are among the most loosely reasoned in our entire case law. There is much talk about inalienable rights on the one side and about the police power on the other; as the case may be, either denunciation of the arbitrary will of the legislature, or disclaimer of judicial superiority of judgment or power of control; practically the only criterion that is suggested is that of reasonableness. From the point of view of legal science it would be difficult to conceive of anything more unsatisfactory. Extreme indefiniteness, however, appears in the light of a wise avoidance of irrevocable conclusions, if we apply to this phase of constitutional law as a whole the test of political performance. The greatest defects of the decisions from a legal standpoint constitute their saving grace. No constitutional right is asserted without placing in convenient juxtaposition a saving on behalf of the public welfare. No rule has been formulated in such a manner as to embarrass an honorable retreat, and if an inconvenient precedent is encountered, there is little hesitation in overruling it. Even the brief period of thirty years, during which the courts have enforced constitutional policies, has been sufficient to demonstrate that any apprehension of a permanent hindrance on their part to any phase of legislative progress is groundless. Indeed, there is rather reason to fear that the courts will exercise the guardianship committed to them with less confidence and boldness than is desirable. A legislative body, in pursuing some particular social or economic policy demanded by popular clamor for the attainment of tangible and immediate objects, will easily be inclined to underestimate and neglect the larger policy of individual right and liberty which at one time was believed to be safest in its hands. For the protection of these lesser and more permanent interests, so essential to the maintenance of our institutions, we naturally look to the courts, which by constitution and habit are best qualified to appreciate the claims of individual right.

One thing more should be said as to the problem of the courts. They should be helped in solving it by being supplied, from some outside source, with an adequate collection of the facts and statistics bearing on the particular case. Very often the "reasonableness" of a statute, in the sense of constitutional policy, will depend on the existence or the extent of a public need for it, or on the probability of its bringing the expected benefits to the public at large. It is not fair to expect our judges to be eminent sociologists and infallible economists. Yet these are the sciences which alone, in many of the most difficult cases, can supply the data necessary to an intelligent decision of the questions of fact involved. An interesting and probably helpful suggestion in this direction was made by the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations in 1916 (Final Report, page 205), as follows:

> Criticisms of the courts for decisions overturning laws designed to protect labor, and the demands for constitutional amendments to deprive the courts of power to declare laws unconstitutional, or providing for the recall of decisions or recall of judges, often fail to reach the real difficulty. The difficulty is that bureaus or departments of labor and statistics have been so incompetently managed, or their investigations so remote from the concrete facts that need to be established, that the courts have had no reliable information and have been compelled to fall back upon their own meager information or "common knowledge." If the court had at hand a reliable and well-equipped referee with power to get the facts, as in the (proposed) Industrial Commission, it is probable that it would call upon such referee instead of basing its judgment upon the doubtful claims and technical arguments of attorneys.

HENRY CAMPBELL BLACK.

VITALITY IN ART

BY STARK YOUNG

We decided to stop for the night at Partinico instead of Castellammare and go on to Segesta next day. Castellammare is the usual place, and Baedeker was distinctly silent about hotels elsewhere. Partinico, according to him, was a town of 23,668 inhabitants and a center for the wine trade. It lay "⅔ M. to the left of the station" and was "defended by several old towers."

But, I argued with myself, if it is a wine center, there must be places where the buyers stay. Guidebooks took a pampered view of hotels. If the Italians could stand it we could. Why be stale?

We took the white road up the hill to the town. The beautiful country people passed by, going home after the day's work, with their donkeys and hayforks and scythes. Some of them were singing. And the white road along the grey-green country, the clear stream, the oleanders and vines and olive trees, the still sky after twilight, the light reflected from the ground, and the first pale stars coming out, the people with their goats and asses and sheep, and the rose and white and yellow farmhouses where the dogs were barking, all this gentle, clear world went together; it was perfect; it was all Theocritus over again.

At the edge of the town the smell of wine arose, a sweet, fermenting, heavy fragrance, the famous Partinico. The air of the town was like one long al fresco tavern. And when we came into it, the hum of the piazza was just dying down, the bright voices were trailing off home. Darkness had come suddenly, and infinite stars.

We looked about us. The Stella was on the piazza, the *capostazione* had told us. But we saw no name, no entrance. I asked a young man. The hotel, ah, certainly! he said courteously, the *signori* would find the hotel just there, on the left.

We took the street he pointed out and walked along. It was much darker once you left the piazza. We walked three blocks but saw nothing of the Stella. We turned back and asked again. The hotel was now on our right, just off the piazza. We missed it again. Finally we asked a lean, dim man propped against a wall if he would take us to the door of the hotel. He bowed and turned to a low, arched doorway beside him and we followed him up a dark, winding stair. There were only smells and pitch darkness as we followed the sound of the man's footsteps.

We entered a big room with a pile of bedding to one side, a long table with chairs, and an old square piano in the corner. Our escort went for the *padrone*. We could already hear a man's voice shouting and swearing and the clash of pans in the adjoining kitchen. A parrot sitting on the window-sill began to rap on the glass with his bill and shout, "*Chi é? Chi é?*". Then our guide came back followed by a brigand, tall, scowling and gruff, the *Signore Padrone*.

There were no two rooms with one bed, the padrone said, and no one room with two beds. There was a room with three beds but one of them was taken. We could have that if we liked. He did not smile all this time. By now my brain was already teeming with Sicilian horrors and I was wondering if we should ever get out of this place alive. The tariff for these would be three lire a bed. Twelve cents, I thought, grotesquely; I might be murdered; but my room was to cost me twelve cents, by exchange. I asked if there was any other hotel in Partinico. There was not; and we were shown to our apartment.

The *padrone* went out and cursed the kitchen people again and came back and sat down facing me. He inquired whether we were buyers or what. His manner implied that we were probably what. I explained that we were travellers. I tried to be winning; I declaimed about Sicily; I said the war had been fought for nothing; that Italy had won her war and lost everything; that all there was to France was *egoismo*. These were the things I had heard harangued and agreed upon in the trains and hotels, and by the barbers, and by the stewards on the Palermo boat. The *padrone* softened a little but did not unbend.

"You are right, *Signore*," he said, "Italy has won the war and

lost everything. We are ruined. If there is another war we would not fight for France."

He rose and went to the kitchen. A moment later a sullen, ragged maid hurried in to set the table. Appalling guests were coming in. But at supper the maid began to slap one of them in the face with her apron, a young merchant from Amalfi. The two were evidently on a footing, and I began to feel more comfortable: much better a dinner of herbs where love is, I thought. After a time the *padrone* came in and joined the conversation. He too seemed gradually a little more human.

After supper we walked about the darkened main street of the town under the incredible stars till eleven o'clock. I preferred to let our roommate get to bed first, and wondered what sort of a creature he would be.

But when we returned our roommate had not come in. We must go to bed and leave the door into the passage open for him.

I put my money, thousands of lire that I had just exchanged for a few hundred dollars, and my watch into one of my shoes and blew out the lamp. A lantern from the piazza fell through the open window over the walls of the room, silver and faint like moonlight.

My friend, who knew nothing of the stories of Sicily and lonely places, went off to sleep. We were to be up at five and had ten miles' walking at Segesta; but I had made up my mind to stay awake until the other man came in.

I had said to my friend that I wished to be present at my own murder, but I did not any longer expect to be murdered exactly. I knew now that I could yell to the *padrone* and out of the piazza window. But as I lay on my pad on those wide boards beneath me, I thought of the possibilities and the stories I had read. Everyone knows about the closet door showing the crack of light and beginning to slide open, and if the traveller had not had his pistol—and so on. Everyone knows of the kidnappings for ransom, the robbing. There is the Black Hand too. And neither Baedeker nor the Government itself will insure safety in the remote parts of Sicily. I preferred at least to see who the man was that was to share our room. I leaned down for my shoe and put it on the other side of the bed next the wall.

Then I tried to remember that Samuel Butler had done a great deal of his writing not far away at Calatafimi; and that at Carini a little to the east, Lais was born and stolen away to Greece in 415 when she was a girl of twelve.

The clock in the piazza struck twelve. And soon after that some one began to play the piano in the dining-room at the end of our passage. The piano was like so many pianos in Italy; it trilled and banged with a tinkling, brassy loudness like a hurdygurdy. Then a lady began to sing: *Una voce poco fa*, from the *Barber of Seville*. Her voice was a high soprano, better than some on the opera stage, a little shrill at the top, very exuberant and *fioritura* and bright. She played and sang full style as if we had been in the Teatro Massimo in Palermo.

"Well," I thought, "at midnight, in a hotel, just outside the doors of the bedrooms! This *is* astonishing."

The lady sang on; the clock struck one. Sometimes she played a waltz and rested her voice. Then she began again, trilling a great deal. She was tireless. But no one seemed to object, and there was not any other sound in the hotel save once when a guest came in and stopped for a moment to speak with the singer. At this she sang for the third time, *Una voce poco fa*.

Just before two o'clock the door opened and the other man came in. I could not see his face in the dim light but I could see that he was tall and wore a slouch hat.

"Good evening, *Signore*," I said at once.

"*Signore*, good evening," he said, taking off his hat, "you are not asleep?"

No, I was still awake.

He did not light the lamp but began undressing in the dusk of the room. I could see that he had taken off his shoes, his collar and his trousers and then got into bed.

"You are getting in late tonight, *Signore*," I said.

"On the contrary. Last night I was out until three."

But were there parties at Partinico at such an hour, I asked, or a carnival indoors, or was there a beautiful *signorina?*

No, he had been with friends. He was getting ready to take an examination. For what? He was going into teaching; he was to have a position in a Government school.

I asked why he wanted to take up the teaching profession.

"But, *Signore*," he said, "I have been an auctioneer. I prefer some work where I can use the mind better. I like books."

"But you must sleep late in the morning or you will be tired out and do badly on the examination, will you not?"

On the contrary again, he had risen at seven this morning.

"Listen, *Signore*," he said suddenly, "excuse me."

The singer had begun a new aria. "It must be two o'clock," I thought. But the man went on as if he were in an opera box:

"Do you know what that is?"

"*Lucia*, isn't it?"

"Yes. You like it?"

"Yes, indeed. But tell me, *Signor*, who is the singer?"

"The *padrone's* daughter," he said.

"The daughter of the host!" I thought, but I said only, "Ah—"

He had risen and gone to the door.

"See what kind of voice she's got," he said, opening the door halfway and going back to bed. We could now hear every syllable.

"Good voice. Brava!" he said, as soon as he lay down. "Ah-la, la—" he began to accompany the singer softly.

And then at the finale, he sat quickly up in bed and cried, "Ah, there, *Signore*, that's beautiful! Good!"

But the singing was over, and he lay down again; the piano, after a tremendous crescendo banging, stopped, and soon I could hear by his breathing that he was asleep.

By this time I did not care whether I slept or not. Nothing mattered, I was so excited with it all; the singing at this time of the night and nobody minding; the voice, the old arias, in this lonely town; the light in the room; and most of all the man who loved this music, who was leaving his auctioneer's business for a work with books, and who could come in after two and get up at seven and take examinations. And the tirelessness of it all, the love of beauty! The zest for life, the inexhaustibility. These people belong to the sun, I thought. The sun brings up the life in them as it does in the grapes, the flowers, the abundant world around them. No wonder their gods and saints and the forms of life and death and beauty that they have built, are clear and

beautiful. No wonder the tragic quality they have goes not with dimness and mystery and Gothic confusion, but with clear outlines, violet mountains, the myrtles, the white rocks and the blue sea. Their art can well afford restraint and graciousness when there is such a flood of vitality welling up for it. Getting up to open the door at half-past two o'clock to see what kind of voice she has!

When we stole quietly out of our room at five next morning, we found the *padrone* sitting by the long table, wrapped in a shawl and smiling as he gave us a pleasant journey.

But later on, as the train rattled along to Segesta, I asked myself woefully: what chance have we got compared to these people? I thought of the story of how Rossini writing in bed one winter morning dropped his manuscript of an overture on the floor, and how rather than crawl out of bed after it, he wrote another one. I thought of Lope de Vega pouring out plays by hundreds; of Leonardo with his painting, his sculpture, chemistry, botany and geology, his designs for steam propellers, flying machines, jellies: the sketches for fortifications, bridges and wedding-cakes he made for the Sforzas, and the profound and beautiful notes he kept for himself. I thought of a soprano in Madrid in a difficult little opera bouffe, singing twice and sometimes four times a day, in her 2000th performance when I heard her, and fresh as a bird. The sun outside flooded the violet mountains and the lemon-colored rocks. Then I thought of our Northern nerves, our exhaustions; of Blank's Hypophosphites; of my friend who goes up to Peterborough to get enough vitality to finish a one-act play.

STARK YOUNG.

DUST AND DREAMS

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

At peace with every sweet remembered thing
You lie; with woodland song that died long years
Ago; with pebbles washed ashore and fears
Released and feathers broken from the wing
That beat its westward flight towards the sun
And some far nest beside some unknown sea:
  I would not answer when you called to me,
  And now my thought of you is never done.

This starlit road with its dark towering pines,
Its dust of misty pollen blown in cloud
From field to field, its silences, its shroud
Of clinging dark and all its trailing vines
White with moonshine and the priestly dew,
We shared. Tonight I travel it alone,—
  Alone I go towards that glistening stone
  Which marks your rest, my thought a prayer
    for you.

Singing the water rushes past your quiet grave
Beneath this little town whose ancient name
Suggests the fair collegiate dream and fame
Of Oxford and her clustered towers. With wave
The river winds a garland for your rest—
The woven sound of grieving without end.
  To you I bring the memory of a friend
  And lay these words on your remembered breast.

THE CURIOUS EYES

BY ISOBEL HUME

I had a dream that held me fast,
  Informed my hand and fired my brain,
So from a ten-day's toil at last
  Was beauty born without a stain.
More softly than a rose is blown
She flowered to my sense alone.
    Then all the curious came to see
    My beauty born mysteriously.

They peered with old and evil eyes,
  They pointed fingers crooked to grab,
And leered, and nudged, and satyr-wise
  They termed her like a naked drab;
Till beauty sickened in her place
With stricken eyes, and ashen face.
    But when we were alone at last
    I comforted her, all aghast.

She quickened in our solitude
  With rose that pearly tints outstrove,
And offered all in her sweet mood
  As a maid gives herself for love:
Yet giving all she kept her state
A virgin and immaculate.
    And so we two were one again
    And she my beauty without stain.

PORTRAIT OF HENRY JAMES

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

He was a man whose whole life was in art, to whom life was art, and art was even life. He had no wife, he had no children. He lived and thought and felt to write great novels, and he wrote them,—novels of a forbidding subtlety and complexity, yet too beautiful and too original for men to let them die.

Of course all his art was based on life. He repeats and reiterates this. From an almost abnormally early age he began to study the faces and the hearts about him, to make notes, to register impressions, to accumulate material which might somehow or other, sometime or other, serve his great and never-forgotten purpose. He was absolutely sincere in this. One of the great charms of his character in every aspect is sincerity, and it was as evident in his art as in his daily living. He wanted truth and nothing else, to grasp it patiently and render it faithfully. "The novelist is a particular *window*," he says, "and of worth so far as he is one."

He was always an acute, minute, and tireless observer. He observed the external world constantly and, though he was too busy with humanity to indulge in long natural descriptions, he used delicate, fleeting touches to set human passion in just the background that would make it most impressive and most enthralling. He observed the outward frame of man with endless, patient care, and few have been more cunning in teasing it to yield its secrets. Above all, he observed the soul, with curiosity and comprehension and even with tender sympathy, with awe, and with due, modest sense of the groping incompetence of the wisest, and perhaps he might have summed up his observation in the simple words of one of his characters: "Everything's terrible in the heart of man."

Yet, for all this constant and searching observation, as one studies James one gets an overwhelming sense that to him life

was chiefly interesting, not in itself, but as matter for art. The crowding, shifting, shuddering turmoil of human existence was stuff to make novels of, or it was nothing. "All art is *expression*," he says, "and is thereby vividness." But to him the expression was more than the thing expressed. His object was always to make an exquisite, perfect work of art, and life must be fitted, moulded, transformed, into a flawless achievement of ideal beauty, not the shallow beauty which eschews superficial ugliness, but the larger harmony which draws all threads and strands together into the final triumph of workmanship. Considerations extraneous to art, so-called moral aims and purposes, were to be discarded as merely distracting and inappropriate. It is true that few men ever lived with a finer or more delicate moral instinct, true also that moral motives and subtle questions of conduct often supplied the richest field for artistic disquisition. But again, these were only the material—interesting and valuable as furnishing means for the absorbing artistic passion to develop all its resources of cunning and cleverness. To teach lessons, to make the world better: this was not the artist's business, nor even was he bound to consider whether he might make it worse. Things beautiful ought not to make it worse, at any rate.

Not only did the intense preoccupation with artistic excellence shut out moral considerations; it even distracted thought from the vast variety and richness of life in general. It seems as if James, through all his long volumes, worked with bare soul and neglected the casual garb of circumstance, the outer trapping of profession and vocation, which differentiates souls to the eye of the more superficial observer. Balzac in his way, Trollope in his, produced a wide range of types—doctors, lawyers, preachers, workers in a dozen varied lines of human activity. There are few of these in James, and they appear only at moments, for some fleeting agency in the dramatic action. Generally speaking, also, he is confined to a limited social class, does not depict or care for the great ordinary herd which makes up the substance of humanity. I do not know of any more naïve confession of such spiritual exclusiveness than the sentence in the preface to the revised edition of *The Princess Casamassima:* "We care, our

curiosity and our sympathy care, comparatively little for what happens to the stupid, the coarse and the blind; care for it, and for the effects of it, at the most as helping to precipitate what happens to the more deeply wondering, to the really sentient." Yet the stupid, the coarse, and the blind make up the bulk of the world. Even if we presume to set ourselves above them, can we disregard them so completely?

There is no doubt that this detachment of Henry James from the crude facts of life was much fostered by his early and constant internationalism, his impersonal separation from all countries as such, not excepting his native America. One of his most ardent admirers declares that his chief mission was to civilize the United States. If so, it is to be feared that he did not greatly fulfil it. At any rate, America was a puzzle to him in earlier days, so far as he gave any thought to it at all; and when he came to study it in his old age, the puzzle was not diminished for him, and certainly not for his readers. All the intense, crowding, sweating, grinding human complexity, which throbs from Boston to San Francisco, was mainly lost on him. It terrified him, dismayed him, was "stupid, coarse, blind"—above all was too rough and violent to be fitted into exquisite, gauzy, shimmering webs of artistic achievement.

A striking illustration of this mighty predominance of the artistic attitude in James's temperament is this: that, keen as his powers of observing were, he was comparatively indifferent to fact as a matter of record, had not, at least, that sense of its sacredness which is inherent in the born historian. When he read the novels of his friends, he was not so much interested in them as they stood, but was busy always with the thought of re-writing them, making them over as they should have been in his artistic conception. His own past work he was not content to accept as a record of his own past self, to leave it to others as such a record; but in his old age he revised and altered it with the most singular assiduity, producing, after all, a result that was truly characteristic neither of his age nor of his youth.

Thus, although we must recognize that life and the study of life form the undeniable basis of James's as of all other art, we feel constantly that with him the artistic instinct is so engrossing,

so involving, that life is absorbed and smothered by it. There is analysis, endless analysis, inexhaustible analysis, reflection, dissection, connection, till a trifle seems drawn out to the end of the world. What other human being has appreciated "the quite incalculable tendency of a mere grain of subject-matter to expand and develop and cover the ground when conditions happen to favor it"? Naturally this complication is least intrusive in the admirable short stories, and it took years to grow until it reached the extraordinary development of *The Golden Bowl* and *The Wings of the Dove*. But it is the mark of James's work everywhere, and of his mind. He reveled in "shades", and again and again he enlarges on them. His characters grope in ambiguity and are garmented in shadow. He loved ghost stories; but all his work is one vast ghost story, with the uneasy thrill, the teasing intensity of vagueness—and the charm.

And that which should give substance and structure to this gelatinous mass of analysis, the secret of composition, simply betrays this passionate and conscientious artist still further. He has elaborate principles and theories of order, of balance, of design; but they are too elaborate, and serve rather to increase the complication than to clarify it. He himself was fond of insisting upon his dramatic instinct, maintained that he saw life in scenes and developed his stories largely upon a scenic method. Yet the dramatic theory, like the analytic, was excessive in its nature, and rather deprived his work of sustained interest than informed it with breathing life. "It is art that *makes* life," he said; and while there may be a sense in which this is profoundly true for all of us, life punished him by setting his great and original work apart from the thought of most persons whose real business is to live.

For there was never a more curious case of the intense, unselfish passion for art pushed so far as really to injure itself, to obscure itself by obscuring the material on which it works. To refine, to distinguish, to conjure up problems for the mere pleasure of solving them—these are different tastes from the passion for life as such. "You see what a mistake you'd make to see abysses of subtlety in my having been merely natural," says one of James's own characters. She might have said it to her creator. "I

love life—in art, though I hate it anywhere else," says another. And it would not have been fair to say this of her creator unrestrictedly, but there would have been a certain point in it. Far more significant and suggestive,—in fact, of an almost deadly weight and significance for James's whole work,—is his cruel phrase about himself: "And I find our art, all the while, more difficult of practice, and want, with that, to do it in a more and more difficult way; it being really, at bottom, only difficulty that interests me. Which is a most accursed way to be constituted."

Did the man then, you ask, have no life of his own, aside from his absorbing preoccupation with art? It is surprising how little, as far as the records that we have inform us. No doubt these records are limited. The two volumes of delightful letters, recently published, belong, for the most part, to the writer's mature and later life, and naturally show more reflection than passion. The three volumes of autobiography also were written in old age; and in such a temperament it was inevitable that thoughts should be more remembered than feelings. Yet even so, in a history of boyhood one would expect some outburst of hearty and violent experience, and there is none, none: just an endless chain of subtle analysis, the vast dissection of "a case" like "the cases" of the novels, in which all petulant, vivid assertion of personality is drowned, absorbed, in shades, refinements, complications, connections, without stint or limit. There is at times the vague intimation of longing to live, or regret for not having lived. Surely there is something personal to the author in the words of Strether in *The Ambassadors:* "Live all you can; it's a mistake not to. . . . I was either, at the right time, too stupid or too intelligent to have it [the sense of freedom], and now I'm a case of reaction against the mistake." Further, there is the insistence that the artist must live to accumulate his stock in trade: "We must know, as much as possible, in our beautiful art, yours and mine, what we are talking about—and the only way to know is to have lived and loved and cursed and floundered and enjoyed and suffered. I think I don't regret a single 'excess' of my responsive youth—I only regret, in my chilled age, certain occasions and possibilities I didn't embrace." And

this does sound like the thrill of human existence. But I am inclined to set against it the words to Howells: "Such fine primitive passions *lose* themselves for me in the act of contemplation, or at any rate in the act of reproduction." Since the tremendous weight of evidence goes to show that for this intensely concentrated spirit, in youth as well as in age, contemplation, profound inward absorption, was the essence of life, and I find endless significance in the revealing phrase of William James as to his younger brother, when scarcely out of boyhood: "Never did I see a so-much uninterested creature in the affairs of those about him."

Let us consider him in relation to the common concerns of men and see how much alive he was. Sport, athletics, exercise? None whatever, even in the sporting years. Though he was of a nervous, anxious temperament, nothing in his physique would seem to have cut him off from bodily activity. But no aspect of it appears to have interested him, and none enters into his novels.

Money, business? He was frugal and self-controlled in his own expenditure, wisely liberal as regards others. He would have liked to make money from his work for a little more amplitude of living. But money as an object in life he abhorred, and the business man, as a type, including, in James's fancy, most of his American fellow-citizens, was as monotonous as he was detestable.

Even books, reading, were of minor importance, except those that bore directly upon his own pursuit. He does indeed say that "reading tends to take for me the place of experience", and he at times expresses enthusiasm for it. Beyond doubt, he was intimately familiar with the works of modern novelists. But the great writers of the past, even the imaginative writers, do not figure largely in his life.

Nor does it seem that he thought widely or curiously. His father was a subtle metaphysician, his brother an intensely active and creative one. Henry watched their lucubrations rather helplessly and very indifferently. Science interested him no more than metaphysics. The great physical discoveries of the age he lived in left him without enthusiasm. On all these

personal points the evidence of the novels must of course be used with caution. But the general absence of broad intellectual movement in them only supports the testimony of the letters and autobiographies. Even as to his own art, which he discusses so often and so acutely, the discussion is more likely to be concerned with the concrete than with philosophical aspects. "Thank God!" he says, "I've no *opinions*. . . . I'm more and more only aware of things as a more or less mad panorama, phantasmagoria, and dime museum."

It is true that this remark was made in regard to politics, although its significance is far more than political. As to public affairs, James's indifference until his very last years was always sovereign. Here his internationalism appears as both cause and effect. A man who cares little for the history of the past is not likely to be much aroused over the social and political movements of the present. "I fear I am too lost in the mere spectacle for any decent morality," he says. Even the spectacle interested him more as embodied in individuals than as affecting great masses of humanity.

With religion, it was much as with other abstract motives. James himself confesses that he had little contact with practical religion in his youth, and it is obvious that he had little interest in it in age. His spiritual attitude is perhaps as well summed up in the following passage as anywhere: "I don't know *why* we live —the gift of life comes to us from I don't know what source or for what purpose; but I believe we can go on living for the reason that (always of course up to a certain point) life is the most valuable thing we know anything about." Of Balzac, whom he so greatly admired, he says: "His sincerest personal beliefs may be reduced to a very compact formula; he believed that it was possible to write magnificent novels, and that he was the man to do it." Again: "Of what is to be properly called religious feeling we do not remember a suggestion in all his many pages." I do not know why these words cannot be aptly applied to James himself.

We may indeed appreciate keenly the lack in others of what we lack ourselves. In *The Amercian Scene* James expresses with the utmost vigor the religious deficiences of his countrymen: "The

field of American life is as bare of the Church as a billiard table of a centre-piece; a truth that the myriad little structures 'attended' on Sundays and on the 'off' evenings of the 'sociables' proclaim as with the audible sound of the roaring of a million mice." But the complaint here is rather æsthetic than devotional, and the æsthetic side of religion was what touched James most. Yet it is extremely curious to note that even his æsthetic enjoyments were dwarfed and dulled by the absorbing passion of creative analysis. Again speaking of Balzac, he remarks his lack of appreciation of the beauty of the world, and explains it by saying that Balzac was "as little as possible of a poet." And, as before, one feels that James was as little as possible of a poet also. External nature, when touched at all in his novels and in his letters, is touched, like everything else, with extreme and fine imaginative delicacy. But there is rarely any indication of rapture about it. In art he was widely familiar with great painting, and at times shows a deep interest in it. But outside of painting, he does not seem to have cared much for the simply beautiful.

It is when we come to the human relations that James as a man really begins to seem alive. To be sure, like most intellectual workers, he lived much in solitude and cherished it, sought again and again to find some remote corner of the world where he could order and develop his growing visions without the bustling intrusion of critics or flatterers or even friends. Yet in the main he enjoyed people, enjoyed frequenting society and dining out, haunting the thick throng for the inspiration and stimulus it gave his curious spirit. His conversation was delightful, full of wit, color, suggestion, a trifle moderate and elaborate, like his writing, but rich with succulence and charm. And his talk, like his books, and like the whole man himself, was always sincere—earnest, scrupulous, and winning in its sincerity. The noble, thoughtful, kindly face alone was enough to make a friend of you.

How I should like to get some glimpse of Henry James in love! But this side of his life is completely hidden from us. He makes no allusion to it in the autobiography, and there is no hint of it in his letters. Yet his novels are saturated with love, contain, in

fact, little or nothing else, though it is love quintessenced and alembicated till it hardly knows itself. No doubt there was plenty of it in his life. And his love-letters would have been one of the curiosities of literature. Fancy the subtleties, the spiritual doublings, the harassing doubts and questions and qualifications! Yet this may be all wrong, and actual, absorbing love may have simplified and clarified his soul beyond anything else on earth. Who can say?—unless some woman still lives who has some of those letters. All that comes to us is the lovely, searching, pathetic suggestion in six words: "The starved romance of my life."

What we do know and actually see and hear is the depth of his tenderness and devotion to his family and friends, though even this warm and rushing stream does at times risk extinction in the huge quagmire of his haunting analysis. Hear him enlarge on the word "liking", and wonder at him: "The process represented by that word was for each of us, I think, a process so involved with other operations of the spirit, so beautifully complicated and deformed by them, that our results in this sort doubtless eventually lost themselves in the labyrinth of our reasons." And well they might; but fortunately they didn't. I know no letters more filled with a penetrating, absorbing affection. This love, he admits, counts for more in the world than even art, though he admits it grudgingly: "You are precious to literature—but she is precious to the affections, which are larger, yet in a still worse way." When those he loves are absent, he longs for them with a hungry longing which nothing else can satisfy, longs for news of them, longs for words of solicitude and thoughts of tenderness. In spite of his brother's youthful charge of lack of interest, he enters into their joys and triumphs. He enters into their griefs and sufferings also, and with a depth of comprehension and sweetness and tactful sympathy which must have been infinitely helpful.

So it seems that the whole personal life of James, aside from his art, centred in simple human affection. And the flower of this affection was his passionate interest in the Great War. I do not think he was much concerned with the political and moral questions involved. He rarely discusses or refers to them, and

such things had never interested him before. But those he loved were suffering, those whom his friends loved were suffering, humanity was suffering. And all the depth of tenderness which lay always, not smothered, but eclipsed, forgotten, at the bottom of his heart, was called into intense, active, beneficent energy. If it had not been for those terrible years, something would have been missing, not to his character, for it was there, deep hidden, all along, but to our understanding and appreciation of his character. He was always a great writer, but the war revealed him to every one as a most lovable man.

Yet, after all, his real humanity, his intense, vivid, passionate existence, was in his art, and it is most curious to watch him living perfectly in the exercise of that, when he was so largely oblivious to everything else. "What's art but an intense life—if it be real?" says one of his characters. The art of Henry James was an intense life, at any rate.

All his days he labored at it, and much of his nights was given to new developments, new inventions, new and more intricate analyses. The taking of notes was his business. He took notes on his family, on his friends, on himself. "If one was to undertake to tell tales," he says, "and to report with truth on the human scene, it could be but because 'notes' had been from the cradle the ineluctable consequence of one's greatest inward energy." In this close and unremitting effort there was, of course, a large amount of ambition, of desire for direct and obvious success, but it was also a matter of instinct, of a habit of life which with daily exercise grew ever more exacting and more tyrannous.

And it was not only the formal daily habit, the rooted necessity of accomplishing a definite task at a definite hour. There was a splendid glow and thrill of excitement in the work. External stimulus might help, the commendation of friends, the enthusiasm of admirers, even the stinging of captious critics. But the external was often more annoying than helpful. "I wince even at eulogy, and I wither (for exactly 2 minutes and ½) at any qualification of adulation." What really counted was the rushing, the inexplicable creative impetus itself. Why should a weary soul toil and strain to make a troop of shadows strut and

fret and vex themselves for an hour and then fade utterly? Who knows? But James did it with devouring passion, like so many others. And the decay of age and the wretched debility of the body did not diminish one jot the fury of aspiring hope. At sixty-five he writes: "I never have had such a sense of almost bursting, late in the day though it be, with violent and lately too much repressed creative intention."

And of course triumph and success, when they came, as they did come even in James's remote, perplexed, and unpopular career, were acceptable, were welcome. To what artist are they not? "*Daisy Miller* has been, as I have told you before, a really quite extraordinary hit," and such hits do tickle even the heart that is most detached. But the best glory—perhaps—is the feeling of secure achievement and the best commendation is one's own: "The thing carries itself to my maturer and gratified sense as with every symptom of soundness, an insolence of health and joy."

The mischief of it is that this splendid enjoyment of what one has accomplished does not, cannot last. There are the difficulties of accomplishing anything. There are the external difficulties, the horrid plague of printers and publishers, interruptions, distractions. There are the internal difficulties, still worse, when inspiration simply stops, and one sits and stares and longs and does nothing and gets nowhere. Moreover, no critic, however captious, sees one's defects so clearly and overpoweringly as one sees them one's self. One sees them so well, is so cuttingly aware of the weak points, that on dark days it seems as if the work were all weak points and nothing else.

And then come depression and discouragement, even in a buoyant soul, and James, as he himself admits, had a soul to which anxiety and dread came far too easily. He is depressed if he is prevented from working. When he begins a piece of work, he is haunted by "a nervous fear that I shall not have enough of my peculiar tap to 'go around'". And again, "To finish a book in quiet and to begin another in fear." While the completion is really as agitating as the commencement, "always ridden by a superstitious terror of not finishing, for finishing's and for the precedent's sake, what I have begun." And to those who look

upon authorship as an ecstasy, he has this general comment, which is certainly not exhilarating: "The profession of delight has always struck me as the last to consort, for the artist, with any candid account of his troubled effort—ever the sum, for the most part, of so many lapses and compromises, simplifications and surrenders."

Also, however indifferent one may be to the commendation of the general public, the sense of failure is wearing, blighting, to any mortal man. And it cannot be denied that, as regards the reading world at large, failure was the usual lot of Henry James. Nothing epitomizes better his struggle and effort, his gleams of hope and success, and his lack of it in the grosser sense, than his dealings with the theatre. He did not turn his attention to the stage till comparatively late in life, and therefore there was always the consolation that if he had begun younger, he could have accomplished more. But when the fever seizes him, he is convinced that at last he has found his proper sphere, and that the drama is the real medium in which his genius should achieve its destined working. "The strange thing is that I always, universally, knew *this* was my more characteristic form—but was kept away from it by a half-modest, half-exaggerated sense of the difficulty . . . of the conditions. But now that I have accepted them and met them, I see that one isn't at all, needfully, their victim, but is, from the moment one *is* anything, one's self, worth speaking of, their *master*." And he sets himself to be the master triumphantly. He toils more than he ever dreamed of toiling at fiction. He studies the secrets of technique with which those who think they understand the theatre have beguiled so many passionate aspirants. He has his moments of hope, of confidence, of enthusiasm, and portrays them with his customary vividness. A fairly successful provincial performance cheers him, encourages him. Then things go wrong and hope yields to utter despair. And again, after one failure, after two failures, a word of praise, a trifle of alluring temptation, seduce him to renewed, more strenuous effort. But the end is fatal, inevitable, as it has been for so many whom that fascinating siren has betrayed to far more complete destruction. Actors are patronizing, encroaching, tyrannous, ignorant. Audiences are more tyrannous and

more ignorant still. Let us leave the loathèd stage and go back to the quiet writing of profound, great fiction, where at least the failure is that of indifference and not of audible contempt.

Through all this theatrical convulsion, James's pretext was that he needed money and that the theatre was a dazzlingly facile and convenient means of getting it. All he cared to give to the stage was "time to dig out eight or ten rounded masterpieces, and make withal enough money to enable me to retire in peace and plenty for the unmolested business of a *little* supreme writing, as distinguished from gouging." Alas, the stage was no more fruitful than other things in this direction, and it is really pitiful to see that such enormous labor and such admirable genius could produce no more tangible pecuniary result. But it is clear enough that, though money might be the pretext, the passion went far deeper than money. Success, triumph, applause,—in one simple word, glory,—were underlying motives with James, as with all other artists. He longed not only to do great things, but to have the seal of immediate wonder and enthusiasm set upon them. And in spite of the approval of many of the judicious, few writers who have toiled so vastly and worthily have received less of universal recognition.

The fine and most notable thing through all this comparative failure is the largeness, the sweetness, the dignity of James's attitude. Such public neglect of a man's work is likely to produce sourness and bitterness. With him it did not. Criticism he considered thoughtfully and estimated wisely. It did not, indeed, often affect his aims or methods. When does it ever? But he showed a large charity in entering into the intention of the critic, was always ready to allow for other points of view besides his own. Nor did he often fall into the error of so many disappointed authors, that of railing against the taste of his contemporaries. He could not always resist some rebellion against the triumph of the mediocre, could not accept the vogue of the obviously cheap and tawdry. But in the main he feels that he writes for the few, and with the discerning commendation of the few he must be satisfied. And his are the admirable words of rebuke to those who would revenge their ill-success upon the world about them: "Most forms of contempt are

unwise; but one of them seems to us peculiarly ridiculous—contempt for the age one lives in." Broad kindliness, thoughtful, earnest, patient sincerity: these are not always the distinguishing qualities of the artist; in James they were eminently and charmingly exemplified. In nothing, perhaps, more than in his tone towards his fellow writers. Here again pretentious emptiness sometimes wins deserved condemnation. But in the main he was largely generous and sympathetic. He had many close friends among the authors of his time, friends to whom he wrote with the peculiar and exquisite tenderness of friendship that characterizes his letters. Many of these friends were much younger than he, and many of them quickly passed him in the race for success and financial profit. He never resented this, never showed any soreness or grudging. He counseled wisely and congratulated warmly and cherished an ever growing affection, where, in many, rivalry would have fostered a certain chill, if not estrangement. Few things of the kind are more touching and pleasing than his manly, simple acceptance of the unnecessary and ill-mannered criticism introduced by his friend Mr. Wells into his novel *Boon*.

So the long, patient, toilsome life flitted away, leaving a huge mass of production behind it, which, after all, had perhaps not greatly affected the busy world. But with all the toil, and all the struggle and all the disappointment, few writers have derived more substantial satisfaction from their work itself. The mystery of words, and their strange, subtle, creative and created relation to thoughts, has not been fully elucidated yet, and perhaps never will be. But it is certain that, for the born worker in them, they have inexplicable and inexhaustible secrets and sources of delight and joy. Who is there who has probed these secrets and drained these sources more passionately than Henry James?

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

ROYAL AUVERGNE SANS TACHE

BY MARSHALL PUTNAM THOMPSON

For two hundred years the regiment Royal Auvergne had merited its surname "*Sans Tache.*" It had marched and fought in Bavaria and Saxony, Bohemia, Hesse and Brunswick. The "Street of the Priests," the borders of Spain, Italy, Africa, the Balearic Isles were familiar to it. It had "dug in" in Flanders, waded through the mud of Holland, done garrison duty from Strasburg to Marseilles, participated in the great reviews at Paris.

Its uniform was magnificent, its accoutrement superb. It had its *fraters* (hairdressers) and its lacqueys. It spent, by regulation, three hours a day at its toilette. It was not for Royal Auvergne to black its own boots, plaster its queues, pomade its mustaches, clean its white gaiters or polish its silver buckles.

Recruited originally from volunteers of Auvergne, its members, as permitted by the old regulations, had married and brought their wives to the regiment, and the wives and in time the children accompanied the regiment on the march, camped with it and were as much a part of it as the men themselves.

The children grew up in the regiment, the boys became its soldiers, the girls the soldiers' wives, and in time other generations succeeded. Six generations had passed from its cradles to its ranks.

The regiment was not only a regiment, it was a Seigneury, its Colonel was not only its Colonel but its Seigneur. It was a family, a tribe, in winter a town, in summer a small nation. In its collective capacity it was a nobleman, sixth in rank among other regiments of the same dignity, greater than some thirty others of like character, far greater than a hundred or so of the mere line. It had its precedence and its "Honorifics"; it held the right of the line; the flags of other regiments bowed before its colors; it took the salute; it headed the charge.

They were no mere *fantassins*, they were treated with respect, —"*Messieurs* of Auvergne will it please you to charge." Even the King addressed them as "*Messieurs.*"

They did not have names like other men; the regiment baptised them when they joined; they were called "Breath of Mars," "Powder of Iron," "Richelieu," "Bayard," "Roland."

If their officers were worthy, the Grenadiers gave them their franchises; elected them as Grenadiers and obeyed them. If not worthy, they fought as they pleased, but always fought well, and generally conducted their affairs in their own way.

If a Seigneur was a real Colonel he might even call them not "*Messieurs*" but "*Mes enfants*"—such a one was a member of the family.

In the days of Henry of Navarre their Seigneurs were Lords of Auvergne, as brave as themselves, who always tasted the soup in the kettles. Under Louis XIV, the Seigneurs were still great noblemen and still were soldiers. Under Louis XV, times had changed, the Seigneurs were noblemen; in fact, while under Henry of Navarre a man must be a soldier to be a noble, under Louis XV he must be a noble to be a soldier; but such nobles came appointed by the Court ladies because they could dance, and before the regiment could make men of them, some other Court lady removed them, and it was not only their Colonels, but the Generals of the Army that Madame Pompadour thus appointed and removed, and since the beginning of the Seven Years War they had not participated in a victory.

They had a regimental fund, a large one,—and was it any wonder when after four years of the war they wintered in the Duchy of Berg, and their Colonels danced in Paris, that they proposed to drill as they pleased and to handle their fund as they pleased, by an assembly of the whole regiment, where each man had his say? No Court officer from Paris should introduce, as they tried, Prussian flogging, and no Colonel of Madame Pompadour's selection determined the spending and care of the fund, —and word came to Paris that Royal Auvergne was undisciplined and out of hand, and at the moment there was a competent Minister of War, Choiseul.

Then had come, as Colonel, the Comte de Rochambeau, a

Brigadier-General, and more than that, a "Grenadier of France," who had received the "Franchises of the Grenadiers" for his gallantry eighteen years ago, the franchises of the Grenadiers of Marshal Saxe, when only a lad of seventeen, and then, as now, "frail and of delicate health."

He was a man, he dared call them "*Mes enfants.*" He would have nothing to do with their assembly; he had them elect a committee of three to handle the fund and he dealt alone with the committee. Some grumbled,—it had become a privilege to bandy words with the Seigneur, but one glance from the eye of General Rochambeau was sufficient.

How he drilled them! Morning and noon and night he drilled them, and not only in manual and evolution, but in shooting, yes, think of it: in shooting at a mark, not by the volley from the waist, but each man had to take aim and to be drilled individually,—and it was said he wanted to change the regulations and take two hours from the toilette, dismiss the "*fraters*", and devote their time to shooting.

Another innovation: the Grenadiers,—the tall men,—had their privileges; it was ancient history that they should, and the General did not interfere. He was a short man himself, still he was a Grenadier, but he took the short and active men and organized them in companies he called "*Chasseurs*"; had put them in light uniforms; had given them a strange drill, when each man fought by himself behind a tree or a hummock of grass, and advanced not shoulder to shoulder, but as did the huntsmen, spreading out like a fan when they beat up the game. This, it was said, he paid for from his own pocket as well as the extra pay and allowances the Chasseurs received, and the people in Paris said it was all nonsense. The Colonel said, however, that it was the way all armies would fight in the future and was the way they fought in America. He had had letters about the defeat of "*Le General* Braddock" and the English line, about the time he himself was at the siege of Mahon.

Of course men had grumbled at these new-fangled ideas, but not for long,—for there were such punishments, not the rod, no, General Rochambeau did not approve of flogging, he said it was not what the King of Prussia laid on his soldiers' backs that won

them victories, but what had been put in the King of Prussia's head, and that no French soldiers should be flogged in his command. No, there was no flogging, or hanging by the thumbs, or riding the wooden horse, much worse,—a man disobedient was forced all day to wear his red cotton night cap[1],—think of it for a soldier of Auvergne! Who could stand the laughter? Who could approach a girl?

If men got drunk on duty, the Colonel would not even confine them to barracks, but told them as he had told his men at Mahon, that no such men should charge with the regiment in battle, and thereafter none were drunk on duty.

Well, the Colonel was right in everything he did, for at Minden, Royal Auvergne saved the army from utter destruction, and saved it again once and twice and thrice on the terrible retreat to the Rhine, and in the retreat it was the Chasseurs that did the work, shooting behind trees and advancing and retreating, each man for himself from tree to tree, when Marshal Contades thought all was lost for lack of space to deploy in line of battle in the "*Ordre Profond.*"

Six years of the Seven Years War had come and gone, and for six years the Duke of Brunswick with an inferior army and superior talents had kept a superior French army, the Army of the Rhine, from either staying long in Hanover or even passing from Hanover into Prussia. He was not only a brilliant soldier, but an excellent negotiator and had finally succeeded in getting the English to agree to a plan which would involve a large contingent of English troops, would protect Hanover and would be an offensive campaign in fresh territory.

He proposed first of all to capture Wesel, where the French like the English at Mahon were trusting too much to fortifications; then to make Wesel a base of supplies, cross the Main, join hands with an army of twenty thousand English, and descend on Austrian Flanders, like a thunderbolt. This would force the French to withdraw from Germany, give the loot of Belgium to the Hessians and the Brunswickers and eventually carry the war into the enemy's country.

It was the most "dangerous blow aimed at the French since

[1] *Sur la Desertion*, Rochambeau.

the beginning of the War,"[1] and when on or about the twentieth of September the news came to Marshal de Broglie[2] of what was afoot, he was much disturbed and detached M. de Castries[3] to assemble all the detached garrisons along the lower Rhine and all the troops en route from Flanders to reinforce menaced Wesel, the pivotal point of danger. He then got ready to follow with two divisions of his own army to be shortly followed by a third. As part of the two first divisions the regiment of Auvergne received its marching orders.

These divisions marched with the greatest rapidity to Cologne and to Neuse, and by the thirteenth of October, Castries found himself in command of thirty battalions and thirty-two squadrons, a considerable army, but composed of units that had not heretofore acted together.

Seeing that Wesel had already been besieged since the third of the month, Castries, without waiting for his third division, left on the fourteenth.

At the head of his advance guard, he rode on to Rhineberg, and found there a small guard of twelve hundred men, who were brushed away by the corps of Ficher after a very slight resistance, and during the night embarked his advance guard on the Rhine, on whose current they floated into Wesel without opposition.

On the fifteenth the rest of the two divisions proceeded to the Canal of Rhineberg, behind which they pitched their bivouac. At Rhineberg itself they placed M. de Chabo, with an advance guard of three thousand men as a strong outguard, and at the Abbaye de Camp further up the canal, the corps of Ficher to cover the left. The camp of the main army had its left at the hamlets of Camperbrouck, its right about half way to Rhinebeck, the canal guarded its front, and Castries intended to await there the arrival of the third division and then march against the enemy, English and all, and fight them.

After these precautions there seemed little danger of a surprise, but a surprise each moment was drawing nearer, for the energetic

[1] *Rochambeau's Memoirs*, Author's Translation.
[2] Lafayette's commander when he first learned of the American Revolution.
[3] Succeeded Sartines as Minister of Marine during the American Revolution.

Hereditary Prince of Brunswick had assembled all his force on the right bank of the Rhine, had crossed over to the left on the fifteenth, and during the night with all his troops, cannon, cavalry and English Grenadiers was pressing silently and swiftly toward the camp of the two divisions, a plan not unlike that of Trenton.

Every army always has one weak spot, and the French army on this occasion was almost caught by the weariness of the men of Ficher,[1] never from their organization remarkable for their discipline, and who, completely tired out by their forced march and skirmish of the day before, had neglected their sentinels and communicatory patrols and were at the beginning of the coming action separated from the rest of the army.

As the evening had come on, and the smoke of the camp fires with its acrid smell had begun to eddy through the company streets, mingled with the scent of the evening stew, General Rochambeau, perhaps instinctively a little uneasy, had gone among his Grenadiers and Chasseurs, as they sat about the simmering kettles of soup, which he tasted,[2] and told them that at the very first sound of musketry, if any such there should be, they must at once, without further orders, take positions behind some hedges, which he had discovered bordering the fields between the bridges over the canal, and the French left flank.[3]

Whether his dreams that night brought him premonitions, or whether he remained wakeful, instinctively listening for the tread of feet or the faint clink of accoutrements, he was the only officer that in the middle of the night was ready to take command and to form his men.

At about two o'clock in the morning in the intense darkness of an October night in the northern latitude that crosses southern Germany and Labrador, fifteen thousand British Grenadiers, Brunswickers, and Hessians, the same allies that the French and Americans were to charge twenty-one years later at Yorktown, arrived at the bridge over the canal between the Abbaye de Camp, and the French left flank. The bridge was in position

[1] Organized during the Siege of Prague in the War of the Austrian Succession from the lacqueys horse boys and servants of the Army.

[2] *La Vie Militaire.*

[3] *Rochambeau's Memoirs,* Author's Translation.

where it had been placed in the evening by the order of the headquarters officers, and who had gone off to bed without posting any sentinels.[1] All about lay sleeping soundly the corps of Ficher, except one small patrol, and upon this patrol leaped suddenly in the darkness the advance of the army of the Hereditary Prince. Surprised as they were, overwhelmed as they were, they still managed to fire two small volleys, and at the sound the Grenadiers and Chasseurs of *Royal Auvergne Sans Tache* (who slept seven men under one quilt) threw off their coverings, leaped to the stacks of arms, fumbled doubtless with the straps of the tarpaulins that protected them from the damp, seized the first muskets they laid hands on, and, stumbling over tent pegs and tent lines as they broke from the company streets, rushed to the hedges to peer through the darkness for the enemy, if enemy there were.

Now, Royal Auvergne, as a "Royal" regiment, wore blue coats instead of the white of the line, and the Hessians and the Brunswickers also wore blue; and as there suddenly emerged near the French a serried column, some officer in the ranks cried out "They are our own men."

As they approached, General Rochambeau had reached his men, getting to the hedge almost as quickly as his Chasseurs, and as the men stood not quite sure whether the approaching columns were friends or enemies, Corporal Richelieu (his army name), who had sharp eyes, perceived to the rear of the Brunswickers the red coats and white cross belts of the British Grenadiers, and pointed them out to the General.

At about the same time the Chevalier d'Assis, Captain of one of the companies of Chasseurs, and posted on the extreme left, hearing the report that the approaching column was French, ran out to meet it to discover the truth, was in a moment surrounded by gleaming bayonets in the hands of men who told him to keep still and they would spare his life, and perceived that they were the enemy. A moment later, the gallant officer cried the terrible words: "Fire, Chasseurs; they are the enemy," and fell pierced by a dozen bayonets.

As the words "Fire, Chasseurs" rang in the ears of friend and

[1] *Rochambeau's Memoirs*, Author's Translation.

foe, the British Grenadiers, who were marching down the hedge to turn the flank and penetrate the camp from the rear, turned and at almost point-blank range poured a terrible and withering volley in to Auvergne. General Rochambeau fell to the ground with a ball in his thigh. Confused as he was by the shock of the bullet, the blood running in a stream from his shattered thigh, unable to stand without support, momentarily growing weaker from the loss of blood, and knowing that if he lost consciousness the army was doomed, he managed to support himself between two Chasseurs, who ran to his assistance, and cried out as rapidly as possible the orders necessary for salvation, his voice momentarily growing weaker:

"Fire by half companies." "Die at your post rather than give up." "Wait the coming of the brigade." "Aim when you fire."

The three battalions of Auvergne posted on the left, remembering the long days of drill in the Duchy of Berg, the discipline that had stood them in such good stead at Minden, the glorious traditions of over two hundred years, responded by pouring in such a terrible volley that the famous Grenadiers of King George broke as they broke at Bunker Hill.

Prince Ferdinand, however, was a veteran and a wonderful commander, a repulse was not a defeat, and having soon reformed his lines, came on again, but like a football captain who has failed in an end run around the left, he shifted his attack and decided to try the flank on the right.

Dawn was now breaking, the fields behind the French were filled with different regiments hurrying in disorder to cover the front. The mist from the canal and the damp meadows commingling in swirling fog wreaths, some white from the water, some black and sulphurous from the belching cannon, tended to confuse and delay them in taking their proper positions. This left on the right the fourth battalion of Auvergne unsupported, and as the heavy columns of the Brunswickers came on through the mist, the ground shaking with their tread, their bayonets fixed, their sergeants in the German way kicking the men and beating them with their halberds, the officers waving their swords in hands half covered with frills of Mechlin lace, the brigade of Alsace, as German in speech as the Brunswickers, but even then

as loyal French as could be desired, and volunteers, ranged itself beside the fourth battalion. Rochambeau meanwhile, a fog in his throat, more choking than the mist or the sulphurous smoke, still coughed out his orders, the fourth battalion stood its ground as firmly as had the three battalions on the left, and with Alsace helping, and firing by half companies, so that there was no pause for loading, the troops fired and fired again, and a second time men fell from the advancing column, rolled with clutching fingers on the brown October grass, stumbled to their knees, and pitched forward suddenly face downward. Then the ranks seemed to crumble, to disintegrate, and in a moment to vanish, broken and disordered in the fog. The one regiment of Royal Auvergne, practically unaided, had repulsed an entire army.

These troops, however, were veterans of many a battle, their general second only to Frederick the Great among the commanders of Europe, and again they formed, again came on, the British Grenadiers, the light infantry of Hesse, the Deaths Head Regiments of Brunswick, the heavy dragoons, the flashy hussars.

On the French side, "Normandy", composed of green recruits, now swung into the line, there was a moment of disorder, and from front and flank a concentrated fire swept away rank after rank of the French. Auvergne seemed to be disappearing by platoons, but they stood, and Prince Ferdinand could not advance a foot. Up over the fields came the regiment of Tour-du-Pin,[1] of which Rochambeau in Flanders expected to be made Colonel. It was led by de Castries himself, who had wisely accepted Rochambeau's orders like a subaltern, and as yet unscathed, with bayonets fixed, with the quick, short steps of the French infantry at the charge launched itself, a mass of white coats and gleaming steel at the left flank of the British and Hessians, while Auvergne, undeterred by its terrible losses, its Colonel unconscious, every officer of the Chasseurs and Grenadiers killed or wounded, sprang forward in a charge against the flank of the enemy on the right. In all directions the enemy gave ground, and the battle was won. The French did not pursue, they let well enough alone, and for a time wondered whether any were left alive to take the news to Paris.

[1] Minister of War in the early days of the French Revolution, and guillotined.

Magnificent Auvergne was practically gone. The entire complement of officers for the whole regiment was sixty-six, and fifty-eight were out of action, and of the gallant privates eight hundred had fallen on that terrible morning.[1]

In most of the tents where, at the volley of Ficher's Patrol, either seven or eight men had thrown aside the great common coverlet, only one or two returned to roll it up, pull out the tent pegs and strike the tent. About two out of every three had fallen, probably more, for the regiment was not at full strength, having met other losses; perhaps two hundred remained. At Bunker Hill the British lost one out of every three engaged, and the Americans one out of five. Generally in the Seven Years War only one out of eight hundred shots fired found its mark, in our Revolution and in the War of 1812, the general record of the American Army was one hit for four hundred shots. At Vera Cruz in 1914, one out of every one hundred and sixty-seven of the Americans engaged was hit, and in the late war the average loss in the last figures given was one out of twenty.

The battle of Closter-Camp was one of the deadliest of recorded history. The French, however, were well content, the result of the battle put an end not only to the siege of Wesel, but also to the projected descent on Flanders. It was the one real French victory having results of the Seven Years War and was fought, as has been said, just twenty-one years before their next victory, that of Yorktown.

Of the Royal Auvergne we hear no more in the Seven Years War, nor does its name appear in the Corsican expedition, the little war that intervened between the Seven Years War and the American Revolution. It had almost ceased to exist; some of its veterans, however, survived; some of its orphans grew up and stayed with the old organization; its name remained; its proud motto remained; its ancient colors remained, one mass of golden embroidery of names of battles, so many that the silken groundwork could be seen only with difficulty.

Brigadier-General Rochambeau had become a Major-General and a Lieutenant-General, and no longer had a regiment.

In 1779 General Rochambeau sailed for the United States with

[1] *Rochambeau's Memoirs*, Author's Translation.

the French expedition, and in the same year a blundering Minister of War took Auvergne and, to the grief and indignation of the survivors, merged this skeleton of a regiment with Gatenois, also a good regiment but without the traditions and "Honorifics" of Royal Auvergne.

Gatenois was then placed on shipboard and sent to the West Indies, thence in 1781 to sail at the urgent request of Rochambeau with Touraine, Royal Agenois, the Royal Engineers, an artillery regiment, and the Irish regiment of Dillon, to join Bourbonnais, Soissonais, Saint Onge, the Bavarians of Royal Deux Ponts, the Artillery train, and the Legion of Luzon at Yorktown, and just twenty-one years after the battle of Closter Camp, the old Grenadiers of Auvergne that had survived, formed the advance of Gatenois as it stood in the trenches ready to head the charge upon the English, Brunswickers and Hessians of Cornwallis on the night of October 15th, 1781.

As they stood there waiting, a short, stout officer, with a voice familiar to the ears of the Grenadiers of Auvergne, began to address them.

"*Mes enfants*,"—a whisper passed through the ranks,—"It is General Rochambeau." "*Mes enfants*, as I have relied on you this night"—the Grenadiers stood, if possible, more attentive than ever, for all the other regiments were green with envy at the honor accorded to Gatenois.

"I hope you have not forgotten that you have served heretofore in that brave regiment 'Auvergne Sans Tache,' a surname honorable, which it has merited since its creation."[1]

Silence; then the oldest Grenadier of Auvergne, a lad at Closter Camp, now a man well past middle age, once more spoke to the "Seigneur of Royal Auvergne,"—man fashion.

"Promise us that our name shall be returned and we will see that it is defended as of old."[2]

"They received my word," says General Rochambeau in his Memoirs. "Charged like lions and lost a third of their number. M. de Serrail, Captain of the Chausseurs, was wounded and died of his wounds, universally regretted. The King on the report

[1] *Rochambeau's Memoirs.*
[2] *Rochambeau's Memoirs.*

which I gave him signed an order which restored to that regiment the name of 'Royal Auvergne.'"

It is pleasant to add that the first Colonel of the restored "Auvergne" was the son of General Rochambeau, that he received the "Franchises of the Grenadiers," and that many years later, when Colonel Rochambeau was in turn General Rochambeau and Lieutenant-General Rochambeau was Marshal Rochambeau, the General's son, the Marshal's "Little Grandson Philip" also charged with the Grenadiers and received the same recognition.

MARSHALL PUTNAM THOMPSON.

IBSEN AND SOME CURRENT SUPERSTITIONS

BY HERBERT L. STEWART

It is the fate of almost every original man to launch ideas whose merit is at first derided, whose scope is afterwards exaggerated, and to which, when scorn and panegyric have worn themselves out, a calmer criticism is in the end forced to return. This has happened in a striking degree to Henrik Ibsen, and it is the purpose of the present article to consider just how much of lasting value the old Norwegian dramatist contributed to the moral debate not only of his own period, but of all periods, certainly not least to the distracted age of slogans in which we have now to live.

One might speak of Ibsen's remarkable talent for making vivacious dialogue, for creating characters that are life-like, for depicting different human types each of which we know to exist and have often personally met. He is among the few playwrights whose dramas are of intense interest not only to see but to read. Even on the printed page, and in the mind's eye, you can watch the actors at work. But our question about him just now is not about his brilliance as an artist; it is about the worth of those ideas or suggestions that he has offered for the ordering of life.

In that sparkling brochure, *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, Mr. Bernard Shaw has contended with great force that the old Norwegian was just an exponent and vindicator of *casuistry*. Mr. Shaw does not, indeed, put his argument in these words, for—like many others who are at bottom casuists—he has not used that ill-omened name. Such carefulness was, of course, in his case quite unconscious, for it has always been the Shavian practice rather to express quite moderate opinions in terms deliberately shocking than to disguise advanced thought in language that will appear decorous. If it had occurred to him that Ibsen

might with truth be called a casuist, he would no doubt have welcomed the chance to make his own book still more satiric by glorifying what others had agreed to deride, for it is Mr. Shaw's invariable motto to *épater le bourgeois*. That he should thus have avoided a clearly accurate and—for his own purpose—a most effective word, is a signal example to remind us that even our most daring "herald of revolt" is not quite emancipated from the linguistic conventions.

What Ibsen seems to hate above all else is an "ideal". "Life", exclaims one of his characters, "would be all right, if we could only be rid of those infernal fools who come to poor people's doors presenting their 'demands of the ideal'". That was to a great extent the dramatist's personal creed, and it impresses one at first sight as an astonishing position to take up. High ideals, loyalty to ideals, self-sacrifice for ideals—these are common phrases, with almost all of us, for the sort of character we judge good. What can Ibsen possibly have meant by suggesting that the preacher of ideals is a public nuisance?

He means this: Every man, from time to time, finds himself in a situation where there is doubt about what he ought to do. He is faced with a genuine perplexity of conscience. Some will solve the enigma by referring the matter to an authoritative guide,—a Church, a tradition, the advice of some wise neighbor, the prevalent judgment of the society in which they live. But the modern world seems to be agreed that thus to turn over the responsibility of deciding to some external director, to shrink from thinking things out for oneself, and to put one's conscience in somebody else's keeping, to do not what one independently feels to be right, but what one has been enjoined to do by some outside controller, is an unworthy attitude for a human being to take up. So we very generally maintain what we call the duty of private judgment. But, if we scrutinize the matter more closely, we find that in thus privately judging, we do not as a rule exercise our own consciences, but accept as authoritative something we call an "ideal", and that this ideal has been made not by us, but for us. We decide to do something because it is prescribed by the ideal of liberty, the ideal of democracy, the ideal of humanity, the ideal of taste. Once we have brought our case

under a rule, we follow the rule, and dispense ourselves from further inquiring into the consequences of this choice or that. It is a cast-iron formula, fashioned by forces quite outside ourselves, and subjected to no independent criticism of our own. And we have many such cast-iron formulæ, which prescribe different courses of action in a single case.

Ibsen's argument is that there is not a single so-called ideal which can serve with advantage to relieve us from the need of looking into every situation on its merits. There is no maxim that can be used as a moral ready-reckoner without often leading astray those who use it. And, lest anyone should suppose that Ibsen is exaggerating, and that mankind is not open to this reproach of acting in the dark upon an assumed infallible rule, he has given us at least six plays in which we may recognize very natural and very common types of mankind who are misled by this superstition about ideals. He takes up six of our most venerable sanctities by which good and sincere people shape their conduct, and exhibits these not as guiding lights that we can trust, but rather as will o' the wisps that take us to quagmires, to precipices, to roaring whirlpools of disaster. What are these six? Uncompromising truthfulness, respectability, enthusiasm for self-realization, government by the will of the people, the unsparing sacrifice of an individual for a cause, the sacredness of home and family—have we any ideals more sacred than these, or any that are more commonly relied upon as guides to the best life? They are taken for granted, looked on as intuitive. In a moral sense they are what Tolstoi called "the things by which men live." Ibsen shows us each of them at work, and the melancholy consequence to which each may lead. It is irrational, he thinks, to take them for granted; they are intuitive only as a prejudice may seem to be so; and, if men live by them, this is one cause which makes living so much of a failure.

Take, for instance, his famous drama, *A Doll's House*. The ideal attacked there is that of the so-called "womanly woman," the ideal that used to be better known before feminism and the suffragette gave it such a rude jolt. The doll in this piece is, of course, the wife in the house, knowing nothing of her husband's business, regarding her chief duty to him as that of making

pleasant his leisure hours, holding his affections by a hundred little tricks of endearment, dressing the children nicely, and in general living up to the immortal motto, "A woman's place is the home." Nora Helmer's husband is resolved to keep her like this, calls her his little lark, his little squirrel, that must not droop its wings nor get out of temper, takes her playfully by the ear when she wants more money, and—as a preliminary to letting her have some—jokes her about being a little spendthrift and a little featherhead. She is always a "little" something, never, by any chance, anything on a large scale. Nora accepts her rôle in the game, and carries off the coaxing function with a spirit like that inculcated in Tennyson's *Princess*. Her husband falls sick, and is ordered abroad, but has no means to go on the expensive trip that has been prescribed. The situation of the family becomes desperate, and the wife has to act for a husband who can no longer act for himself, in business matters with which she has no familiarity. The "little lark" and "little squirrel" characteristics prove inadequate. Nora borrows the money from those who lend at outrageous interest to persons in distress. She is obliged to get her note endorsed, a proceeding with which so far she had been fortunate enough to have no acquaintance. The only person to ask is her father, but he suddenly dies before his signature can be secured, and Nora takes the quickest way out by writing her father's name at the bottom of the note with her own hand. The rest can be imagined. The moneylender soon learns all about it; blackmail follows blackmail; Nora escapes from each precipice by plunging headlong over another, and concludes in the end that if she had been a less womanly woman, and more a woman of business, it would have been better for all concerned.

Or, take the play called *Pillars of Society*. The ideal there treated is the one called "respectability". Ibsen has in mind the view that social leaders, men of mark and influence in the surroundings in which they live, owe it not only to themselves, but to the public, that their repute shall be preserved without a blemish. They may have had a wild, tempestuous youth, from which they have reformed, and, rising on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things, have become to all who know them

symbols of good citizenship. It would destroy their weight, and hence their power for good, if all were known of their past which might be known. They have become "pillars of society", and the pillars must not be allowed to rock, for society would rock with them. It is like the case of Nicholas Bulstrode in George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, who finds it so easy to convince himself that it is a social obligation to draw a veil over what he has been. One of these characters is threatened with exposure, and the shifts to which he has recourse "in the public interest" involve his putting the blame for much that he has done upon someone else. He manages to succeed in this for a time, but when the facts come out—as they do—he finds that he has done his public no good by adding deception to his other vices. And the play closes with the aphorism that the spirits of truth and freedom are the real pillars of society.

Lest, however, it might be thought that we have even here a sufficing formula, and that the notion of relentless truthfulness is the one safe ideal to follow, Ibsen has a play on that subject too. It is *The Wild Duck*. The idealist in this is a man who thinks that mankind is to be redeemed by telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The household upon which he operates is one in which the wife has had a past which she has not disclosed to her husband, and the truth-teller, convinced that only by absolute candor can the domestic relations be made perfect, proceeds to rectify the trouble by telling all he himself knows. The result is not cheering. Having made a clean breast of an unpleasant truth which had been buried for many years, the idealist strikes a pose, and asks the whole family, now apprised of what the wife had concealed, whether they do not feel immensely better for having things cleared up. But they do not. One of the daughters shoots herself.

Turning to the ideal called "democracy," Ibsen subjects to a mordant analysis the rule that each individual citizen must support with might and main whatever has been determined upon by a plebiscite. He was clearly thinking of those who had maligned himself as unpatriotic because he had proclaimed Norway's faults to the world, and had declined to join in the chorus of loyal panegyric upon all things Norwegian. In *An*

Enemy of the People, some curious doctrines are discussed. We have once again our old friend, the believer in maintaining one's "respectability," who explains that he does so in the interest of the nation; for, he says, "without moral authority I am powerless to direct public affairs as seems to my judgment best for the common good." We have a newspaper man who asks, "What is an editor's first and most obvious duty? Has he not received a sort of tacit mandate to work persistently and assiduously for the welfare of those whose opinions he represents? Or is it possible that I am mistaken in that?" The particular project in hand is that of advertising the town and attracting tourists. A local doctor points out that the drawback of the place is the contamination present in the water supply, and he indicates his purpose of making this known. It is at once impressed upon him that to do so will mean ruin to the grand public purpose, that a vote has been taken on the matter, and that in such circumstances any good citizen must bow to the will of the greater number. Otherwise he is an "enemy of the people". It is here that Ibsen gives us his own views upon the place of the original thinker in any community which he has not been able to convince of things that he has himself seen. The point made is that, so far from truth being, as a matter of course, on the side taken by the majority, all new truths lie on the side of a few pioneers, and that by the time the majority have come to acknowledge these, the pioneers themselves have advanced beyond them. The multitude adheres to the past with stubborn and even resentful inertia. And, when at length it does begin to move, the position it moves to has already become antiquated in the thought of those who first adopted it.

In estimating Ibsen's attitude to our social ideals it will be well to distingush (1) the popular legend about him, which makes merits out of his very faults; (2) the truth about him which reveals much of very great merit indeed that his admirers often fail to observe at all; (3) the points in which—as it seems to the present critic—he really breaks down, just because he has been insufficiently faithful to some of his own principles.

The popular legend is that Ibsen's great distinction lies in his thoroughness as a "herald of revolt". The thing against which

he is supposed to have been in revolt is what is called "moral convention," and the standard he is supposed to have erected in antagonism to this is "Nature"—free, instinctive impulses, unrestrained by tradition or respectability or established usage. That large number of emancipated folk who speak about the foolishness and the hypocrisy of the conventional claim Ibsen as the exponent of their view. They talk about having done with worn-out prejudice—commonly typified by "Mrs. Grundy"—and going out in a spirit of heroic moral adventure to set at defiance what George Eliot called "the world's wife." We know these anarchists, but they do Henrik Ibsen grievous wrong when they represent him as stupid enough and uninformed enough to be their apostle. He was himself aware how he was being traduced, and in at least one immortal play he set out to caricature the Ibsenites.

For what, in the end, is the principle of this attack upon conventional morality? Nine times out of ten, whatever strength it has, arises from dexterously playing upon the ambiguities of a word. Convention means agreement, and conventional morality is agreed morality. If it is bad, this must surely be, not because it is agreed upon, but because we have agreed upon something wrong.

This is not, however, the ground which most of the objectors take up. By "convention", they understand not an agreement which is based upon reason, but an agreement which springs from caprice. And they argue that most of our ideas about good and evil arise from a capriciously formed tradition. Yet in truth it would be very hard indeed to find any such ideas which we could fairly describe as originating in this way. They are rather the slowly won conquests of moral intelligence. The habits, the rules, the maxims of agreed morality under which we have come to live, are by no means beyond criticism and improvement. Neither are our forms of state administration. But just as better methods of governing are reached, not by anarchic revolt against the past, but by feeling sure that our ancestors had some substantial cause for the polity they have given us, and that in introducing something better we should conserve what is good already, so in codes of conduct it is no mere preju-

dice that makes us respect tradition. It is our legitimate and proper deference to the wisdom of those who went before, and whom modesty bids us credit with the same kind of moral judgment as we have ourselves. To be thus "conventional" means only that we refuse to declare a Year One in conduct any more than in the constitution of the state, and insist that the growth of the future, if it is to be healthy, must spring out of the soil of the past.

Ibsen did not forget this, although it must be admitted that in his concern to emphasize another side of the truth he insufficiently allowed for it. But such splendidly satiric pieces as *Peer Gynt*, in which the "self-realizers" are held up to ridicule, should warn his panegyrists to take care how they fix the ground of their compliment. His chief complaint against his own time is that, in loyalty to the ideals of the past, we have forgotten that the rational spirit which inspired our ancestors to form them should likewise inspire us to improve and to re-define them. In our deference to bygone authority we fail to realize that we too must be authorities to those who come after. Instead of re-adjusting our formulæ to advancing insight, we stereotype the formulæ of an earlier time.

We can see the point of this most clearly, perhaps, if we take one overmastering rubric by which our confused world is just now being undone. When President Wilson coined the word "self-determination," he set up what Ibsen would call an "ideal." And what havoc that ideal bids fair to produce among those for whom it is the one all-sufficient guide to the problems of statesmanship! Does anyone now know just what it means, or what policy it should dictate in a particular case? The Bolsheviki in Russia are determining themselves, with results that we know. In Ireland, Ulster on the one hand and the South on the other, are using the same phrase for purposes of mutual execration. It looks as if before long the Labor party in some communities will bethink itself that not only a nation, but an industrial class, should thus become self-conscious, and assert the right to determine itself no matter what may happen to other interests of mankind. Nor can anyone refute such pretensions except by boldly disavowing the imperative character of this as

of all other cast-iron formulæ. Self-determination has taken the place of a host of other theories that have been tried in turn, and not one of them is in itself a master-key to our difficulties. "Liberty," "Democracy," and many others have been advanced to dispense us from the need of really thinking out each case on its merits, and not a few seem to decide all questions by just asking which course fulfils one or other of the "ideals" thus set up. Nor are they deterred by the fact that often they cannot fulfil one without outraging another of at least equal value. Ibsen's most important message is that there are no moral ready-reckoners, there is no ideal that can be consulted like a railroad time-table, but that all human rules, like everything else that is human, are fallible, requiring correction, admitting exceptions,—good if we use them with care, disastrous if we use them blindly. The question about each is not whether it is good or bad, but how much of it is good, and with what other ingredients its action must be tempered if it is not to work on the whole for evil.

Thus what Ibsen has done well to press upon us is the need for an open mind in the sphere of morals. It may well turn out that as we make progress in other things, we may advance also in the sagacity of our judgments about right and wrong, in the fixing of our moral perspective, and the apportioning of our moral values. What he has insufficiently recognized is the existence in every code of certain general principles, not indeed secure against the very possibility of an exception, but of such wide and general validity that the exceptions may in the practice of at least the average person be fitly ignored. That in his desire to drive home the supplementary truth, he has not kept this conspicuous, has had the result of making his admirers forget that he was aware of it at all. It is not the suitable rôle of most of us to be moral innovators, nor can most of us without serious disaster keep our moral ideas fluid. In every other science there are certain assured positions; why not in this,—the most significant of sciences for human well-being?

This, however, is ground of complaint far less against Ibsen than against those inferior writers who have imitated his faults but have been unable to imitate either his wisdom or his power. He has erred in the main through insufficient fidelity to his own

principles, for in giving to each influence in the moral world its place, but no more than its place, he often seems at least to forget that the conventions have any place at all. By his own rule of forecasting consequences, he should not omit the very serious consequence which must follow the weakening of that authority which is for most people the sole kind of rule by which they can live. It is in morals as in health: the maxims about the care of the body by which the average person lives may no doubt often be shaky enough, calling for reconsideration, and revision, and improvement. But to bid the man in the street to neglect the conventions imposed by medical science, and start an independent quest for higher hygienic truth on his own account, would be far less to the advantage of the public than to the profit of the quack. So too, though in all conscience our social morals may well have to be overhauled, they are not to be overhauled by everyone, and it is ethical quacks who are for the most part bothering us with their nostrums. Just here we may be thankful for a too-little valued endowment which secures us from many dangers,—I mean the magnificent *inertia* of mankind. After all, many of us have a most salutary power of keeping cool when the quacks, both medical and moral, brandish their drugs in our faces. We know that we may be wrong ourselves, but we suspect that these monitors know far too little about us to set our systems right. That was a very pregnant utterance by Edmund Burke, in which we see the reverse side of the issue with which Ibsen had to deal. Burke had in mind the argument that each person must decide for himself, or "determine himself," neglecting as tyrannical the judgment of anyone else. "We are afraid," he said, "to put men to live and trade each on his private stock of reason; because we suspect that this stock in each man is small, and that the individuals would do better to avail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations and ages."

HERBERT L. STEWART.

LIFE AND DEATH OF HARRIETT FREAN—III

BY MAY SINCLAIR

IX

In all her previsions of the event she had seen herself surviving as the same Harriett Frean with the addition of an overwhelming grief. She was horrified at this image of herself persisting beside her mother's place empty in space and time.

But she was not there. Through her absorption in her mother some large, essential part of herself had gone. It had not been so when her father died; what he had absorbed was given back to her transferred to her mother. All her memories of her mother were joined to the memory of this now irrecoverable self.

She tried to reinstate herself through grief; she sheltered behind her bereavement, affecting a more profound seclusion, abhorring strangers; she was more than ever the reserved, fastidious daughter of Hilton Frean. She had always thought of herself as different from Connie and Sarah, living with a superior, intellectual life. She turned to the books she had read with her mother, Dante, Browning, Carlyle and Ruskin, the biographies of Great Men, trying to retrace the footsteps of her lost self, to revive the forgotten thrill. But it was no use. One day she found herself reading the Dedication of *The Ring and the Book* over and over again without taking in its meaning, without any remembrance of its poignant secret. "'And all a wonder and a wild desire'—Mamma loved that." She thought she loved it too; but what she loved was the dark green book she had seen in her mother's long, white hands, and the sound of her mother's voice reading. She had followed her mother's mind with strained attention and anxiety, smiling when she smiled but with no delight and no admiration of her own.

If only she could have remembered! It was only through memory that she could reinstate herself.

She had a horror of the empty house. Her friends advised her to leave it, but she had a horror of removal, of change. She loved the rooms that had held her mother, the chair she had sat on, the white, fluted cup she had drunk from in her illness. She clung to the image of her mother; and always beside it, shadowy and pathetic, she discerned the image of her lost self.

When the horror of emptiness came over her, she dressed herself in her black, with delicate care and precision, and visited her friends. Even in moments of no intention she would find herself knocking at Lizzie's door or Sarah's or Connie Pennefather's. If they were not in she would call again and again, till she found them. She would sit for hours, talking, spinning out the time.

She began to look forward to these visits.

Wonderful. The sweet peas she had planted had come up.

Hitherto Harriett had looked on the house and garden as parts of the space that contained her without belonging to her. She had had no sense of possession. This morning she was arrested by the thought that the plot she had planted was hers. The house and garden were hers. She began to take an interest in them. She found that by a system of punctual movements she could give to her existence the reasonable appearance of an aim.

Next spring, a year after her mother's death, she felt the vague stirring of her individual soul. She was free to choose her own Vicar; she left her mother's Dr. Braithwaite who was broad and twice married, and went to Canon Wrench who was unmarried and high. There was something stimulating in the short, happy service, the rich music, the incense and the processions. She made new covers for the drawing-room, in cretonne, a gay pattern of pomegranate and blue-green leaves. And as she had always had the cutlets broiled plain because her mother liked them that way, now she had them breaded.

And Mrs. Hancock wanted to know *why* Harriett had forsaken her dear mother's church; and when Connie Pennefather saw the covers she told Harriett she was lucky to be able to afford new cretonne. It was more than *she* could; she seemed to think Harriett had no business to afford it. As for the breaded cut-

lets, Hannah opened her eyes and said, "That was how the mistress always had them, ma'am, when you was away."

One day she took the egg out of the drawing-room and stuck it on the chimney-piece in the spare room. When she remembered how she used to love it she felt that she had done something cruel and iniquitous, but necessary to the soul.

She was taking out novels from the circulating library now. Not, she explained, for her serious reading. Her serious reading, her Dante, her Browning, her Great Man, lay always on the table ready to her hand (beside a copy of *The Social Order* and the *Remains* of Hilton Frean) while secretly and half-ashamed she played with some frivolous tale. She was satisfied with anything that ended happily and had nothing in it that was unpleasant, or difficult, demanding thought. She exalted her preferences into high canons. A novel *ought* to conform to her requirements. A novelist (she thought of him with some asperity) had no right to be obscure, or depressing, or to add needless unpleasantness to the unpleasantness that had to be. The Great Men didn't *do* it.

She spoke of George Eliot and Dickens and Mr. Thackeray.

Lizzie Pierce had a provoking way of smiling at Harriett as if she found her ridiculous. And Harriett had no patience with Lizzie's affectation in wanting to be modern, her vanity in trying to be young, her middle-aged raptures over the work—often unpleasant—of writers too young to be worth serious consideration. They had long arguments in which Harriett, beaten, retired behind *The Social Order* and the *Remains*.

"It's silly," Lizzie said, "not to be able to look at a new thing because it's new. That's the way you grow old."

"It's sillier," Harriett said, "to be always running after new things because you think that's the way to look young. I've no wish to appear younger than I am."

"I've no wish to appear suffering from senile decay."

"There *is* a standard." Harriett lifted her obstinate and arrogant chin. "You forget that I'm Hilton Frean's daughter."

"I'm William Pierce's, but that hasn't prevented my being myself."

Lizzie's mind had grown keener in her sharp middle-age. As it played about her, Harriett cowered; it was like being exposed, naked, to a cutting wind. Her mind ran back to her father and mother, longing, like a child, for their shelter and support, for the blessed assurance of herself.

At her worst she could still think with pleasure of the beauty of the act which had given Robin to Priscilla.

X

"My dear Harriett: Thank you for your kind letter of sympathy. Although we had expected the end for many weeks poor Prissie's death came to us as a great shock. But for her it was a blessed release, and we can only be thankful. You who knew her will realize the depth and extent of my bereavement. I have lost the dearest and most loving wife man ever had" . . .

Poor little Prissie. She couldn't bear to think she would never see her again.

Four months later Robin wrote again, from Sidmouth.

"Dear Harriett: Priscilla left you this locket in her will as a remembrance. I would have sent it before but that I couldn't bear to part with her things all at once.

"I take this opportunity of telling you that I am going to be married again—"

Her heart heaved and closed. She could never have believed she could have felt such a pang.

"The lady is Miss Beatrice Walker, the devoted nurse who was with my dear wife all through her last illness. This step may seem strange and precipitate coming so soon after her death; but I am urged to do it by the precarious state of my own health and by the knowledge that we are fulfilling poor Prissie's dying wish. . . ."

Poor Prissie's dying wish. After what she had done for Prissie, if she *had* a dying wish—But neither of them had thought of *her*. Robin had forgotten her . . . Forgotten . . . Forgotten. . . .

But no. Priscilla had remembered. She had left her the

locket with his hair in it. She had remembered and she had been afraid; jealous of her. She couldn't bear to think that Robin might marry her, even after she was dead. She had made him marry this Walker woman so that he shouldn't—

Oh, but he wouldn't. Not after twenty years.

"I didn't really think he would."

She was forty-five, her face was lined and pitted and her hair was dust colour, streaked with grey: and she could only think of Robin as she had last seen him, young: a young face; a young body; young, shining eyes. He would want to marry a young woman. He had been in love with this Walker woman and Prissie had known it. She could see Prissie lying in her bed, helpless, looking at them over the edge of the white sheet. She had known that as soon as she was dead, before the sods closed over her grave, they would marry. Nothing could stop them. And she had tried to make herself believe it was her wish, her doing, not theirs. Poor little Prissie.

She understood that Robin had been staying in Sidmouth for his health.

A year later Harriett, run down, was ordered to the seaside. She went to Sidmouth. She told herself that she wanted to see the place where she had been so happy with her mother, where poor Aunt Harriett had died.

Looking through the local paper she found in the list of residents: Sidcote. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lethbridge and Miss Walker. She wrote to Robin and asked if she might call on his wife.

A mile of hot road through the town and inland brought her to a door in a lane and a thatched cottage with a little lawn behind it. From the doorstep she could see two figures, a man and a woman, lying back in garden chairs. Inside the house she heard the persistent, energetic sound of hammering. The woman got up and came to her. She was young, pink-faced and golden haired, and she said she was Miss Walker, Mrs. Lethbridge's sister.

A tall, lean, grey man rose from the garden chair, slowly, dragging himself with an invalid air. His eyes stared, groping,

blurred films that trembled between the pouch and droop of the lids; long cheeks, deep-grooved, dropped to the infirm mouth that sagged under the limp moustache. That was Robin.

He became agitated when he saw her. "Poor Robin," she thought. "All these years, and it's too much for him, seeing me." Presently he dragged himself from the lawn to the house and disappeared through the French window where the hammering came from.

"Have I frightened him away?" she said.

"Oh no, he's always like that when he sees strange faces."

"My face isn't exactly strange."

"Well, he must have thought it was."

A sudden chill crept through her.

"He'll be all right when he gets used to you," Miss Walker said.

The strange face of Miss Walker chilled her. A strange young woman, living close to Robin, protecting him, explaining Robin's ways.

The sound of hammering ceased. Through the long, open window she saw a woman rise up from the floor and shed a white apron. She came down the lawn to them, with raised arms, patting disordered hair, large, a full, firm figure clipped in blue linen. A full-blown face, bluish pink; thick grey eyes slightly protruding; a thick mouth, solid and firm and kind. That was Robin's wife. Her sister was slighter, fresher, a good ten years younger, Harriett thought.

"Excuse me, we're only just settling in. I was nailing down the carpet in Robin's study."

Her lips were so thick that they moved stiffly when she spoke or smiled. She panted a little as if from extreme exertion.

When they were all seated Mrs. Lethbridge addressed her sister. "Robin was quite right. It looks *much* better turned the other way."

"Do you mean to say he made you take it all up and put it down again? Well—"

"What's the use? . . . Miss Frean, you don't know what it is to have a husband who *will* have things just so."

"She had to mow the lawn this morning because Robin can't bear to see one blade of grass higher than another."

"Is he as particular as all that?"

"I assure you, Miss Frean, he is," Miss Walker informed her.

"He wasn't when I knew him," Harriett said.

"Ah—my sister spoils him."

Mrs. Lethbridge wondered why he hadn't come out again.

"I think," Harriett said, "perhaps he'll come if I go."

"Oh, you mustn't go. It's good for him to see people. Takes him out of himself."

"He'll turn up all right," Miss Walker said, "when he hears the tea-cups."

And at four o'clock when the tea-cups came Robin turned up, dragging himself slowly from the house to the lawn. He blinked and quivered with agitation; Harriett saw he was annoyed, not with her, and not with Miss Walker, but with his wife.

"Beatrice, what have you done with my new bottle of medicine?"

"Nothing, dear."

"You've done nothing, when you know you poured out my last dose at twelve?"

"Why, hasn't it come?"

"No. It hasn't."

"But Cissy ordered it this morning."

"I didn't," Cissy said. "I forgot."

"Oh—Cissy—"

"You needn't blame Cissy. You ought to have seen to it yourself. . . . She was a good nurse, Harriett, before she was my wife."

"My dear, your nurse had nothing else to do. Your wife has to clean and mend for you and cook your dinner and mow the lawn and nail the carpets down." While she said it she looked at Robin as if she adored him.

All through tea-time he talked about his health and about the sanitary dust-bin they hadn't got. Something had happened to him. It wasn't like him to be wrapped up in himself and to talk about dust-bins. He spoke to his wife as if she had been his valet. He didn't see that she was perspiring, worn out by her struggle with the carpet.

"Just go and fetch me another cushion, Beatrice."

She rose with tired patience.

"You might let her have her tea in peace," Miss Walker said, but she was gone before they could stop her.

When Harriett left she went with her to the garden gate, panting as she walked. Harriett noticed pale, blurred lines on the edges of her lips. She thought: She isn't a bit strong. She praised the garden.

Mrs. Lethbridge smiled. "Robin loves it . . . But you should have seen it at five o'clock this morning."

"Five o'clock?"

"Yes. I always get up at five to make Robin a cup of tea."

Harriett's last evening. She was dining at Sidcote. On her way there she had overtaken Robin's wife wheeling Robin in a bath-chair. Beatrice had panted and perspired and had made mute signs to Harriett not to take any notice. She had had to go and lie down till Robin sent for her to find his cigarette case. Now she was in the kitchen cooking Robin's part of the dinner while he lay down in his study. Harriett talked to Miss Walker in the garden.

"It's been very kind of you to have me so much."

"Oh, but we've loved having you. It's so good for Beatie. Gives her a rest from Robin. . . . I don't mean that she wants a rest. But, you see, she's not well. She looks a big, strong, bouncing thing, but she isn't. Her heart's weak. She oughtn't to be doing what she does."

"Doesn't Robin see it?"

"He doesn't see anything. He never knows when she's tired or got a headache. She'll drop dead before he'll see it. He's utterly selfish, Miss Frean. Wrapt up in himself and his horrid little ailments. Whatever happens to Beatie he must have his sweetbread, and his soup at eleven and his tea at five in the morning. . . .

. . . "I suppose you think I might help more?"

"Well—" Harriett did think it.

"Well, I just won't. I won't encourage Robin. He ought to get her a proper servant and a man for the garden and the bath-chair. I wish you'd give him a hint. Tell him she isn't strong. I can't. She'd snap my head off. Would you mind?"

Harriett didn't mind. She didn't mind what she said. She wouldn't be saying it to Robin, but to the contemptible thing that had taken Robin's place. She still saw Robin as a young man, with young shining eyes, who came rushing to give himself up at once, to make himself known. She had no affection for this selfish invalid, this weak, peevish bully.

Poor Beatrice. She was sorry for Beatrice. She resented his behavior to Beatrice. She told herself she wouldn't be Beatrice, she wouldn't be Robin's wife for the world. Her pity for Beatrice gave her a secret pleasure and satisfaction.

After dinner she sat out in the garden talking to Robin's wife while Cissy Walker played draughts with Robin in his study, giving Beatrice a rest from him. They talked about Robin.

"You knew him when he was young, didn't you? What was he like?"

She didn't want to tell her. She wanted to keep the young, shining Robin to herself. She also wanted to show that she had known him, that she had known a Robin that Beatrice would never know. Therefore she told her.

"My poor Robin." Beatrice gazed wistfully, trying to see this Robin that Priscilla had taken from her, that Harriett had known. Then she turned her back.

"It doesn't matter. I've married the man I wanted." She let herself go. "Cissy says I've spoiled him. That isn't true. It was his first wife who spoiled him. She made a nervous wreck of him."

"He was devoted to her."

"Yes. And he's paying for his devotion now. She wore him out. . . . Cissy says he's selfish. If he is, it's because he's used up all his unselfishness. He was living on his moral capital. . . . I feel as if I couldn't do too much for him after what he did. Cissy doesn't know how awful his life was with Priscilla. She was the most exacting—"

"She was my friend."

"Wasn't Robin your friend, too?"

"Yes. But poor Prissie, she was paralysed."

"It wasn't paralysis."

"What was it then?"

"Pure hysteria. Robin wasn't in love with her and she knew it. She developed that illness so that she might have a hold on him, get his attention fastened on her somehow. I don't say she could help it. She couldn't. But that's what it was."

"Well, she died of it."

"No. She died of pneumonia after influenza. I'm not blaming Prissie. She was pitiable. But he ought never to have married her."

"I don't think you ought to say that."

"You know what he was," said Robin's wife. "And look at him now."

But Harriett's mind refused, obstinately, to connect the two Robins and Priscilla.

She remembered that she had to speak to Robin. They went together into his study. Cissy sent her a look, a signal, and rose; she stood by the doorway.

"Beatie, you might come here a minute."

Harriett was alone with Robin.

"Well, Harriett, we haven't been able to do much for you. In my beastly state—"

"You'll get better."

"Never. I'm done for, Harriett. I don't complain."

"You've got a devoted wife, Robin."

"Yes. Poor girl, she does what she can."

"She does too much."

"My dear woman, she wouldn't be happy if she didn't."

"It isn't good for her. Does it never strike you that she's not strong?"

"Not strong? She's—she's almost indecently robust. What wouldn't I give to have her strength!"

She looked at him, at the lean figure sunk in the arm chair; at the dragged, infirm face, the blurred, owlish eyes, the expression of abject self-pity, of self absorption.

That was Robin.

The awful thing was that she couldn't love him, couldn't go on being faithful. This injured her self-esteem.

XI

Her old servant, Hannah, had gone, and her new servant, Maggie, had had a baby.

After the first shock and three months' loss of Maggie, it occurred to Harriett that the beautiful thing would be to take Maggie back and let her have the baby with her, since she couldn't leave it.

The baby lay in his cradle in the kitchen, black-eyed and rosy, doubling up his fat naked knees, smiling his crooked smile and saying things to himself. Harriett had to see him every time she came into the kitchen. Sometimes she heard him cry, an intolerable cry, tearing the nerves and heart. And sometimes she saw Maggie unbutton her black gown in a hurry and put out her white, rose-pointed breast to still his cry.

Harriett couldn't bear it. She could not bear it.

She decided that Maggie must go. Maggie was not doing her work properly. Harriett found fluff under the bed.

"I'm sure," Maggie said, "I'm doing no worse than I did, ma'am, and you usedn't to complain."

"No worse isn't good enough, Maggie. I think you might have tried to please me. It isn't everyone who would have taken you in the circumstances."

"If you think that, ma'am, it's very cruel and unkind of you to send me away."

"You've only yourself to thank. There's no more to be said."

"No, ma'am. I understand why I'm leaving. It's because of Baby. You don't want to 'ave 'im, and I think you might have said so before."

A month from that day Maggie packed her brown painted wooden box and the cradle and the perambulator. The greengrocer took them away in a handcart. Through the drawing-room window Harriett saw Maggie going away, carrying the baby, pink and round in his white knitted cap, his fat hips bulging over her arm under his white shawl. The gate fell to behind them. The click struck at Harriett's heart.

Three months later Maggie turned up again in a black hat and gown for best, red-eyed and humble.

"I came to see, ma'am, whether you'd take me back, as I 'aven't got Baby now."

"You haven't got him?"

" 'E died, ma'am, last month. I'd put him with a woman in the country. She was highly recommended to me. Very highly recommended she was, and I paid her six shillings a week. But I think she must 'ave done something she shouldn't."

"Oh Maggie, you don't mean she was cruel to him?"

"No, ma'am. She was very fond of him. Everybody was fond of Baby. But whether it was the food she gave him or what, 'e was that wasted you wouldn't have known him. You remember what he was like when he was here."

"I remember."

She remembered. She remembered. Fat and round in his white shawl and knitted cap when Maggie carried him down the garden path.

"I should think she'd a done something, shouldn't you, ma'am?"

She thought: No. No. It was I who did it when I sent him away.

"I don't know, Maggie. I'm afraid it's been very terrible for you."

"Yes, ma'am. . . . I wondered whether you'd give me another trial, ma'am."

"Are you quite sure you want to come to me, Maggie?"

"Yes'm. . . . I'm sure you'd a kept him if you could have borne to see him about."

"You know, Maggie, that was *not* the reason why you left. If I take you back you must try not to be careless and forgetful.'

"I shan't 'ave nothing to make me. Before, it was first Baby's father and then 'im."

She could see that Maggie didn't hold her responsible. After all, why should she? If Maggie had made bad arrangements for her baby, Maggie was responsible.

She went round to Lizzie and Sarah to see what they thought.

Sarah thought: Well—it was rather a difficult question, and Harriett resented her hesitation.

"Not at all. It rested with Maggie to go or stay. If she was incompetent I wasn't bound to keep her just because she'd had a baby. At that rate I should have been completely in her power."

Lizzie said she thought Maggie's baby would have died in any case, and they both hoped that Harriett wasn't going to be morbid about it.

Harriett felt sustained. She wasn't going to be morbid. All the same, the episode left her with a feeling of insecurity.

(*To be concluded*)

THE ARTISTIC FUTURE OF THE MOVIES

BY KENNETH MACGOWAN

THE miracle of the photoplay need fear no "higher criticism". From the first miraculous moment when light, guided by untold intricacies of mechanism, paints invisible shadows in the silver of the film, through all the thousand efforts of the human mind which create a new form of story-telling, a new type of acting, and a new character of producing organization, ending in another scientific marvel by which electricity fuses these things into a living story upon a wall—here is a unique record of invention and coördinated effort creating a wholly new and measurably illusive form of expression in something less than a generation.

Whatever the quality of the production—and some of it is very good, most of it very bad—the miracle is all the greater because of the human factors that have made it. Moving picture magnates who were once button salesmen; dramatic stars made from cloak models; directors recruited from small town stock companies; scenario writers of the "Snappy Yarns" class—these are the dominant creative factors in this art which has the instinct to call itself an "industry". There are men of financial vision like Zuckor; the greatest popular photoplay favorite is also one of the best character actresses of the screen; at least three directors,—Griffith, Tucker and Tourneur,—know passion, sympathy and beauty; the screen has created a new type of story-teller in men like C. Gardner Sullivan. But against this pitiful minority of creative talent must be ranged the ninety-nine per cent mass of sinister or trivial destructive forces which have played a part in the miracle of the movies.

Of all the personal ineptitudes of the screen, none is more powerfully sinister than the exhibitor, the man who owns and manages the theatres where the photoplays meet their public. It is the exhibitor, ignorant and naïve when he is not vicious and

corrupt, that accents and perpetuates every fault, banality, and vice of the photoplay producers.

There are 13,000 of these exhibitors in America. They own or manage theatres ranging from the old converted store, where most of them got their start, to million-dollar playhouses, the largest and best appointed in America. About 12,250 of these men may be most kindly described as casuals of the business world. They had too little application for success in trade, or too much of the wrong kind of brains for anything but a "sure thing" game. Some of them sold their "paddle-wheels", gambling machines, and automatic popcorn roasters, and put the money into cheap wooden seats, a projection-machine or two, and a deposit on the lease of an empty store. The others acquired their capital in ways sometimes more devious, sometimes less. Like most of the factors that control picture-making today, they secured their place early, and they have held on by the right of priority and the vested interest of experience. The canny producers have given their own estimate of the exhibitors of America by requiring an "advance deposit" of a film's rental before doing business.

There are geniuses of a sort among the exhibitors, as well as simple, dull, honest fellows. The men who have seen the possibilities in salesmanship that this new entertainment presents—men like Rothapfel, Riesenfeld, Grauman—now manage gigantic theatres which add symphony concerts, scenic spectacles, and good singing to the films which they furnish the public at twenty-five cents to a dollar a seat. Such showmen are rare, considerably rarer than the big theatres that they manage. Eighty per cent of the motion picture playhouses still remain small structures seating three to five hundred. Their management cannot attract men of ability, because the returns are too meagre. Only the extension of the chain system, now applied to theatres in Philadelphia and the Twin Cities, will make it possible to put a high grade of directive talent at work selecting films for such houses and supervising their management.

The presence of a great mass of commercial and artistic ignorance at the point where the public must register its taste, has many curious effects on the sort of film entertainment made and most profitably sold in America. For one thing, it accounts for

the amazing and crazy project for the control of legitimate Broadway theatrical production launched this past year by one of the sanest producing companies. This organization was ready to finance any producer of plays who would give it the picture rights to his properties. Why? Not because good play plots make good picture plots; some of them do, some do not, and all require the sort of reconstruction that eliminates most of the features of the original. The films are ready to use any play plots, good or bad—good or bad for Broadway, good or bad for screendom. They have paid extravagant, five-figure prices for Broadway failures no more fitted to the screen than Broadway successes. They have done this not to acquire a famous title like *The Music Master* or *The Lion and the Mouse*, for the bulk of their purchases have been failures never seen outside two or three cities. They have paid ten and fifteen thousand dollars for a sop to their consciences when they advertise "made from the great Broadway success". And who is to read these advertisements and believe? Not the public. The public is either wise or indifferent. It is the exhibitor for whom these snares are set, the exhibitor who is ignorant enough never to know one Broadway play from another, and credulous enough to believe that the Broadway background matters. The result is the foisting upon producer and public of a lot of inferior stuff which would clog and stop the flow of any stream less miraculous than this gusher from the rock of science.

By their odd detachment from the world of reality which they serve, the creative factors of the screen blame its ills upon the public. Perhaps it is only a natural reaction to the public's insistence that the producer, and only the producer, is to blame for the manifest sins of the screen. However that may be, men of the intelligence of Maurice Tourneur believe with a pathetic faith that the public dictates the sort of entertainment furnished by the miraculous and mysterious organism of the screen. In a recent article, Mr. Tourneur analyzes with withering scorn the average types of photoplays shown today. We see, he says, either "a sneering, hip-wriggling, cigarette-smoking vampire", or "a cute, curly-headed, sun-bonneted, smiling and pouting ingenue. . . . She runs through beautiful gardens (always

with the same nice 'back lighting' effects), or the poor thing is working under dreadful factory conditions that have not been known for at least forty years. . . . If it is not either a vampire or an ingenue, it is a band of cowboys, generous-hearted, impulsive souls. They never do a stroke of work; they couldn't —they have no time. They must be hanging around the saloon, ready to spring into the saddle and rescue the heroine, whether she is a telegraph operator, or a lumberman's daughter, or a school teacher up in the mountains. I saw all that many times, but I have yet to see a cowboy looking after a cow."

The burden of Mr. Tourneur's plaint is that this is the only sort of thing that pays. Mr. Tourneur, never having made this sort of thing himself, is keenly conscious that it crowds his own *Blue Bird* and *Prunella* out of the motion picture theatres. "I would rather starve and make good pictures," he writes, "if I knew they were going to be shown; but to starve and to make pictures that are thrown in the ashcan is above any man's strength."

The curious thing about Mr. Tourneur is that he imagines the public is accountable for the exhibition of the stuff he abhors. "As long as the public taste will oblige us to make what are very justly called 'machine-made' stories, we can only bow and give them what they want." The fact, however, is that the public has a very imperfect chance of telling what it wants. The exhibitor intervenes. He is the interpreter of public taste. He begins by picking what he likes himself. Suppose it is these machine-made stories of which Mr. Tourneur complains. By and large, I do not believe that the public really cares for these films; but some portion of the public cares for almost anything, and when the exhibitor has been dispensing adulterants, narcotics, and pap over his counter for a few months, he has built up a dependable clientele for such stories. He has found the part of the public that likes the "vamps" and the cowboys. He knows "what the public wants." If he is inveigled into showing some film of a little more ingenuity and intelligence, his hand-picked audience is bored and the receipts fall off. Which proves, by his reasoning and Mr. Tourneur's, that "the public" doesn't want the good things.

After all, it is a problem in salesmanship. First of all, selling films to the exhibitor; second, selling films to the public. Mr. Tourneur says at one point in his article on "Meeting the Public Demands": "*Broken Blossoms* was a very good picture, but suppose it had been shown without two Russian orchestras, the two prologues, and about fifty thousand dollars worth of publicity: who would have gone to see it?" He should inquire what exhibitor in Ohio would have had the sense to show it. Some of the trimmings—though most were a drawback—helped to create an atmosphere for *Broken Blossoms*. But the whole effect was calculated more to create talk and impress the exhibitors of the country than simply to draw Broadway. It is one of the grave shortcomings of the mass of exhibitors that they lack the imagination to devise the sort of presentation which many pictures demand, and which impressed them so much in the case of *Broken Blossoms*.

A photoplay, like a soap, is a commodity of sale. It may be good or bad. If it is sold properly, the better photoplay will outdistance the worse, just as the better soap outsells the poorer. There is no staggering degree of intelligence, to be sure, among the small shopkeepers of America. But soap is never so dependent on the opinion of this class of men as is the photoplay. The manufacturer and the big jobber, rather than the retailer, actually sell the soap to the public. They do it through advertising and organization. The storekeeper merely maintains a storehouse where the customer can find the thing that he has become convinced is good. In the films, a far larger part of the salesmanship is left in the hands of the retailer. He advertises—for the most part, very badly. He can show only one commodity at a time, and he must decide in advance just what commodity the public wants. The public must enjoy its purchases on the premises; therefore the aspect of the theatre and the atmosphere of lights and music affect the public taste in films, while the state of the store does little or nothing to warp a soap-buyer's judgment. At a dozen points, it is possible for the exhibitor to make or mar what we call public taste. He creates his theatre and his public in his own image.

It would be foolish, of course, to deny that the motion picture

is anything but a popular art. The extravagant conditions of production and distribution today require such a huge income that unless a play is built to please millions of people it is bound to lose money. Popular taste is popular taste. It cares for no nuances. Its art can be great only by being simple. But at the worst, novelty is always profitable, while, at the best, the qualities of the great classics exert their broad, eternal pull. In motion pictures there is no chance for a *Pélléas and Mélisande.* We can only hope for a *Hamlet* or a Story of Ruth. These things are as possible for the screen as for the printed book. The only miracle, when they at last appear on the silver sheet, will be that they have been able to conquer the exhibitor as well as the button salesman, the cloak model and the stock director.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

TWO MASTERWORKS RECONSIDERED

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

THREE years after Wagner was translated from Wahnfried to Olympus, Richard Strauss began to compose that extraordinary series of tone-poems for orchestra which have agitated the musical waters as they had not been agitated since the mightier Richard set our grandmothers quarreling with our grandfathers over *Tristan* and the *Ring* and *Meistersinger* (which latter work John Ruskin, in 1882, called "a soulless, sapless, tuneless doggerel of sounds—an eternity of nothing"). The nine tone-poems of Strauss traverse a generation. Their emergence, between the *Macbeth* of 1886 and the *Alpensinfonie* of 1915, challenged every established canon and outraged every tradition of musical art, incited critics to wild debauches of rhapsody and vilification, and engendered a torrent of conflicting epithets the like of which the Heavenly Maid, holding high her imperilled skirts above the swirl of flower-strewn mud, had not witnessed since Brahms so nearly succeeded in disentangling her feet from the primroses of the Wagnerian path and making an honest woman of her.

Ein Heldenleben, which has lately been restored to the American concert list, is the seventh of the amazing nine. It was composed in 1898, and stands between *Don Quixote* (1897) and the *Symphonia Domestica* (1902–03). Its first performance in New York occurred twenty years ago this season (December 7, 1900, by the Philharmonic Society under Emil Paur). Not long after, the azygous James Huneker—whose early reactions to Strauss are among the classic braveries of musical appreciation—observed in his *Overtones* that "the main thing to record is the overwhelming impression of power, anarchistic if you will, that informs *Ein Heldenleben*." And he impolitely remarked that "to the orthodox, his [Strauss'] avoidance of the normal, the facile, the

smug, and the unoriginal, is a crime against ethics. Repeated hearings convince one," he continued, "regarding Strauss' sincerity. He is working out his own artistic salvation on his own premeditated lines, . . . and he is doomed to mockery until he is understood."

Well, he is understood today—save by that handful of irreconcilables, glorying in their misoneism, who will never comprehend. Strauss is so well understood, indeed, that his place as the chief gadfly of the post-Wagnerian era has been usurped by other and fiercer tormentors of the complacent—by the contemporary insurgents of Italy, France, Russia, England, Austria, and Hungary. Today the international woods are full of musical trouble-makers beside whom Strauss appears as the most law-abiding of the tonal bourgeoisie. But, law-abiding and relatively decorous though he may now seem, that "overwhelming impression of power" noted twenty years ago by the temerarious Huneker still persists; and when the great theme of the Hero which opens *Ein Heldenleben* sweeps up out of the basses in its imperious stride through three octaves: when the strings, after the mid-Victorian coquetries of the solo violin, achieve those soaring flights of passionate declaration in the magnificent love-scene, we are roused anew out of our placidity, exhilarated by the thrilling sense of freedom and power, by the daring, the immense virility, the athletic swiftness and energy, of this unique musical imagination, with its confident mastery of all the agencies of expression: its exhaustless vitality of rhythm, its plastic and far-flung melodic line, its richness of polyphonic speech.

It is true, and has always been true of Strauss, that he would not have satisfied the ideal treasured by the inestimable Miss Evance, who desired in poetic speech

> That conversation ever sweet,
> Improving, elegant, refined. . . .

and he would not have delighted Johnson, who extolled the style of Addison because it was "familiar but not coarse, elegant but not ostentatious". Strauss, as a creative artist, has to some extent exemplified what Plato called "the unexamined life." He has never been sufficiently scrutinizing, sufficiently challenging and

curious and exigent. He can be blatantly commonplace, cheaply cloying, deplorably coarse-grained, incorrigibly extravagant, depressingly silly. His flagrancies and his virtues are the issue of a curiously naïve psychology. Whether he is playing his gamin pranks, or is awash in sentimental tides, or is uttering grandiose puerilities, or tracing fiery scrolls upon the heavens with an Apocalyptic brush, he is always apparent—a prodigy of infantile perverseness and flaring inspiration: untrained, uncritical, and an authentic Olympian.

Whatever you may regret in him (and his deficiencies and his lapses are so blatant, so glaringly obvious, that it is almost unsportsmanlike to allege them), he is and always has been, as we observed in this place years ago, upon familiar terms with the grand style. It is native to him—as native as to Gluck or Handel, Beethoven or Wagner or Brahms; and he works in it again and again, with ease and freedom and overpowering effect. It is because of this that he is of the royal line, despite the frequency with which, in other matters, he antagonizes and offends. When, in his vein of excellent simplicity, he is at his height, he can stand proudly erect beside the major poets of music. He is upon such heights in the scene of Don Quixote's death, in the love scene of *Ein Heldenleben*, in the recognition scene of *Elektra*, in that stupendous exordium which, in *Zarathustra*, lifts the heart out of the body and stuns the spirit with a sense of nameless revelation. These things, and others like them, are sovereign and imperishable. They are of the great tradition of eloquence nobly plain.

The orchestras have been playing again the most famous of post-Beethovenian symphonies, and again we have been moved to reflect upon its curious and engrossing case. Tchaikovsky's *Pathetic* Symphony has suffered the novel fate of those works of art that profoundly affect the nerves of their generation. It has become, for many who have heard it too often, a little rubbed and coarsened, a little dulled along the edges, a little shopworn by too-eager handling. Twenty years ago the *Pathétique* was making a prodigious stir in the world. It was over-exploited and overplayed, and far too many tears were dropped upon its bowed and tragic head. This music cut very deeply into the nerves and

brains of those of us who were hearing it so often twenty years ago; and the inevitable effect has been weariness and apathy and reaction. So, of late years, the *Pathétique* has fallen upon evil days. The Elder Statesmen of criticism pass it sniffily by—*à bas* Tchaikovsky, anyway: was he not a bombastic composer of salon-music, after all, and is not the Sixth Symphony merely a pretentious suite? As for *les jeunes*,—those ineffable illuminati of our musical time who have dropped Wagner into the tonal ash-can (the discerning Paul Rosenfeld assures us that Wagner "could not rival" the "unflagging inventive power of Haydn"), who have put Richard Strauss away in the attic along with the photographs of Miss Marie Tempest in the tights of the pagan nineties, the novels of Mr. Marion Crawford, and the collapsible opera-hat, and for whom even Debussy is a wide-eyed innocent at play with his Preraphaelite dolls—well, one hardly dares to wonder what *les jeunes* must think of the *Pathétique*.

This symphony has, in short, lost caste among the Best People: one no longer gets out the choicest table-linen when it comes to dine (as, occasionally, it must be bidden); not for it is the hundred-proof Gordon—there are lesser brands that will suffice. Alas, the poor *Pathétique!* No critic is too obscure a worm or too palpable a cretin to fling a stone in its direction; there is none so poor to do it reverence. It is relegated among Tchaikovsky's lesser works, and finds its proper place, one fancies, somewhere between the *1812* Overture and the *Souvenir de Florence*—immeasurably below, of course, the Fourth and Fifth Symphonies. It has been "cast down deep below the rolling tides of Time". The *Pathétique*, in short, is *déclassée*.

Yet some will perhaps bestow a few lingering backward glances upon this tonal derelict. They will even, perhaps, return in secret to the most famous (if also the most bedraggled) of post-Beethovenian symphonies as to something whose place is not yet taken, and perhaps not easily to be filled—a projection of the musical imagination that will always, it may be, reward those who are willing to heed the burden of its only too intelligible song.

It has long been the stereotyped thing to say of Tchaikovsky that he was an incurable psychopath. The odd thing about this *cliché* is that it is probably true; though it is too bad that the

facts should seem to give aid and comfort to that army of sentimentalists who have broken their hearts over the wretchedness of Tchaikovsky as revealed, presumably, in the *Pathétique*—those who once goaded Mr. Ernest Newman into remarking testily that to argue that "because there is misery in the music there must be misery in the composer, is like arguing that because there is pepper in the broth there must be pepper in the cook" (to which one answer, at least, might seem to be that, after all, the broth does not issue from the cook, whereas the music does issue from the composer). But Mr. Newman afterward changed his mind about this, and spoke of Tchaikovsky "crying out as he does . . . because he is afraid to go home in the dark. . . . What gives real artistic value to his expression of the terrors that gibbered at him in the night, when his nerves were on edge, is that he really saw them very clearly and has limned them in such a way that each of us can recognize experiences of his own in them. For Tchaikovsky would not have found such a hearing for his woes unless humanity had had similar woes of its own."

Some have pooh-poohed the idea that Tchaikovsky was unhappy when he composed this symphony, and have adduced the well-known passage in his letter of February 22, 1892, to his brother, written during the composition of the *Pathétique*, in which he speaks of his joy in his work. But there is the equally celebrated passage in the same letter wherein he says: "This symphony is penetrated by subjective sentiment. . . . While composing it in my mind, I often wept bitterly." What said Mr. George Moore in one of his truthful moments?—"The sadness of life is the joy of art."

Perhaps the time may come again when we shall all be willing to agree that this too-famous symphony is among the most touching disclosures in the art of our period—a thing of moving sincerity, of a poignancy that at times is overwhelming, that, despite its occasional banality, is filled, in its richest moments, with a searching and unforgettable beauty. If ever music drew its breath in pain, it is in certain accessions of passionate grieving in this symphony, when we seem to hear Tchaikovsky saying to us,—

Absent thee from felicity awhile;

or when, as in other pages of desperate and terrible gayety, it is as if he hoped to sustain himself and us by that insupportable, that heart-breaking cry of his,—

. . . Death cannot spoil the Spring!

To see the Tchaikovsky of this symphony as "a crying child" who is "merely hurt and very sorry for himself"—as "the typical Weary Willie of art", suffering "from what the advertisements call 'that tired feeling'; and a scared Willie, in addition" (the wit is Mr. Newman's)—is vivacious and enjoyable, of course; but there are moments when one wishes that Mr. Newman had been less uproariously funny; or funny in a different way, or in a different connection. For ourselves, we find a truer and more satisfying account of the Tchaikovsky of the *Pathetic* Symphony in these sentences that were written about it years ago, when it was still esteemed: "It seems to us that in this symphony Tchaikovsky realized his own self with a completeness and with all too sad a feeling that must ever remain unique and exceptional in the art of the world. . . . We have before compared this wonderful work, a work which shakes the heart and fills up all one's lifelong grief for things that are dead, with Shelley's *Adonaïs*, which is its counterpart in literature. 'Time,' writes Shelley,[1] 'like a many-colored dome of glass, stains the white radiance of eternity'. Even so, Tchaikovsky in this symphony has stained eternity's radiance: he has captured the years and bound them into a momentary emotional pang."

Tchaikovsky dreaded with passionate protest what Sir Thomas Browne called "the iniquity of oblivion". He feared the thought of death with a shuddering and unceasing terror; and into his most personal and characteristic utterance, the *Pathetic* Symphony (though not only there), he emptied all the dark trouble of his heart—all that he knew of anguished apprehension and foreboding, of grief that is unassuageable, of consternation and despair. Tchaikovsky never divulged the meaning of this singularly affecting music, but its purport is unmistakable. Its burden is the infinite sadness of human destiny and the crushing finality of death; and the hopelessness of the music is as manifest

[1] Shelley wrote "Life", not "Time"; but the fact does not materially affect the sensitive aptness of Mr. Vernon Blackburn's comparison.

as it is unrelieved. Tchaikovsky has not here incurred the calm reproach of Krishna: "Thou hast grieved for those who need no grief;" for his grief is centered rather upon the tragic frustrations of his own life; his lamentation is for the precious things of the world that he sees slipping irreclaimably from his grasp. This music is saturated with the precise emotion which moved Edgar Allan Poe when he wrote his heartbroken *Dream Within a Dream:*

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand:
How few! Yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep, while I weep!
O God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! Can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?

Tchaikovsky, like the ancient poets of China, believed that "to feel, and in order to feel, to express, all that is poignant and sensitive in man, is in itself a sufficient end"; and certain of those deep and ineradicable moods he chaliced in music that is indeed, in itself, a sufficient end; music that is piercingly surcharged with the sense of human evanescence—"the pathos of life and death, the long embrace, the hand stretched out in vain, the moment that glides forever away into the shadow of the haunted past".

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

That the butterfly contains within itself what Huxley would have called the promise and potency of the cure of tuberculosis and perhaps of other malignant plagues might seem a fantastic proposition, were it not for our memory of its antecedents. It is now about fifty-five years since Pasteur the Great perceived in the fermentation of beer and wine the principle which emboldened him to declare that we should one day learn to eliminate all communicable diseases from the world. Biot, Dumas and the other veterans of science were incredulous. But crying "*Travailler! toujours travailler!*" the young master of them all proceeded to cure first the "sicknesses" of beer and wine, then the "silkworm disease", then a formidable poultry pestilence, then one of the deadliest plagues of cattle. Having thus worked his way up in the scale of life, he addressed himself by the same methods to the salvation of man from what had been regarded as the most hopeless and horrible of diseases, rabies, and thus opened the way for the work of Lister, of Koch, of Finlay and Carroll, and to all the unspeakably beneficent wonders of the science of bacterial therapeutics. If thus Pasteur found in an atom of yeast the cure for rabies, typhoid, cholera, malaria, yellow fever, diphtheria and bubonic plague, there is no occasion for skepticism when his disciple, Metalnikow, suggests that in the larva of a butterfly may be found the cure for other pestilences.

The Pilgrim Tercentenary was commemorated at the spot with appropriate ceremonies, simple enough to have pleased the Fathers themselves, yet not lacking in dignity and splendor; the oration by Senator Lodge being not unworthy to follow that of Webster a hundred years before, and the dramatic culmination being the interruption of the speaker to permit the exchange of telephonic greetings between the Governor of Massachusetts, sitting in Bradford's chair at Plymouth, and the Governor of

California at the Golden Gate. This literal fulfilment of the prophecy of Webster which Senator Lodge had just quoted fires the imagination as few incidents in our time have done. Elsewhere, however, popular attention to the august anniversary turned largely to unfavorable discussion of the minor and ephemeral features of the Pilgrim character, and to those of the Puritans with whom, by some inscrutable ineptitude, the Pilgrims were identified; and too little to the fundamental and immortal elements of their greatness. It was in fact the tercentenary of democracy in America, of compulsory public education, and of universal military service; the three principles which above all others need to be remembered at this time.

The tragedy of Home Rule pursues its apparently interminable way. Mr. Lloyd-George's bill, amended by the Lords, has become law, and thus has achieved its first object, namely, the supplanting and elimination from the statute book of his former measure, enacted just before the Great War. Whether its second and supreme object, the settlement of the "Irish problem", will be attained is a matter which lingers in the lap of the gods. The law provides for two separate Irish Parliaments, one for six Ulster counties and one for all the rest, with a liaison agency in the form of a Council to which each of the two parts of Ireland will send twenty members. This division of Ireland is what the Nationalists and Sinn Feiners have always declared to be unacceptable; to which the latter faction has in late years added that nothing would be acceptable save complete independence. It remains to be seen whether there will be persistence in that irreconcilable attitude. The law grants each part of the island three and a half years—that is, until the end of the present Parliament—to decide whether to accept it. Rejection, or failure to accept within the time limit, automatically kills the law for that part of Ireland, and leaves as the alternative the Crown Colony system. There is a possibility, then, that this Parliament, just before it expires, will record the failure of the law and the establishment of Crown Colony government, with its inevitable concomitant of military coercion; leaving the further working out of the problem to a new Parliament elected

under the influence of those distressing circumstances. There is also, we must hope, a possibility of wiser counsels prevailing, and of the new law receiving a fair trial, alike in Belfast and in Cork.

The chief, outstanding fact concerning the first meeting of both houses of the League of Nations is that it developed a radical difference of opinion—we might say of conviction—between them on a matter of the very greatest importance, namely, the respective authority of the Council and Assembly in the work of the League. There was some almost acrimonious discussion, which did not, however, lead to any open breach. But even if conducted in the most amicable manner, the controversy was and will be, until settled, none the less resolute. Briefly stated, the question is whether the League is to be what President Wilson once felicitously described as an Association of Free Nations—free and, of course, equal, according to the very first principle of international law—or is to be an oligarchy of five Great Powers dominating all the rest, in which—as President Wilson also, on another occasion, described it—the Council shall exert the real power and do the real things, while the Assembly chiefly talks and debates. The question is obviously fundamental, affecting the whole constitution and conduct of the League. It will not escape notice that it presents almost precisely the same two theories of international relationships which Senator Harding described in one of his addresses last summer; and also that the great majority of the nations in the League strongly incline toward that side for which he expressed his preference. Thus as between President Wilson's scheme of a League and Senator Harding's view of international coöperation, the latter is supported by as impressive a majority of the nations of the world as of the people of the United States. On that point the Geneva meeting of the League ratified the American election of last November.

There seems to be no reasonable doubt that Dr. Alfredo Zayas received a majority of the votes at the Cuban election and was thus lawfully chosen President of that Republic. Neither, unfortunately, is there any doubt that the defeated candidate,

backed by a considerable party, is inclined to try the game of revolution which he has twice tried before. That in such circumstances some Cubans should be inclined to intervention and permanent control by the United States as the only way of safety and tranquillity, is not surprising, though we cannot regard it as commendable. There surely should be enough men of true patriotism in Cuba to prevent such overthrow of the Republic by a candidate and a faction whose campaign cry has been "Gambling and Idleness!" There is an unwelcome suggestion in it to Americans that this country is, in a way, responsible for the existence of the revolutionary spirit in Cuba. When General José Miguel Gomez started his first revolution, against President Estrada Palma, a resolute stand by the United States would have squelched the whole business, probably for all time. There never was a more inexcusably wicked revolution than that. But the United States made the monumental mistake of parleying and treating with the rebels and actually conniving at the overthrow of the Palma Government. It was the encouragement thus given to lawlessness and crime that led to the second attempt at revolution and to all subsequent troubles of that sort. General Gomez is now trying to repeat the performance which we permitted to succeed in 1906. It is too late to atone for the tragic error of nearly fifteen years ago, but it is at least possible to avoid its repetition. The sending thither of General Crowder —who has done more for Cuba than any living man save only General Leonard Wood—on a mission of counsel and adjustment, is most auspicious; but it rests with the Cubans themselves to confine his work to counsel and not to extend it to intervention and control.

Complete statistics of Europe's economic progress in 1920 are not yet available, but enough assured data are at hand to demonstrate that the nations are surely emerging from the prostration of the war. Sir Auckland Geddes recently described Europe as witnessing an age that was dying; but certainly that dying age is being succeeded by one of intense vitality. Belgium, one of the most ravaged and devastated countries in the history of the world, is taking the lead in rehabilitation. In the first nine

months of 1920 her imports showed an increase of nearly 155 per cent over the same period in 1919, while her exports showed an increase of nearly 506 per cent. All her railroads are rebuilt, and passenger traffic on them is already about 60 per cent of what it was before the war, while freight traffic is about 90 per cent. Of her 55 iron and steel works, 52 have been reopened. France, also hideously ravaged, has in the year increased her exports by about 300 per cent, and has practically reversed in her own favor her balance of trade. Before the war her exports were only 78 per cent of her imports, and in 1917–1919 they fell to only about 20 per cent; but last year they rose by October to 90 per cent, and probably reached 100 per cent by the end of the year. Great Britain increased her imports by 20 per cent and her exports by nearly 100 per cent; and Italy, decreasing her imports by 1.5 per cent, increased her exports by more than 83 per cent. Such nations are not dying, but are facing the New Year with hope and resolution.

The Secretary of State has been making a pilgrimage of peace and good will among the Latin American Republics, with the best of motives and with a fine measure of personal ability, but with what it is to be feared was an all but fatal handicap. He had to bear the burden of diplomatic and other blunders—some of them crimes—for not one of which was he personally responsible. The incredible folly and iniquity of "watchful waiting" and its murderous sequel in Mexico were known and resented in every land that he visited. So was our wicked destruction of the Central American International Court of Justice. So were our various sordid meddlings in the affairs of Central American States, and our oppression of Haiti and Santo Domingo. Another grave handicap was the fact that he went as the representative of an Administration which was about to go out of office, so that while he probably would not offer any apologies for the past, he could certainly make no promises for the future. It must have been a singularly distasteful task for a man of his attainments to undertake such a mission in such circumstances, and it is a fine tribute to his personality that he was at least courteously received wherever he went.

The crime wave in New York City has presented a noteworthy parallel, in at least three major respects, to the course of the United States in entering the Great War. Just as President Wilson and his Secretaries of War and the Navy stubbornly refused to recognize the imminence of war, which was obvious to everybody else, and refused to make even the most moderate and normal preparations for it, so the Mayor of New York and his Police Commissioner at least affected to ignore the rising tide of crime and refused to take any effective measures for repressing it. Again, just as the President and his Secretaries, when at last the war broke upon them, hastily strove to adopt the policies which had been recommended and urged upon them and which they had spurned and resented, so the municipal functionaries frantically recalled some of the measures of their predecessors which they themselves had contemptuously discarded and condemned. Once more, just as the Administration, in its belligerent panic and hysteria, insisted upon going to extravagant and thitherto unheard-of extremes of dictatorial government, so the New York Administration in a like spirit adopted measures which it is flattering to call fantastic follies. The result in the one case will also resemble that in the other. The crime wave will be suppressed, as the war was won. But in each case the cost is or will be treble what it should have been.

Clamor continues about the distress of Germany and her inability to discharge any of her obligations unless she is substantially assisted by her late antagonists; and most elaborate camouflage is presented to American visitors, in hope of deceiving them and inclining them to plead Germany's cause here. It ought to be obvious to every clear-sighted observer that these woful tales do not accord with known facts or with the common sense view of the case. We pass by the admissions, by Germans themselves, of the almost inconceivably profligate extravagance of the numerous German profiteers, of the sending of vast sums of money out of the country, to the Hohenzollern criminals and others, and of the existence of great wealth in that country. Let us instead compare Germany with other countries. Belgium and France were ravaged and plundered, their industries were de-

stroyed, their cities burned, their farms devastated, their goods stolen. But absolutely nothing of the sort happened to any part of Germany. She remained everywhere unharmed. More that that, she enormously profited by being the recipient of hundreds of millions of dollars worth of machinery and goods stolen from these other countries, and from the slave labor of hundreds of thousands of military and civilian prisoners of war. France and Belgium had to borrow vast sums abroad, but Germany borrowed all her war funds from her own people, save what she stole from Belgium and France. In brief, the others suffered all things, while Germany suffered nothing. Yet to-day Belgium is prospering, and has generously renounced the right to confiscate German property within her borders, and France, also prospering, is paying off hundreds of millions of her foreign debts. Why, then, should Germany be in so great distress? She cannot be, unless her people are grossly incompetent. *Timeo Teutones, et preces ferentes.*

The famine in China is unmistakably of appalling proportions, beyond any earthly power to relieve with any degree of completeness; which of course is no reason in the world for not doing all that can possibly be done to relieve it in part. It seems certain to be far worse than that of 1877–78 in the same regions, when 9,500,000 are said to have perished, while the great famines in Orissa and Rajputana appear insignificant by the side of it, with their million or two victims each. The irony of it is, as of the former Chinese famine, and of the famines in Russia, and at the present time in Austria, that the trouble lies not in lack of food but in lack of transportation. There is plenty of food in China itself, but there is no way of getting it to the destitute regions, especially in winter when the rivers and canals are ice-locked. These circumstances suggest very strongly the desirability of some outside initiative and direction in the creating of the needed public works, particularly railroads. If the nations of the world are periodically to be called upon to relieve famines in China, it is fitting that they should have something to say about rational and practical means for preventing famines. A few years ago China declined a much-needed foreign loan, because

the Powers which were to make it insisted upon supervising the spending of the money. At the present time the Chinese Government, for good cause, seems inclined to forego that objection; as it ought to do. There should, of course, be no thought of permanently infringing upon China's complete sovereignty. But there should be service, to help her to make that sovereignty sufficient unto itself and unto the vital needs of the nation. Sir Robert Hart thus served the Chinese customs department, without impairing her sovereignty. What he did in that department might as well be done by others in other departments.

The investigation into the building trades in New York was supposed at the beginning to be nothing more than a local inquiry into some of the causes of the scarcity of housing; but it swiftly developed into an inquest of national importance, directly affecting some of the most vital economic interests of the American people. The salient features of the disclosures thus far made are, in brief, that the building trades of New York and of much of the whole United States have been controlled by organizations of capitalists, contractors, and others, for the arbitrary and extortionate raising of prices both of materials and of work, and that the labor unions have been in part the coparceners in and in part the tools of these vicious conspiracies. The results of these operations have been that all building, public and private, has cost far more than it should have cost, and that many real estate owners have been discouraged or actually prevented from building at all. Some of the conspirators have sought immunity through voluntary disbandment of their organizations, while many others have been indicted. The ramifications of the rascality extend to many other cities, and the holding of inquests elsewhere than in New York is urged. The case appears to call for investigation and penal action by national authorities, for which there would be ample warrant under the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution and the anti-trust act.

The extraordinary repudiation of Mr. Venizelos by the Greek electorate was promptly followed, as had been anticipated, by

the return of the former King, Constantine, to Athens and his resumption of the royal dignity. His profuse protests that he was not in the war pro-German, but merely pro-Greek, were not convincing to the Allies, which manifested their strong displeasure at his restoration, though they took no actual steps to prevent it. How their attitude of aloofness and their unwillingness to give further aid to Greece, financial or military, will affect the fortunes of the Hellenic kingdom, remains to be seen. The Greeks seem to face the prospect with cheerfulness. Not the least remarkable thing about the case is that there has been apparently not a thought of referring it in any way to the League of Nations, though it is obviously one well suited to consideration by that body.

The prospective deficit in the Treasury, of colossal proportions, at the end of the current fiscal year, inevitably raises question of the propriety of trying to pay off the war debt so rapidly. At the present rate we shall pay about half of it in ten years, which is twice as fast as we paid off the far smaller debt of the Civil War. It is suggestive to recall that the latter debt reached its peak at $2,674,815,856 in 1865, and that by 1885 it had declined to $1,375,352,443, or 48.5 per cent. In 1865 it amounted to $76.98 per capita, and in 1885, owing partly to the reduction of the debt and partly to the increase of population, to only $24.50. Perhaps more significant still is the reduction of interest. In 1865 the yearly interest charge was $137,742,617, and in 1885, partly because of reduction of the debt and partly because of refunding at lower rates, it fell to $47,014,133, a decline of 64.9 per cent. The interest per capita was $3.96 in 1865, and only 84 cents in 1885, a decline of 78.7 per cent. It is of course desirable to pay off indebtedness rapidly, but it is still more desirable to promote the prosperity of the country; and if the former process is pushed to the detriment of the latter, hardship is incurred and evil results. The part of financial statesmanship is to find the point at which the greatest possible reduction of the debt can be made without interfering with business and the prosperity of the people.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

Contemporary French Politics. By Raymond Leslie Buell. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The study of the political life of a foreign country may have two main values: it may create the understanding necessary for intelligent sympathy and proper coöperation, and it may throw light upon general problems of government, broadening our views and enabling us better to judge our own habits and institutions. These two values are closely associated: any book that gives us the one must give us in some measure the other also. Sympathy that is not based upon knowledge broad enough to have an independent value and to afford a basis for self-criticism can be but superficial; knowledge that excites no sympathy toward a foreign people involved in difficulties altogether "human," however repugnant to individual reason, is probably incomplete or merely academic.

Many books about foreign peoples and their governments and institutions fall short of real usefulness because they are too much specialized, confined too closely to the consideration of government or history or politics—subjects somewhat artificially defined—or because they are restricted to some one point of view, such as the historic or the psychological. To profit by a survey of some particular province of thought or fact requires more supplementary general knowledge than the average reader possesses. It is no wonder that all but scholars are prone to turn away from such books and seek enlightenment elsewhere. Yet these academic works are more commendable than those "interpretations" in which sentiment and rhetoric reign supreme. There is a time, no doubt, for special pleas and for fervid "impressions"—as for everything else under the sun—but that time, so far as our ideas of France are concerned, is passing. It is well for us to have seen the vision of France in the glamour which her own heroism has cast upon her, but for real acquaintance something more is needed.

Mr. Buell's book affords the beginning of sound knowledge concerning France because it treats of the larger—that is, the political—aspects of French life with some approach to completeness and without the sentiment that blurs outlines, though with full and sympathetic recognition of that element of feeling which enters into all human relations and which must be understood if anything is to be understood. To see how institutions work, to perceive their defects and the inevitableness of these defects, and at the same time to have a normal vision of future progress—in short, to see how different historic causes and varying motives and opinions, opposing groups and interests,

interact to produce that wonderful living and growing organism, a great nation—this is to have true sympathy with the people of a foreign land and at the same time to enlarge one's political philosophy.

Nothing could more truly characterize the French people or mark more clearly the intellectual and temperamental contrast between them and the people of England or America than Mr. Buell's account of the confusing multiplicity of French political parties and of the French tendency to divide according to logical distinctions, complete programmes, even philosophies, rather than according to habitual groupings. Yet this is but the natural result of independent thinking in politics, of following principles rather than men, and an analysis of the French situation cannot but stimulate the reader to some highly critical thinking as to the very nature of party government and the conditions on which its success depends. Again, if we note the strength and extent of the socialistic trend in France and the variety of opinions and interests involved in it, we learn to appreciate not only the conditions of progress in that country and to see how far from easy is the path of the moderate reformist there, but we also gain some insight into the nature of the socialist tendency everywhere. Concerning a country in which every variety of view, from the most conservative to the most radical, is maintained with the utmost clearness and logical consistency, a country that one might expect to sink into disorder through confusion of counsels, it is interesting to read that "Socialism is in practically the same stage in France as it is in the United States. Its surest preventive is neither in force nor in a reign of terror; it is in a righteous policy of social reform." Other phases of the subject teach the same double lesson. To estimate French bureaucracy justly, one must understand not only the evils of the system, but the practical difficulties of "unscrambling the eggs." At the same time, one may learn of bureaucracy itself that it is not simply a kind of stupidity, but is an imperfect device of government not necessarily ruinous to a great (in this case, a very great) nation. If the French need of reparations and guarantees is stressed in the discussion of the Peace Treaty, nevertheless the diversity of French views on this subject shows rather strikingly that the whole question is wider than guarantees and reparations: even French opinion realizes that there is nothing necessarily final about the doctrine of the balance of power. Moreover, Mr. Buell's amusing chapter upon the French press not only reveals and partly explains an idiosyncrasy of the French mentality, but raises in one's mind the query whether our own newspapers give us quite all that they might in the way of intellectual stimulus. It is a curious and significant fact that each of the doctrinaire French papers has a large circulation among the *opponents* of the ideas for which it stands. These papers are read for amusement, for controversy, for the clarification of issues—not merely for facts or for mental dissipation.

The reader of this book cannot help being struck with the genius of the French people for reconciling differences while at the same time preserving the utmost individuality of thought and sentiment, for compromising without

making a fetish of compromise. And in studying the defects of French politics, he may find himself studying popular government and the relation that exists between forms of government and the character and history of a people.

NATURALISM IN ENGLISH POETRY. By Stopford A. Brooke, M.A., LL.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

The predominating impression one receives from these essays and lectures is that they are the work of one who narrowly missed being a great critic. Persuasively introducing his readers to the poets whose qualities and significance he discusses and tracing the transition from formalism to naturalism with rare clearness and tact, the author fulfills almost to perfection many of the functions of a good teacher of English literature. Occasionally he shows something like originality of interpretation or almost attains that simple profundity of elucidation which is the supreme virtue of the critic; yet in the difficult work of revealing the vital connection between literary genius in its various perplexing forms and recognized human needs or human destiny, he falls always a little short.

The failure to develop a definite literary creed, even to approach a standpoint from which one can see literary excellences as undoubted values (to do more than approach it is perhaps too much to ask of any critic), this failure is disappointing. Dr. Brooke's *humanity* is, to be sure, always as much in evidence as his artistic sensibility. His criticism is full of wise observations and exquisitely precise appreciations; it is never merely technical, and it is never crassly moralistic or philistine in temper. Frequently it seems about to bridge the gulf that divides the lover of art for art's sake from the dweller in the real world who obstinately wants to know what poetry is good for—a person whose point of view always has to be reckoned with in the long run.

Poetry, says the author, escaped "from London into the world, from artificial into natural thinking on the subject of mankind. And along with this outlook to the future of man in which fresh life was hoped for, there was also, and concordant with it, a reversion to the past when life was natural, when convention scarcely existed, when the artificial was all but unknown, and men spoke, wrote, acted and thought out of the impulsive passion of the moment." But should men think, act, and write out of the impulsive passion of the moment? One gathers from the whole of Dr. Brooke's discussion that *sometimes*, if not always, it is well to do so! This however is but the illogical compromise of the average mind bewildered by the power of poetry and by its lack of definite significance in life. Again writes Dr. Brooke: "It is a terrible business for poetry when it is wholly employed on man or wholly employed on nature. In either case, the poetry becomes thin, feeble, unimaginative, incapable of giving impulse or bringing comfort." The remark falls just short of profundity. Truly, one can scarcely resist the suggestion that poetry should

aspire to give a complete, not an abstract or mutilated account of experience. It seems that only one further step may be necessary in order to achieve a standpoint from which one might be able both to estimate the value of poetry and to explain its power. But no such step is taken. It is but fair to ask of a critic writing from a frankly human standpoint that he shall make some attempt to relate literature to life, that he shall not simply take for granted all the various and more or less conflicting values claimed for poetry. The very ordinary assumption, that literary genius (the genius, for example, of Byron) is undoubtedly in some way a good thing, if not a joy for ever, while more or less moralistic or pragmatic criteria are always to be admitted in discussing preferences, and that an evaluation of the *kudos* belonging to an author because of his "place in literature" may always be properly substituted for a discussion of his real value, must leave one unsatisfied.

To have a catholic taste is doubtless eminently desirable; it is a pity, for instance, not to be able to enjoy both Shelley and Wordsworth. But catholicity should be a philosophy and not merely a willingness to accept whatever fine thing is offered. It is necessary, therefore, to compare Wordsworth and Shelley. How do we fare in such a comparison under the guidance of Dr. Brooke?

"Yes, it is a good thing," writes the critic, "to be led by Shelley to enjoy our own dreams, to touch the remote and delicate pleasures of beauty, to feel the far off joys of infinite dreams of good, of fine regrets; to enter into the subtle spiritual world of nature where every dewdrop has its own indweller, and every cloud its own spirit which builds and unbuilds it again. And men are getting very old when they are no longer grateful to him for expressing this silken-woven world of phantasy and love within us. Nevertheless, it is better to be brought by Wordsworth to see the beautiful in the common world; to be filled with tenderness for the men and women with whom we live; to be taught to conquer regrets; to take things with a noble patience; to get the good out of the battle; to secure our victory and peace; and when we are led into Nature, to be led into her actual world and yet to feel behind it and behind ourselves, so that Nature and we are knit together in harmony, there is one thinking Spirit, one Wisdom, one Power and one Love."

It would be stupid not to recognize the value of this fine passage; yet Shelley and Wordsworth are not so easily to be reconciled. One who has made Wordsworth his father confessor must always feel that to surrender his soul to Shelley can be nothing but a kind of dissipation. To an adorer of Shelley, the Wordsworthian way of taking life can never be wholly acceptable. The *moods* of these two poets are incompatible. To be sure, if we are not to take either mood into the stream of experience, there will be no difficulty whatever: we may intoxicate ourselves with Shelley for the sake of artistic excitement, just as (to adopt a homely and antiquated simile) one drinks a cocktail. But if this Epicurean view of poetry be adopted, what becomes of the preference for Wordsworth on moral grounds?

The fact is that we cannot escape from the philosophic implications of either poet. If we do not in some measure surrender to the poet, we cannot really care for him, and if we do, we are under the psychological necessity of carrying into our lives some effects of the poet's mood. If there is any subtle falsity in this mood—falsity inherent in the very quality of his feeling or expression —then we are sure to encounter the baneful effects of it, unless we are guarded by an intelligent, inclusive criticism. It is of no use to tell us that Shelley is in his main drift simply a great preacher of liberty or a lover of spiritual beauty; for what we shall get from Shelley, if we get anything that is Shelleyan at all, is not his main drift, but the intimate quality of his thought and emotion, his way of taking life. There is no escape from this dilemma except through sheer hedonism on the one hand or through a criticism confined to barren questions of technique or literary "taste" on the other.

Thus, while Stopford Brooke has written good criticism, he has not written great criticism; for a criticism which, while dealing with human values, does not really seek for the larger reconciling ideas, and which always in a pinch leans toward a theological standard (the chapter on Byron's *Cain* is virtually a sermon, though an uncommonly good one) cannot be called great.

DOMESDAY BOOK. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This latest and most portentous work of Mr. Masters may be roughly compared in idea to Browning's *The Ring and The Book*. Like the latter poem, Mr. Masters' versified narrative tells the story of a life from many different points of view, and seems to say finally that concerning the true inwardness of human experience, God only knows. It is true that while Browning obtained his material from an old book, Mr. Masters appears to have derived his largely from a conscientious reading of the newspapers; and that he seems to say, "God only knows," with a somewhat different accent. These divergencies do not, however, vitiate the comparison. Newspapers may be quite as good artistic material as a book, however old and worm-eaten, and in these days every one may be considered free to say "God only knows," in whatever accent he pleases.

To be more precise, Mr. Masters tells the story of a girl's life as it gradually comes to light through the investigations of an extraordinary coroner's jury, a jury presided over by a philosopher who is not content till he has exposed every phase of the dead woman's experience from childhood onwards and traced the "riffles" her life made in the lives of other people to the point where the waves of influence become microscopic and imperceptible. Misunderstandings that ruin young lives, illicit love affairs, spasms of goodness, the love of freedom, the value of courage in the pursuit of one's own destiny —all these are treated *in extenso*, with much reportorial straightforwardness and some philosophy: the report of a post-mortem examination is given in all

its technical detail—nothing is withheld; for this, you see, including the physician's reasons for concluding that the young woman "had lived," are all a part of the general mess of life, as we know it, and as we make it.

In criticizing this extraordinary product of imaginative thought, the reviewer feels that it is best not to involve himself in obscure questions regarding the nature of poetry or in possible sophistries about the value of boldness, originality, or fearless self-expression in literature. Nor does he wish to make any unjustifiable assumptions about the author's purpose in writing.

The fact remains that this extraordinarily long, extremely pedestrian, excessively realistic poem, does seem to be trying, and insistently trying, to say something. Some investigation of the general considerations that prompted its writing (if not of its exact purpose or message) must therefore be the first—as it will be, in the case of the present reviewer, the last—task of the critic.

After reading the whole thing conscientiously through, and after temporarily and provisionally surrendering oneself to the author's point of view, whatever it may be, one leans to the judgment that this is a work written by one of William James's "tough-minded" people for the benefit of the "tender-minded," falsely conceived as unimaginative or cowardly in their unwillingness to face the facts of life. The fallacy—"Whoever does not think and write as I do is afraid of the truth"—is of course implicit in the work of many realists of a certain type. It maybe, that they do not actually entertain this view; but if not, it is a little difficult to understand their insistence upon facts of a certain kind. They seem to be endeavoring to wake up a certain portion of the public from a supposed moral and mental sloth. Such, as nearly as one can guess, is the motive of Mr. Masters: that there is another and artistic motive does not clearly appear.

Let it be said, then, that if there be any one who does not clearly realize that life is infinitely complex, that it is in the last analysis practically impossible to assign responsibility for evil, that much good may be where convention sees only evil, that there are daily tragedies where custom recognizes only sordid immorality—if there be any one who is not convinced of these things already or cannot learn them from his own observations and the daily papers, he may derive great benefit from reading Mr. Masters' book. But those to whom these things are commonplaces will perhaps not care to wade through the poem; for they will find in it little philosophy, little impulse or exaltation, little of anything that they cannot think or imagine for themselves, or read in the proper sources of information; but rather such surprising things as the details of a post-mortem, seldom given to the public.

THE ROMANCE OF MADAME TUSSAUD'S. By John Theodore Tussaud. New York: George H. Doran Company.

There are few more fascinating footnotes to history than those which are supplied in this volume.

Wax models are doubtless inferior as art to marble statues or oil paintings. The sculptor or the painter, while sacrificing certain means of realism, gives us something answerable to the character or soul of the person represented, and thus in a way he is more realistic, he comes closer to the life of his subject as the latter was known to or conceived by his contemporaries than can the modeller in wax. But if any one doubts that the wax model can come closer to reality in another way, that it can make a different and no less valuable comment, that it can bring home to one the truth of history and make a time one hundred years past seem as yesterday, he has only to turn through the illustrations in Mr. Tussaud's volume.

Madame Tussaud, the originator of the famous exhibition, lived in Paris, with her uncle, Curtius, a modeller in wax, during the days of the Terror. She was on terms of acquaintance with Marat and Robespierre. The Terrorists required her to make models of the heads of those who were guillotined and of Marat immediately after his assassination. These models are still preserved and are on exhibition in London. One does not envy the person who feels only horror and no pathos upon looking upon the modeled head of Marie Antoinette, or who is not provoked to wonder by the dead features of Carrier or Robespierre. A portrait generally expresses a view (that is, an opinion) more or less subtle and comprehensive. A photograph is sometimes deceptive in its flatness, and tricky in its light and shade. The wax model, despite its ghastliness, is in some ways utterly convincing; it adds an invaluable element of commonplaceness to one's notion of a person; it brings one into the same room with the subject, makes one realize that he actually *was*. To look at the bust of Voltaire modeled by Curtius is to get a familiar view that curiously alters one's whole attitude toward the man; that warns one effectually, for example, against thinking about him as if he were merely a literary personality.

The reproductions of these Revolutionary relics alone make the book worth owning, but there is much else. The exhibition has preserved, among other things, many curiosities of human nature, and there is a whole tragi-comedy in the aspect of the Tichborne Claimant.

The text is a faithful record of a remarkable enterprise, and it is full of anecdotes both amusing and remarkable. Mr. Tussaud has appreciated the value of his materials both from the historic point of view and from the viewpoint of human interest. His narrative, like his wax figures, simply presents facts of undeniable interest. But it is the pictures that make the book unique, for they give one a sort of knowledge that, without them, or their originals, would be unobtainable. Curiously enough, one cannot help wondering whether the photographs of the models are not more effective than the models themselves.

Res.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

MARCH, 1921

THE CLOSE OF AN EPOCH

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam.—Milton, *Areopagitica.*

THE American Election Day of November 2, 1920, may well remain a most conspicuous landmark, not only in the chronicles of the United States, but in the history of Democracy. Never before had American Democracy reached so vital a crisis. An egoist, who happened to be President of the country under abnormal circumstances, freed alike from precedents and moral bonds, saw the way to assemble in his own hands extraordinary powers which made him a despot of unlimited reach, and the United States a docile despotism.

Probably President Wilson did not deliberately plan to attain this result. He was an opportunist, even in his guilt. By nature stubborn, self-satisfied, and self-reliant, he was a most fertile soil for the seeds of ambition to grow in. He did not create favorable chances, but he quickly discerned and seized them when they arose. He seems early to have accepted Fatalism, the doctrine which, as long as men are succeeding, makes them justify their conduct, and, when they fail, makes them blame Fate instead of their own shortcomings or crimes. There can be no doubt that Mr. Wilson came to regard himself as a man of Destiny, preserved and guided by the Almighty to save civilization on the verge of destruction.

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This stage of egomania is, of course, very common. The peculiarity in Mr. Wilson's case is, that he was able to delude many persons into asserting that his disease was the highest wisdom. I have heard him extolled as a modern Messiah, and the persons who so extolled him were unquestionably sincere.

Look a little farther into Mr. Wilson's equipment for steering the United States through the storms of an international war. He was, as I have said, stubborn, conceited, and self-sufficient by nature. Then his training as a College Professor and President narrowed him. The Professor is a petty autocrat to whom his students may not talk back. The College President is a still larger autocrat whom his Faculty must bow to, for he holds preferment or dismissal in his hands, and his frown may mean the close of a promising academic career.

Whatever be the reason, the American University Professor or President has seldom shown an aptitude for statesmanship. In England, and more especially in France and Italy, professors have played an important part in public affairs. Over here, their position seems to make them autocrats and doctrinaires, unable to mix, as man with man, with the masses who constitute the statesman's material.

Although Mr. Wilson had written books on history and politics during his years as Professor and College President, he had a singularly limited knowledge of modern European history and political conditions. As he did not base his conclusions on first-hand observation but on his reading and meditation, they lacked concreteness; and this explains why, perhaps, when he was President of the United States, he so often expounded views diametrically opposite to those which he had preached earlier. Reality is a rough upsetter of the doctrinaire.

He had few intimates; he took counsel of hardly anyone; he wished to direct and control everything himself. Self-sufficiency carried to this extreme does not mark the statesman. We think of George Washington as living somewhat apart in Olympian dignity, but he knew men and consulted them, and listened to arguments with an eagerness which did not disturb his judicial poise. Cavour, who kept his fundamental principles from boyhood till death, heard all sides and weighed every suggestion.

Abraham Lincoln held what was literally a permanent Council of War during his four years in the White House. Imagine the humor with which he would have described a Woodrow Wilson, too conceited to suppose that anybody could teach him! Even Bismarck, who was openly the Despot that Wilson tried to be by indirection, knew to whom to go to confer with.

And all these real statesmen had not only in common the habit of taking counsel, but they knew how to deal with men and how to use men. Not to do everything yourself, but to train others to work for you, has stamped the few consummate masters in statecraft and in generalship.

Such, hastily sketched, was the equipment in personal qualities and intellectual capacity of Woodrow Wilson, when he became President of the United States on March 4, 1913. Although he owed his election to a split in the Republican Party, many of us who had long chafed at the high tariff enormities of the Republicans hoped much from his promise of revision. He carried out his promise in the field of the tariff and of the Federal Bank System. Fate, however, did not propose to let him off with that; on the contrary, Fate assigned to Wilson, the most incompetent President in foreign affairs for half a century, a six years' task which was almost wholly occupied with foreign affairs. President Grant was not qualified to shape our national policy in this field, but Grant recognized the necessity of taking advice, and he appointed as Secretary of State, Hamilton Fish, one of the three or four foremost experts who ever held the portfolio of our Department of State. President Wilson chose for the head of his Cabinet Mr. William J. Bryan, which was like choosing a blind man for jockey in a horse-race. The inevitable result ensued. For six months the country floundered in its relations with Mexico. We learned that we had a President who could not or would not make up his mind. Judging by his subsequent actions we have a right to infer that he could make his mind up, but that he did not think it expedient to let the public know which side he favored.

Then at the beginning of August, 1914, the War burst upon the world. In the first moment of surprise, President Wilson warned America against taking sides, and bade us hold ourselves

neutral; and for a long time thereafter he insisted that the origin and causes of the War did not concern us and could not be known, anyway, for many years to come. Many far-seeing citizens urged him that at least we ought to take steps to prepare against being drawn into the conflict. But he shook his head, and whatever efforts were made at Plattsburg and elsewhere through the patriotic endeavors of General Leonard Wood, of Colonel Roosevelt, and of others, did not receive his official approbation. President Wilson made an appeal to give up partisan politics at home, and then he, who was reckoned a wily party manipulator, redoubled political activity.

The truth is, that by this time, the President's keen eyes had discovered a new opening for his ambition. He thought, at the beginning, that the War would be soon over and that the belligerents would turn to him as a mediator. To shine with posterity as the mediator of the greatest war in history might well dazzle even a self-satisfied college professor. In order to be invited to stand on this high pinnacle, therefore, he must see to it that the United States did nothing to displease Germany, which would be one of the principals in the expected mediation.

Mr. Wilson had pounded the doctrine of neutrality "even in mind" so persistently into his fellow-countrymen that he did not, as was often his custom, openly contradict it by his own actions. He did not come out boldly in favor of the Germans, but at the time, and until the end of the War, he showed, now stronger, now weaker, pro-German preferences. Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, was a frequent and welcome visitor at the White House until the beginning of 1918. And we have evidence enough already, although much remains unpublished, to justify the assertion that the President was always busy concocting some scheme for peace which should favor the Germans. Of course the sinking of the *Lusitania* gave the true test of Wilson's inmost feelings. That monstrous crime, before which the world stood aghast and held its breath in horror—that crime which Nana Sahib himself might have shrunk from committing—touched Mr. Wilson so little, either by its atrocity or by its significance, that he could complaisantly roll off on his typewriter a message to Germany in which he spoke of her well-

known reputation for "justice and humanity"; and for nearly two years thereafter, he never managed to summon up more courage than to say, "Tut! tut!" to the most barbarous of the German acts.

The President's Secretary, Mr. Tumulty, has recently told us that Mr. Wilson had so tender a heart that he could not bear to think of bloodshed. When the bodies of the handful of marines who were killed at Vera Cruz in 1914, were brought to Washington for burial, the President witnessed the funeral procession but almost broke down as the coffins passed before him. But there is a soft-heartedness which springs from sentimentality and is neither logical nor virtuous. Mr. Wilson, in spite of being so shaken at the sight of the gun carriages with the dead marines, could make, with strange nonchalance, decisions which were to involve the death of a million human beings. No sign of a tear from him, not even an intimation that he realized what the result of his act would be.

Meanwhile German conspirators, propagandists, and criminals conducted their operations in the United States with apparent immunity. One heard at the Department of Justice that it had innumerable proofs of German intrigues and attempts at violence here, but that it was considered advisable not to give them to the public. From this, there naturally followed the pretension that the pro-German sentiment in the United States was so strong that any attempt to oppose and curb it might lead to civil war. This view is still put forward by President Wilson's admirers as an excuse for his cowardly inactivity during 1915 and 1916; but I do not believe that it can be established, or that posterity will regard it as valid. To allow the Germans here to carry on their plots undisturbed for a year or more, and then to pretend that our Government ought not to risk a clash with the hostile and often disloyal pro-Germans—for many of the Germans were naturalized and had sworn allegiance to this country—is a plea in which effrontery and cowardice are evenly mixed. The President, who admitted that he was afraid to act for fear of enraging a part of the American people, had nothing in common with Abraham Lincoln, or U. S. Grant, or Grover Cleveland, or Theodore Roosevelt. He had nothing in common with any

average American, for cowardice is not an American trait. Before the outbreak of the Civil War, the fact that we had few troops and no military organization, did not restrain General John A. Dix from telegraphing to a United States Treasury official in New Orleans: "If anyone attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

This quality of what for politeness is called "timidity"—though in our everyday speech we give it a more exact and harsher name—clung to President Wilson throughout. He was audacious and even truculent, when he believed that he was screened against attack, as during his triumphal European progress; but unless he felt this security he did not try to simulate courage. Thus, when the President of the four railroad brotherhoods demanded large concessions, he did not even argue with them, but conceded everything and would have given more. True, this was just before the election of 1916, and Mr. Wilson was bent on securing any vote, no matter who cast it. But picture, if you can, a delegation going to the White House when either Cleveland or Roosevelt was there and daring to threaten the President that he must grant their demands or take the consequences. In 1894 an agitator named Debs proposed to tie up the transportation system of the United States. President Cleveland, instead of cringing before the American Railway Union, as President Wilson would have done, declared that: "If it took every dollar in the treasury and every soldier in the United States army to deliver a postal card in Chicago, that postal card should be delivered."

During all these weary months which lengthened slowly into years, Europe was in a death-grapple with the Hun, and the Hun, thanks to his long preparation, to his central position, and to his elaborate system of strategic railroads, seemed to be conquering. The Governments and people of civilized Europe desperately looked across the Atlantic to the United States, which was making fortunes through the sale to the Allies of munitions and food at usurious rates; while the President of the United States declared that the War did not concern us, that the Europeans were war-mad, and that the traditional policy of our country, following a precedent set by Washington, forbade us to

enter into entangling alliances abroad. The President consented, indeed, to make loans to the Allies, but these loans mostly paid our own profiteers for the munitions, and other supplies which England, France, and Italy were buying over here.

"We are pouring out our life-blood, we are staking our very existence in the struggle of Democracy against Despotism," said the Allies, "and the United States, the most powerful, the most prosperous, the most fortunate of Democracies, looks on while we perish and lifts not a finger in our behalf. Whatever we get from there we pay treble price for." Oh, my brother Americans, well may we bow down our heads in humiliation and shame when we remember that our Country, the great example of Democracy, threw away this God-given opportunity to be the champion and savior of Democracy! Until the election came in 1916, and Wilson was re-elected, he found plenty of reasons to keep us out of war, and to keep us at peace with the German party here, and the German Empire over there.

The German Government came early to estimate President Wilson's messages at their true value. Count Bernstorff, Münsterberg, and lesser German agents here saw that excessive vanity and insatiate ambition controlled him. So long as he was planning for re-election, there would be no war. While he went on writing, therefore, the Germans went on torpedoing with impunity. But the conscience of the American people would not be put to sleep; and not their conscience only, because Americans saw that if our Government allowed the Germans to overwhelm the Allies, the United States would be the next object of German rapacity, and probably its next victim. Self-preservation demanded that we should enter the War while there was still time, and popular clamor rose to such a pitch that Wilson himself saw that his own self-preservation required him to submit to the popular wish. Accordingly, early in the spring of 1917, Congress, at his instance, broke off relations with Germany.

I do not intend to describe the American participation in the War, but it is relevant to point out two or three baneful effects of Mr. Wilson's temper and character. In the first place, his habit of surrounding himself with only second- or third-rate men, in order that he might do everything himself and get the glory

therefor, resulted in placing Josephus Daniels, a North Carolina local editor, at the head of the Navy Department, and Newton D. Baker at the head of the War Department. It seemed unnecessary to choose Mr. Baker out of perhaps a million more competent persons, when he was believed by his neighbors in Cleveland, Ohio, to have Pacifist leanings and to be German by descent. But President Wilson, as if to show his impartiality, seemed to delight in these contradictions. Also, he supported with exceptional fervor Mr. Henry Ford, an unlimited Pacifist, as Democratic candidate for Senator.

But President Wilson's peculiarity led him not only to select mediocrities and persons obviously unfit for whatever reason, but also to reject others whom almost the entire country approved. General Leonard Wood, who had been most active in training volunteers, and who by competent French experts was looked upon as the best General in our Army, was refused a commission to go abroad. Colonel Roosevelt, who made no pretense to command an Army Corps, but who could have raised 300,000 men to follow him anywhere, was also refused. Wilson's intrinsically vindictive nature took this method of gratifying its spite. Some of his apologists now claim that Roosevelt was physically unfit, having lost the sight of an eye, but this fact was not generally known then, and as the loss had existed for about ten years, and had not prevented Roosevelt from making his trips to Africa and Brazil, it could not be honestly alleged as a reason why he should not command a force in France. Wilson's spite injured not merely persons but the nation; for instead of calling, when we entered into war, for the assistance of the ablest men of all parties, to form a Coalition Government, he rebuffed those who were not Democrats, and he carried on the War as if it were his personal Democratic monopoly. In England, in France, in Italy, where parties were as much a factor as here, they still held that most salutary truth that the Nation is above all parties. Mr. Wilson, however, had reached the point where he believed that he himself was above the Nation. The American people, on the contrary, accepted the War as their war and, irrespective of party, bore their share of the burden.

The Secretary of War, Mr. Baker, achieved notoriety by de-

claring, "Thank God, we are unprepared!"—the most fatuous remark made in our time, or perhaps in any other. What should we say of a surgeon, who on being called to perform a capital operation should exclaim, "Thank God, I have no instruments"? Or of a fire commissioner who on the breaking out of a conflagration which threatened to destroy his city, should shout, "Thank God, we are unprepared, we haven't an engine or a fireman in the service"? Most surgeons and most fire commissioners do not start as Newton D. Bakers. The appalling fact is, however, that Baker merely put into words President Wilson's policy of unpreparedness during the more than thirty months since the War began. What a fine thing it was then to talk that way to Sunday School Classes and to "uplift" ministers! But when the scourge came, and our boys died by thousands in battle because we were unprepared, or of preventable disease, because we were unprepared, do you think that their mothers and fathers, their wives and sisters and sweethearts, their children and friends, got satisfaction from Mr. Wilson's mawkish fallacy?

The War had not progressed long before thoughtful men of every nation, shuddering at its horrors, set to thinking how all war could be abolished and peace be made permanent. Various plans were suggested. One of them, the League to *Enforce* Peace, seemed to the Americans the most popular and feasible. President Wilson did not initiate this. Among its earliest promoters were President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University and Ex-President William H. Taft, both Republicans. When Mr. Wilson found that this League was gaining in favor, he openly espoused it, and, as chance often plays freaks of this kind, he came at last to be revered as its starter by persons who did not take the trouble to inform themselves as to the originator of the project. One sees how Mr. Wilson's soft heart would be overwhelmed by any project to put an end to war. But knowing, as we do, that he was now so completely in the toils of egomania that he took no steps without studying what its effect would be on him and his fortunes, we cannot overlook the fact that he saw in the League of Nations a marvellous opening to his own aggrandizement. If any league should be agreed upon when it came time to make peace, who would be more likely

to be chosen its President than himself? This suggestion became an obsession, and to it he has sacrificed all other considerations. Later, General Smuts of South Africa drafted a Covenant of the League, and this draft was the basis on which negotiations were adjusted.

I do not describe President Wilson's conduct of the War. The lack of preparedness which he had insisted on, cost the country, unnecessarily, at least four billion dollars. Money was poured out, not merely lavishly, but it was squandered. A single item which has recently come to light is an illustration. Secretary Baker, the head of the War Department, who thanked God that we were not ready, ordered fifteen or twenty times as many saddles, bridles, and other cavalry equipments, as there were horses to be equipped. According to what seems to be trustworthy data, we appropriated more than a billion dollars for American airplanes, yet not one of these reached France before the Armistice, and our first troops abroad were harassed with impunity by the German airmen. "But," say Mr. Wilson's apologists, "he had to work quickly in an emergency, and he had to pay the price." To which it is enough to reply, Who made the emergency, and why?

Through a stroke of good fortune, which we did not deserve, our Army arrived in France in time to bring reinforcement to the French and English, and to take an indispensable part in ending the War. Mr. Wilson did not intend, at first, to send any American troops abroad, but when he learned from Marshal Joffre and Mr. Balfour the desperate condition of the Allies in the early spring of 1917, he had to change his mind. He had "kept us out of war," as long as it served his purpose. Now he spoke proudly of being in the War: "I, too, come of fighting blood," he said jauntily. More remarkable still, was his ingenuity in finding reasons for our joining the Allies, or "Associates" as he preferred to call them. We took up arms "to make the world safe for Democracy," he explained. More far-fetched still, was his assertion that our men would no longer tolerate the evil doctrine of the Balance of Power, from which sprang dynastic and international jealousies, and war. How false these assumptions were, any of us could prove by questioning the doughboys themselves.

Out of many whom I talked with, not one had ever heard of the Balance of Power, or recognized it as a motive for fighting. America went to war for self-preservation. As early as the autumn of 1914, President Charles W. Eliot had warned our country that, if there were any danger of the Teutons winning, it would be our duty to support the Allies with all our force.

Equally pharisaical is the assertion that we went to war to make the world safe for Democracy. No doubt, if the Germans were victorious, Democracy would fare badly in the world. But our regiments held no purpose so definite as President Wilson's words imply: and after all, who was he to pose as a spokesman of Democracy? Woodrow Wilson has done more to denature and destroy Democracy in the United States than all our enemies have been able to do since our Government was founded in 1789. As I write these lines, he exercises an Autocracy which the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs would have envied.

This contradiction between his words and his deeds appears wherever we look. He denounced, magniloquently, secret diplomacy and proclaimed that all transactions should be open and public. And yet he himself resorted to secret diplomacy more than any other President of the United States has done. For years, his secret agents, beginning with Colonel House, have been taking his messages, not alone to foreign cabinets, but to any unofficial persons with whom Mr. Wilson wished to collogue. Freedom of speech is essential to Democracy, yet Mr. Wilson maintained the most vigorous press censorship the United States have known, and he found in Mr. George Creel an expert to carry out his commands. The baneful effect of the Wilson-gag law prevented news of political opinion in the United States from being immediately communicated to the Europeans at Paris; and it prevented Americans at home from receiving swift and true reports of what was going on at the Paris Conference. It was sufficient for us to be told that President Wilson was the superman or supermonarch in Paris, before whom Lloyd George and Clémenceau bowed in complete subservience.

President Wilson welcomed the idea of a peace without victory, and exhausted his skill as a casuist in making this idea acceptable to his countrymen. He promulgated his Table of Fourteen Points

—the terms, that is, which would be fair in making peace. And when the Germans *were* beaten, and were suing for an Armistice, he kept himself in the lime-light, as if he were the master of the Allies, the Napoleon of the War. Is there any significance in the fact that the Germans accepted his Fourteen Points as the most favorable to themselves?

After the Armistice, the Congress met at Paris to make peace. Contrary to precedent, contrary also to the best interests of the United States, President Wilson appointed himself the chief American Commissioner. At the November election, he had urged the American people to return a strong Democratic majority to Congress in order to support his policies, and he admitted that without this backing, he might be seriously embarrassed in his dealings with foreign countries. The American people cast a majority of more than a million votes against him. Nevertheless, he chose to go. And now some of his apologists declare that he went with a mandate of the American people! The objection to having a monarch or ruler—and President Wilson was in a very real sense a ruler—sit in a conference with the Prime Ministers or other representatives of other Governments is obvious; first of all, it destroys the sense of equality. Mr. Wilson did not speak as the representative of the American Government: he made it perfectly clear that he regarded himself as the American Government.

Having now scorned to take counsel with anyone, having reduced his Cabinet ministers and other officials to the status of servants, he threw off all pretense of being bound by the Constitution. Those who differed from him, especially those who openly opposed him, he branded as wilful or wicked. He tried to undermine the prestige of the Senate—the last dam erected by the Constitution between an arrogant President and absolute power—and he succeeded by appealing to their sentimental religiosity in making some Americans believe that it was more important to uphold his sanctimonious whims than the Constitution.

So he went to Paris, and enjoyed a more than royal welcome in France, in England, and in Italy. War-weary Europe lavished on him its thanks intended for the great Democracy whose troops had reached Europe late, but not too late to help in de-

stroying the Hun. He sat at the conference table, like Shylock at a meeting of his creditors. Many of the countries had received war loans from the United States. He took no pains to correct the misunderstanding that these loans were due to his personal bounty. The delegates of the foreign Governments, therefore, were careful to treat him as their benefactor. They wished to secure easy payment for what they had had; they hoped perhaps to receive further loans. The College President, was no match for such seasoned European statesmen as Lloyd George and Clémenceau: but they were too adroit to let him perceive it. All the foreigners, by common instinct, acted as if they did not doubt that he was as omnipotent as he assumed to be. One of our commissioners who sat by him daily for four months, said to me: "Wilson's intellect was amazing. After he spoke on any subject, discussion of it ceased." We, who have no vanity, no delusion of megalomania to be flattered, can see at what a disadvantage it put the United States to have President Wilson sit as the chief American representative at the Peace Congress.

Sometimes it happened, of course, that the English and French Prime Ministers found adulation and bamboozling insufficient: then they adopted other means. President Wilson had gone abroad filled with a passion for the freedom of the seas. That shining Prussian casuist, Dr. Dernburg, had taught him that "British Navalism" was not less harmful than German Militarism. But from the time Mr. Wilson first met Mr. Lloyd George till now, the President has not lisped a word about "Navalism"; one would like to know how the Welsh statesman enlightened him. M. Clémenceau, also, did not always sprinkle orange-flower water over his conversations with Mr. Wilson. But these experiences took place in private. The President insisted on open diplomacy—in all cases where his superiority could be recorded.

Being self appointed, President Wilson had no credentials or instructions to place before the Congress at Paris. Whoever questioned his authority must accept the President's assertion that he spoke for the United States, and must assume that they would ratify whatever he promised. We do not know, even now, how many promises he made.

During the latter part of President Wilson's term, a new issue

came up to distract and muddle men's judgments. This was the League of Nations, an ideal which aimed at securing and perpetuating the peace of the world. Now everybody, except the Germans, abstractly desired peace, and all the nations, except the German, which were taking part in the War, with its horrors and cruelties and losses, were resolved that some step must be found to prevent a similar war from being fought. Mr. Wilson, as I have said, did not originate the desire for peace or even the clauses of the scheme which was first drafted; but he identified himself with the scheme. He got the reputation of being the great idealist. Persons who failed to accept his rainbow-tinted language were pitied or chidden for their lack of vision. By this clever device Mr. Wilson tried to make it appear that whoever was against him was against peace, and that whoever criticized the League of Nations was against peace.

This artful complication simply recorded a new policy which the War was forcing upon us. Down to August 1914, a majority of Americans accepted without much discussion the warning which Washington had given in his Farewell Address, and which Jefferson had put into two words against "entangling alliances." During the first period of the War Wilson had excused himself for the emasculate and ignoble neutrality which he forced upon the United States by pretending to be unwilling to disobey this warning; in reality he never respected precedents—whether those of Washington or of Jefferson—which interfered with his personal plans of the moment. Later, however, when the possibilities of the League of Nations dawned upon him and he understood that the President of such a League would be in fact President of the world, we heard nothing more from him against "entangling alliances." The League, of course, could be nothing else except an entangling alliance, not with one nation but with all that composed it.

The American people were thenceforth divided. Their instinct of humanity made them desire most earnestly the establishment of a system of permanent peace. On the other hand, they doubted whether the particular scheme which Mr. Wilson proposed would work, and the more they looked into this, the more their doubts troubled them. Mr. Wilson did everything possible to

make them distrust his project. Not being in any sense a statesman, he did not try to propitiate. Far from it. He assumed that anyone who opposed him was wicked, and he strove to inflame the country against the Senate, which was duly appointed by the Constitution to pass on the treaties negotiated by the President. An ordinary business man does not slap the faces of his customers and expect to retain their custom, how then can the admirers of President Wilson, who had neither the tact nor the manners of ordinary business men, persuade posterity that he was a statesman?

The dilemma which has troubled the United States since 1917, is to reconcile our traditional repugnance to entangling alliances and our instinctive desire for peace. President Wilson who had looked on the ravishing of Belgium and the devastating of France, and the sinking of ships of all nations, without admitting that these crimes concerned us at all, was not the person to appear like Harlequin in a sudden change of costume and announce himself as the champion of alliances with all peoples. Nor was it for him who caused dissension wherever he went at home and abroad, to pose as the paragon of brotherhood and peace. "Ye shall know them by their fruits." What better test is there for man or nation? And Woodrow Wilson will be judged by his deeds and not by the per-virtuous sentiments of his writings and his speeches. No one can doubt that the United States will take their due share of responsibility among the nations. We cannot be isolated if we would. But because we refuse to fit into the intricate jig-saw puzzle which Mr. Wilson has contrived for the salvation of the world, it does not follow that we choose isolation. It simply means that we prefer the American Constitution and our national independence to jig-saw puzzles.

Knowing that our Senate and a majority of our population would reject the Covenant of the League of Nations, he so entangled it in the Treaty of Peace that we could not have peace without accepting the Covenant. This was an amazing trick, only less amazing than the fact that some of our College Presidents and Professors and professional experts in Ethics, not only condoned but applauded it. Article Ten, the heart of the

Covenant, proposed to abrogate the sovereignty of the United States, and to subject our national will, under certain circumstances, to the decision of the Council of the League of Nations. Mr. Wilson denies this, and insists that Article Ten means no such thing, but persons who have far more authority than he to interpret international and constitutional matters contradict him. The Covenant assigns six votes to Great Britain in the Council and one to the United States, but again the President denied that this disparity would exist in practice. Why should a great nation, like the United States, sign any agreement, the form of which is so ambiguous that experts all over the world interpret it differently? Nobody would take a deed even to a shanty of which the title was in doubt. Why should the United States perhaps throw away its birthright so recklessly?

Mr. Lloyd George, with all his subtle persuasiveness, urged the League upon the President. M. Clémenceau put little faith in it, but as he regarded Wilson's friendship and the support of the United States as indispensable to France, he accepted it, much as the practical Prince Metternich accepted Czar Alexander's Covenant of the Holy Alliance after the Congress of Vienna. It cost nothing to accept a pious whim when by so doing they could secure the friendship of the Czar. So President Wilson forced his pious whim on the Congress at Paris, but he stubbornly refused to accept any changes in Article X—the rest didn't matter. The Treaty was completed with the Covenant inextricably riveted into it. Some of the European Powers signed it, and Mr. Wilson came home to force the Senate to ratify it.

He had taken the precaution several months before, to spread the insinuation that the Senate was a wicked body, which, for political reasons solely, was bent on thwarting him. At his return he presented the document, and intimated that they should sign it. The fact that the Constitution gave the Senate equal power with himself in making treaties never appealed to him. Whatever blocked his ambition was bad; consequently the Senate was bad. So blinded by egomania was Mr. Wilson that he imagined that the people of the United States was on his side—the very people which had defeated him by more than a million

votes in 1918. Accordingly he planned to stump the country in behalf of his scheme for a League of Nations. Charitable critics tried to see in his campaign a noble example of devotion to an ideal; others, who had followed his career from his Princeton days, saw in his determination to win the crown of his later ambition—the Presidency of the League of Nations—a most characteristic outcome of his egocentric nature. He refused to accept the slightest change in Article X, refused even to discuss the compromise. That is not the attitude of a statesman. Statesmen know that it is better to get half a loaf than nothing. A more astonishing example of exorbitant self-conceit cannot be found in history than was Wilson's intransigence. Many of his own party were willing to accept reservations; so were European statesmen who had signed the Treaty, but Wilson was unmoved. He warned those who insisted on reservations that they would break the heart of the world and yet he by his stubbornness was willing to break the heart of the world, whatever that means, without a qualm.

In the midst of his campaign, illness cut short his activity. For months he was incapable of performing the ordinary duties of a President, by any fair interpretation of what the Constitution regarded as "incapacity." We recognized the Wilsonian voice in the amazing message he addressed to Great Britain abusing her for not letting him know certain transactions. The truth was that the special envoy, Viscount Grey, sent by Great Britain to confer with the President, had been allowed to wait four months in Washington, without meeting the President. If this was a proof of capacity, what would incapacity have been? A second letter in which Mr. Wilson cruelly assailed France as being "militaristic" and "imperialistic" in her designs had his unmistakable stamp. Gradually he regained sufficient strength to take part, from his bedroom and study, in the political campaign, and when the Democrats nominated Mr. Cox, President Wilson seems to have exacted from him a promise that he would carry out all the Wilsonian principles and that Article X should not be changed in the dotting of an *i* or the crossing of a *t*. It was plain that the illness which had struck him down, had rendered him unable to deal with certain series of ideas. Egomania

and Article X were obsessions. He repeated his utterances of the year before with parrot-like iteration, and he looked forward to Election Day as the day of the "Great and Solemn Referendum," when the American people should ratify his "Vision" and place him among the world's few supreme men.

November 2nd came. Inexorable as fate, the Great and Solemn Referendum turned out to be the Greatest Repudiation in American history. According to the vote, a majority of more than seven million and a half Americans repudiated Woodrow Wilson, and his ways, and his régime, and his visions. I doubt whether anyone who voted against him was opposed to Peace; but everyone was opposed to the Wilsonian Peace, to the sly and uncandid methods he had resorted to in order to secure the adherence of the Europeans. In that vote the American people repudiated sanctimony, a common and often successful tool of self-seeking politicians. The American people repudiated the insincerity which made Mr. Wilson denounce secret diplomacy and other practices of the old Governments, while he practised them himself without stint. The American people repudiated the President who pretended that so large a part of them were disloyal and disaffected, that he was afraid to adopt a patriotic and American policy. They repudiated the doctrine that Americanism is selfish, that one must care more for a foreign nation than for one's own nation, that patriotism itself is necessarily narrow and selfish. They do not believe that any man who was afraid to trust the American people should be their President, or that any man who surrenders to locomotive engineers or to capitalists, or to any other clique, deserves to be President. They do not wittingly approve a coward.

I said that the Second of November, 1920, should remain memorable in the annals not only of the United States but of Democracy. One of the chief dangers to Democracy is that its voters may be easily misled, and by almost imperceptible stages may fritter away their fundamental rights and principles. President Wilson showed how, by means equally insidious and unscrupulous, the United States could be converted from a Democracy into a Despotism. Usually the "man on horseback" resorts to violence to accomplish his end. The less crude Medici

stole away the liberties of Florence by largesse. President Wilson worked more craftily still, and he succeeded in postponing, as long as possible, his day of reckoning. With Machiavellian cunning he tried to fool the American people into regarding the League of Nations as the issue of the Campaign of 1920. He did fool some of our intellectuals, some of our College Presidents, and ministers.

The American people, however, were sound and sane. They saw that the capital issue was Wilson and Wilsonism, and, having at last an opportunity to record their opinion, they repudiated both.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

THE NEW SOCIALISM

BY JOHN CORBIN

Syndicalist, I. W. W., Bolshevist: the words have become mere epithets—"names," as the children say. Yet in the idea that lies behind the new Socialism, if we envisage it dispassionately, we shall, I think, find much that is plausible. In its English development as Guild Socialism, there is much that in all probability is fruitful, both for the individual and for the nation.

In one sense, and a very real sense, the industrial worker is, as the Socialists so passionately declare, a wage slave. All the instruments of his labor are owned by the employing class—beings of a different world, whom he never sees. In some respects the wage slave is worse off than the chattel slave. When he is wanted his labor is bought, like any commodity, at the market price. When he is not wanted—when employers can no longer extract a profit from his labor—they turn him off to shift for himself, as no owner of chattel slaves ever did. For he is not a man to them but only what they call him, a hand. And what is his labor? The days of chattel slavery knew nothing like it. Thanks to the perfection of machinery, the old crafts are dying or dead. The "hand" feeds a machine, performing the same simple shift eight hours, ten hours, twelve hours a day—and often in ill-lighted, ill-heated, unsanitary surroundings. His whole life is dominated alternately by the spectre of grinding labor and the spectre of unemployment that spells destitution. For him the progress of civilization, the vast modern increase of material wealth, has come to this, that he is bound to a neo-barbarian master whose god is an iron, steam-driven Moloch, to whom millions are daily sacrificed. . . . The picture is no doubt luridly colored; but few will deny it a grim verisimilitude.

Is it strange that the mind of slum-ridden industrial England dreams backward to the Mediæval Guild, in which the workman

owned his own tools—was capitalist as well as laborer—and so was able to practice his craft when and where he liked? Then each job brought him a new problem to solve, each employer a new acquaintance and possibly friend. Freedom, even democracy, in labor flourished as never since that golden age. But the return to the Golden Age—that is the problem. What is it that has to be undone? What is the essence of the change, the force behind the machine, the evil above the employer—who is so often not ill-disposed? There is more at stake than the problem of labor and capital. Something has happened of which Karl Marx took no note and of which the world outside the circle of the new Socialism is as yet dimly aware.

In that old society, down to the "industrial revolution" of the late eighteenth century, the unit of the state was territorial, civic. As each worker was an individual—owning the tools of his labor, self-sufficient and free—so was each community. It grew its own food, provided its own transportation, manufactured its own familiar necessaries from shoes and stockings, plows and wagons, to cakes and ale. Today the city of guilds has vanished but there are traces still of the rural industrial unit. In the remote English countryside and far up on the New England hills there are farmhouses with the old smithy and cobblers' bench, the old brew house and cider mill, still standing; with the old loom, spinning wheel and candle dips in the dusty gloom of the garret. And like the farm, the village and the county were each self-contained, industrially as politically. No other unit of representation and government was possible. These territorial divisions remain our political units and function as best they may—which is not very well. Meanwhile mankind, which in spite of Aristotle is primarily industrial, has pushed his industrial far beyond his political development—has wrought out new units which are more complex, more powerful.

Instead of the local wheelwright who fashioned the farm wagon and family coach we have the automobile factory, the locomotive works; instead of the farm or village blacksmith we have the steel industry; instead of the spinning-wheel and loom, the textile industry; instead of the wood lot, the coal mines—and each basic industry is organized upon a national scale, or

easily capable of becoming so. Upon the old "horizontal" units of territory we have erected "vertical" units of industry. And—man being still primarily and most dynamically an industrial animal—these new units comprise the really organic and functional life of the nation. In America we lament the decay of the character and power of our territorial units. Our cities are notoriously inefficient in their own government and corrupt in their dealings with business corporations. Our sovereign States have seen their powers, one by one, pass into other hands. State rights and local sovereignty, to the preservation of which a great political party was dedicated, exist no more except for the minor purposes of civil as distinguished from industrial government. And the reason is that, with a single exception, all that nourishes life and makes it powerful has ceased to be local and is organized on a national scale. Even the farmers, in their ceaseless struggle against nationwide units of manufacture and transportation, are being forced into national organizations. Considered as live industrial forces, township and county and State are no more. Yet our political life is still organized, represented, ruled, by men chosen, not on any functional basis but on the basis of territorial units—empty shells from which the seeds of life have vanished.

The result is evident in the personnel and character of legislative bodies. Throughout the world, and not least so in the United States, one type of man is strangely absent. The great master of industry—manufacturer, railway president, engineer—whose reputation within his industry is nationwide, is seldom prominent in the locality where he lives; or, if he is, it is mainly because of his wealth—which makes him envied or feared and often also derided, most of all when his public benefactions are an enduring monument. The door to political advancement is barred by his very achievements. Even if he were eligible to public life he is too busy to mingle much among political folk, with whom he has little in common; and in point of fact he is too thoroughly engrossed with vital affairs to spend the days of his youth in ward politics or the days of his prime in the futile manœuvres of Congress. What type of men, then, do become our "representatives"? Some of them are newspaper proprietors whose "or-

gans" have made them locally known; some are dealers in public franchises whose money making has given them the dubious political touch. But most of them are lawyers, whose profession admits of protracted absences from their offices and whose talent it is to talk glibly and convincingly to the democratic or jury type of intelligence.

In the House of Representatives that saw the end of the World War and the beginning of the period of reconstruction there were over two hundred and sixty lawyers—far more than a majority. And where were the great captains of industry? Under stress of war we had called them into the public service, each in the field of which he was master; and the result, here as in England, was a sudden grasp and power in administration which alone enabled us to mobilize the resources of the nation in time to avert disaster. When the victory was won we sent them back again, each to his isolated industry. But we kept the lawyers at Washington, where they continue to frame the laws that make or mar our great dynamic industries—their eyes attentively fixed, not upon the vital organs of the nation but on the petty passions and prejudices of the motley groups of citizens in their empty and functionless constituencies. This gap, or rather dead wall, between government and industry was the real origin of the late reign of graft. The country was in the throes of a gigantic material development and the only sure way to obtain constructive legislation and the necessary franchises was to buy them. Our return to virtue—to such virtue as we may claim—coincided, ironically enough, with the ending of the era of the titans. The same lack of functional adjustment may be seen today, in a less sensational but no less harmful form, in the failure of our Government to seize the opportunities and privileges which the war bequeathed us. Our commerce cries out to overrun the world but the governmental means are lacking. There are no birds in last year's nests, nor are the great constructive leaders of the nation any longer in Congress.

New Socialists of the various Syndicalist stripes, as opposed to the English Guildsmen, propose to disestablish the state of territorial units and erect in its place a state of industrial units, organized both locally and nationally—the steel trade, the textile

trade, the mines, the railways and the rest, corresponding in sovereignty to our territorial States. The National Government is to be composed of representatives of all industries. And this new state is to be as democratic in theory as the present political state—more democratic in practice. The worker is to be no longer a "hand," forced to barter his labor as a commodity in order to stave off destitution; he is to be a free citizen, with an equal share in the tools and product of his labor and freely electing those who control his industry. Slavery to the machine will cease. Only then will modern society become democratic in its major, the industrial, function.

Such, for example, is the programme of the Industrial Workers of the World. To most Americans the I. W. W. is, according as he is active or quiescent, a grisly anarchist or a comic supplement joke—the familiar "Wobbly" or "I Won't Work." But listen to the message of Daniel De Leon, who with Haywood and Berger founded the movement. It was delivered in 1905, when Syndicalism was an esoteric doctrine, Guild Socialism unborn and Bolshevism undreamed of; but it is today the dominant thought of Nikolai Lenin, who accepts De Leon as a prophet and regards his own dictatorship of the proletariat only as a necessary transition to a Utopia of industrial democracy.

> As the slough shed by the serpent, which immediately appears in its new skin, the political state will have been shed; and society will simultaneously appear in its new administrative garb. The mining, the railroad, the textile industries, down or up the line, each of these, regardless of former political boundaries, will be the constituencies of the new central authority. . . . Where the General Executive Board of the Industrial Workers of the World will sit, there will be the nation's Capitol. Like the flimsy card houses that children raise, the present political government of countries, of States, aye, of the city on the Potomac itself, will tumble down, their places taken by the central and subordinate administrative organs of the nation's industrial forces!

The vision that inspired De Leon was adumbrated (between 1894 and 1901) by Fernand Pelloutier, an anarchistic French labor leader; it was expounded and philosophized, between 1898 and 1910, by Georges Sorel, a successful French engineer who retired with a fortune and became the prophet of Syndicalism—until he gave it over, disillusioned. In Italy it was powerfully

advocated by Arturo Labriola—who subsequently undreamed it and became Minister of Labor. In Russia the revolution brought an opportunity to make it actual, and a failure, in the flesh. In England a doubt arose, a constructive doubt destined to keep the faith alive.

Why abolish the political state? Can it not still be of service as an aid, perhaps as partner? It has long been used to preserving civil order, at home, to conducting foreign relations, to waging war when it came to that. The Guildsman perceives that the society of his dreams is only a seed in the soil of the present; and though a seed—which is to say a new and true idea, is the mightiest thing in nature—the soil must be prepared and watered. The revolution can come, if it is to come in full strength, only as a far-reaching reorganization of the infinitely complex, inter-related and persistent world of today. As opposed to the grandiose internationalism of Marx and Lenin, Guild Socialism is temperately national. And now, since the lesson of Moscow, the Guildsman is more than ever convinced of the need of a political state as partner of the industrial state. "Let us not put down the tyranny of capital only to set up another in its place."

There may be those who see in even this Fabian Syndicalism, with its expropriation of private property and its redoubled emphasis upon the right of the *demos* to rule, a menace to all they hold dear. Yet even they must grant that it embodies a searching criticism of the modern political state and a most suggestive programme for social reconstruction. Nor is this all. In the tumultuous world of today Guild Socialism is the most powerful antidote against Bolshevism. From each of the great Western nations radical emissaries have journeyed to Moscow and have come home disillusioned—and illumined.

In the autumn of 1920 Italian metal workers seized the plants, locked out the owners, held the police at bay with machine guns, and busily began to operate the industry on the "democratic" basis. Lenin shouted encouragement from afar. Malatesta raged up and down the land and to and fro in it, inciting anarchistic violence in a general uprising. The Giolitti Government seemed as powerless to stop his criminal utterances as it was to

protect corporate property. Italy, victorious in the war and with its racial boundaries reëstablished, seemed about to go down in a red sunset. Meantime Socialist leaders—Daragona, Turati, Baldesi—said quite confidently that there would be no revolution; that the moving idea of the workers was not Bolshevism, or even pure Syndicalism, but the more peaceable and reasonable doctrine that had been prominently advanced in England—and, sure enough, the red revolution paled to a general debate, a parliamentary pink tea. In France the Communist Party has accepted the Moscow programme; but the General Confederation of Labor, assembled at Orange, refused flattering overtures from the Moscow International by a vote of 1,478 to 602—stood by their own idea of local autonomy in Syndicalism and by the patriotic policy of Millerand. In Republican Germany the New Constitution provides for the democratization of industry in a manner that is admittedly inspired by English precept—and Bolshevism has been held at bay.

In the United States Bolshevism is, if we would only realize it, not even a voice of power. The Russian Red is more pitiably futile than the I. W. W. The ultimate shrine of his fame is the comic supplement. But to those who fear the ferment of ideas and the changes it works, which are subversive as they are subtle and gradual, Guild Socialism is a portent. In the Railway Brotherhoods, once a very bulwark of conservatism, it is embodied in a definite programme, the Plumb Plan. It is said by those who should know to have been the inspiration of the "outlaw" railway strikes of 1920. Miners and dock workers are not over-given to ideas, but in the light of the new faith they have steeled their hearts against the more violent programme. An I. W. W. who made his way before a meeting of longshoremen strikers was so decisively ejected that he collided with a passing automobile and ended the evening in a hospital.

Among the more mentally nimble clothing workers, the new Socialism is a passion and an inspiration. Mainly Jews of the new immigration from Central Europe, they were for many years miserably sweated in slum tenements; but, through repeated and heroic efforts, they eventually organized themselves into a union of the "industrial" type, extended it far and wide through the

country and gained victory after victory over their employers. Today they are among the most fortunately situated of our laborers, both as to wages and as to hours. Mainly middle-class folk at home, their hard lot here has made them Socialists. Their programme, as indicated by Messrs. J. H. Budish and George Soule in *The New Unionism*, is throughout inspired by the Guild idea. Specifically, as their Constitution states, it is "to put the organized working class in actual control of the system of production" to the end that they shall "be ready to take possession of it." They have long made overtures to workers in the textile industries and have given them financial assistance. They are irreconcilably at odds with the conservative element in the American Federation of Labor, which abhors their Socialism and their "industrial" unionism; but when the radical element in the Federation organized the great steel strike, bringing tens and hundreds of thousands of ignorant aliens into the Federation, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers saw a fruitful field for the new Socialism and contributed $100,000 to the strikers—more than any single organization within the Federation.

This is only half the story, perhaps the less significant half. The idea of the democratization of industry is rapidly permeating the intellectual leaders of the nation—school teachers, college professors, clergymen, and even the heads of theological seminaries. In "progressive" journals of the type of *The New Republic* it is the sum and substance of opinion. Recent books, not only sociologic but historic, teem with it. Together with the cause of the League of Nations, it comprises most of the idealism, the aspiration and the hope that has resulted from the war; and, prominent as the League has become thanks to its involvement in politics, it is quite likely that Guild Socialism will prove the more permanent and powerful ferment.

It is indeed an attractive programme to every lover of his fellow men and of his nation, to every lover of democracy and freedom. Yet let us not be precipitate. It is possible that somewhere and somehow there is a fly in the amber. What is it that is forgotten—if anything? Curious phenomenon, is it not the very people who have conceived the new Socialism and most conspicuously championed it, the middle class? The phenome-

non is indeed curious; yet to the unimpassioned observer it would perhaps seem more strange if those who exercise their brains upon the problems of Sociology had remembered the brain worker.

One incident of the great year of unrest throws this middle-class Socialism into dramatic relief. The Interchurch World movement, which started as a drive to increase the wretchedly insufficient salaries of our clergymen, stepped aside to investigate the Steel strike. In its Report the Interchurch Committee appears to have been, to say the least, strangely abused—one hesitates to use common parlance with regard to a committee of nine prominent clergymen including three bishops. The character of the leaders of the strike was notorious: they were both "borers from within." The committee had before it W. Z. Foster's "red book" on Syndicalism in which with passionate eloquence he incites "the militant minority" to robbery and bloodshed. His refusal specifically to recant these opinions before the Senate Committee is passed over in the Report with an apparently disingenuous shift. With regard to Foster's co-worker, John Fitzpatrick, the Report says nothing definite, attempting only to picture his burly leadership in a sympathetic light. There was nothing definite to say, from the point of view of apology. Fitzpatrick has always been a revolutionary. At the organization of the Farmer-Labor party he called upon the "workers" to "concentrate their efforts and do such a job as Russia has done" and to "take over the operation of their own country and their own government."

In its investigation the Interchurch Committee accepted the aid of certain New York Socialists of the stripe of the leaders of the Garment Workers. The Report gives a stirring picture of the hardship of the lives of the common laborers and of the prevalence of the twelve-hour day. But of the welfare work of the Steel Company, and of the fact that the men manifestly prefer their life here to that of their homes in Europe, the Report says nothing. Nor is there any mention of the deepest evil in the situation—the fact that leaders in the world of capital, in order to swell their profits, have abetted the importation of brutal and ignorant aliens and have employed them under a régime which makes them raw material for the most dangerous propaganda

that has ever risen among us. The Report ends with a declaration in favor of the "democratization of the industry." It is a delicate question whether the Committee were conscious propagandists of the new Socialism or merely bamboozled by their "technical assistants" from "The Bureau of Social Research, New York." Fortunately it is a question that we are under no obligation to decide.

The story of those nine clergymen including three bishops is indeed symbolic. The average salary of the spiritual leaders of our nation is something less than $1,000 a year. After the ruin of the Interchurch drive one denomination started a separate movement the slogan of which was: "A Parsonage and $1,500!" Yet the average wage of the steel workers in 1919 was $1,950. Such facts, of course, the Interchurch Report ignores. What is to be the limit, if any, to this self-prostration of the brains and of the racial integrity of the nation before the ignorant, passion-driven proletariat; of this self-immolation of its spiritual forces in behalf of "an American standard of living" for the offscourings of Europe?

Some limit there must be—and is. The most resolute dreamer, when he sees his vision wrought out in action, has a way of coming to. Local denominations, forced into their own little drives for a parsonage and $1,500 a year, now know what they think of the grandiose Interchurch World committee. It is even possible that the nine clergymen, including three bishops, know what they think of themselves.

In Europe, where revolutions have a way of advancing faster and farther, the awakening from the folly of deifying the proletariat has been proportionately sudden and dramatic. The Bolshevists "expropriated the expropriators"—that was the work of a few days. According to their schedule, which was as precisely thought out in the master mind of Lenin as the German advance upon Paris, only a brief transitional dictatorship separated them from realizing the truly democratic state. But time only hardened the dictatorship, solidified it to a crushing weight of lead, while the mirage of industrial democracy sped before, into an ever more distant and hazy future. Where was the miscalculation, the gap in the programme?

Was it not in Lenin's estimate of the middle class? At first he regarded them merely as the despised and hated bourgeoisie—the *bête noir* of all the tribe of Karl Marx; and as such he wreaked the class struggle upon them—robbed, starved, imprisoned, enslaved and foully murdered them. "Democracy," say the Guild Socialists, "is the inexhaustible well from which the nation draws its resources, human, economic, social, spiritual. All these are comprehended in democracy, and only in democracy. It is the ground out of which fructifies the seed of national life." But in Russia, as weeks and months went by, the seed did not fructify. Far from being able to adapt industry to the changing needs of the time, organized labor in control was powerless even to keep the wheels turning. Very soon Lenin was obliged to seek out the old managerial and technical forces—such of them as had not already been starved or shot—and employed them at advanced wages. They took up their posts and presumably did what they could, for if they had held back or "struck on the job" they and those dear to them would have had short shrift. But they made no headway. The Soviet workmen, even at their old familiar tasks, shirked and malingered.

The truth in the well is easily read today, even in the mud of its bottom. In the realm of industry there is more than labor, more than capital—more than the two combined and eager to work in harmony. The belly and the members are powerless without the brain that is strong and clear—free to lead and, where need is, to rule. And so, in this third decade of the century, even the still "revolutionary" Socialists are coming to suspect, in all countries, that each class has its rights; that the old world cannot be changed for a better one except through the coöperation of all its elements; that true freedom and efficiency are to be attained only by the interplay of all the infinitely varied forces of the modern industrial state.

This is the lesson that the English Guildsmen are learning, though reluctantly and with a wry face. When they have mastered it, or when we have mastered it before them, we shall all be thinking of a reconstruction of the nation in which the National Guild will supplant the territorial State.

JOHN CORBIN.

INTERNATIONAL PUBLIC HEALTH PROBLEMS

BY RICHARD P. STRONG, M.D.

A STUDY of the different statistics of the actual and potential loss of life due to the recent war reveals the fact that about 43 million lives have been lost to the world either directly from the war or from causes induced by it. These losses are made up of, first, approximately 13 million deaths which occurred in the military services; secondly, a surplus mortality above that which occurred in normal times in the civilian populations amounting to approximately 10 million, due to epidemic and other diseases, privation, hardship, physical exhaustion, and similar causes; and thirdly, a potential loss of 20 million lives due to the decreased birth frequency below that which occurred under normal conditions before the war. The adult male population in many European countries has been reduced by from 14 to 20 per cent. The figures of Alonzo Taylor show us that there are between 50 to 60 million people in Europe who have lost their pre-war occupations owing to the fact that the markets for their products no longer exist, having been changed or taken away from them by other countries. Many of these people have or soon will become refugees in Europe, among which class of people not only poverty and hardship, but also disease always reigns, resulting in a high increase in death rate and decrease in birth rate.

These figures and facts serve to emphasize the statement that there is perhaps no problem of an international character confronting the world today and having greater importance and magnitude in connection with the restoration of economic conditions in Europe, than that of the prevention of disease and the improvement of health in Central and Eastern Europe. Also there is perhaps no important subject concerning the League of Red Cross Societies and the League of Nations having a more

general international aspect than that of public health. Wells in his *Outline of History* writes:

> Among those things that seem to move commandingly towards an adequate world control at the present time is the need, because of the increasing mobility of peoples, of effectual controls of health everywhere.

Scientific discoveries such as those of Roux in relation to diphtheria antitoxin, of Ross and Reed in connection with the transmission of malaria and of yellow fever respectively, and of Flexner upon the treatment of cerebrospinal meningitis, emphasize the fact that such important discoveries concerning public health have not alone benefited the people of any one locality, or of any one country, but of the entire civilized world. Further it is obvious that the occurrence of an epidemic of yellow fever upon the shores of the Panama Canal would constitute a grave danger to the important seacoast cities of eastern Asia as well as those of southwestern Europe. Bubonic plague in Calcutta is a source of danger to Liverpool and London, while the epidemic of typhus fever now raging in Poland might increase to such an extent as to threaten all Europe, and it is even conceivable that if sanitary control were relaxed, it might sweep over the continent as it did particularly upon six occasions following and in connection with wars in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the individual epidemics then often continuing for many years at a time. Surgeon-General Cumming of our Public Health Service has recently emphasized the fact that there is considerable danger at the present time from infectious diseases which might be brought to this country through the immigration of peasants and other refugees, since there are 7 million people trying to gain access to the United States from those sections in Europe and in Central America where typhus, plague, and yellow fever are epidemic.

Even in times when communication by land and sea was extremely limited, epidemics often spread from country to country as is evidenced by the pestilences of plague, cholera, typhus, and small-pox which ravaged Europe in the Middle Ages, but with the bridging of space by modern means of transport, the danger of the spread of a number of the most serious infectious diseases evidently has been greatly increased, and hence the significance of international public health has been brought even more strongly

into prominence. With the added danger of the transmission of disease through improved and increasing means of communication, individual nations naturally sought to protect themselves against the influx of such infection. Today, however, we realize that it is not enough for one country to strive to protect its own inhabitants against epidemic diseases and even to aid another nation in combating disease solely because it feels it is in danger of the introduction of such infection. Indeed, the new spirit of internationalism in public health should be pervaded from the outset with the idea that the inhabitants of war-worn and disease-stricken nations should be aided and cared for primarily because they are unable to care for themselves.

In 1851 a conference was held in Paris to discuss the question of the establishment of an international commission for the suppression of various epidemic diseases, and as a result of this conference the first international sanitary convention was drawn up and presented by Napoleon III to the countries of the world. This convention dealt chiefly with the methods to be employed in the prevention and control of cholera, plague and yellow fever, and outlined sanitary regulations for shipping from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea. Obviously, however, the preventive measures immediately undertaken following this international convention were not very efficacious in preventing serious epidemics of disease, for during the Crimean War (1854–56) dysentery, typhus and cholera all raged extensively in the French, British and Turkish armies, both in Europe and in the Crimea.

The fourth great pandemic of cholera began in 1863 and reached Europe in 1865. In 1866 the disease was so serious in many countries that an international sanitary conference was called, apparently particularly at the instigation of Turkey and Egypt, to consider the cause of the disease and the most efficient measures to be employed for combating it. In 1874 a permanent international sanitary body was established which met at intervals from 1881 to 1897. At the meeting in 1892 the sanitary measures affecting the shipping in the Danube were discussed, and in 1894 the sanitary regulations of the Mecca pilgrimages were considered, particularly with reference to the spread of cholera and quarantine regulations. In 1897 an international

sanitary conference was held in Venice to consider the question of epidemics of bubonic plague, and protective measures were agreed upon and regulations formulated for controlling and preventing the spread of this disease.

These international conferences were largely of an advisory nature and in 1892 an effort was made to secure a more authoritative character for the deliberations. Accordingly a new international sanitary convention was drawn up and signed in Venice. At the conference in Paris in 1903 the quarantine of ships from plague-infected ports was reduced to five days, the importance of the rat in the transmission of the disease was recognized, and regulations for the destruction of these rodents recommended. This conference also drew up regulations for the establishment of an international sanitary office in Paris for the purpose of collecting and transmitting sanitary information to the different countries. The fourth revised international sanitary convention was signed in Paris in 1912, but before this could be ratified the world-war had broken out. Therefore, the convention of 1903 still remains in force.

In 1864, eleven years after the signing of the first governmental international sanitary convention, the International Red Cross was founded, having as its aim the care and treatment of all sick and wounded in war time, irrespective of nationality. The first meeting of the international congress of Red Cross Societies took place in Geneva in 1863, and the next year the Geneva Convention, under which protection is given to all hospital personnel and establishments, was drawn up and signed by a number of the Powers. Within a comparatively few years, almost every civilized country had become a signatory, though it is interesting to note that the adoption of this treaty by the United States Senate was not secured until 1882. This convention emphasized the fact that all sick and wounded, irrespective of nationality, should be treated equally by all Red Cross personnel. An office was established at Geneva, and a committee composed of Swiss citizens was formed under the name of *Comité International de la Croix Rouge*. The fact that the members of the *Comité International de la Croix Rouge* have always been Swiss citizens, allowed this organization (Switzerland being a neutral country)

to concern itself during the recent war with the collection, registration and repatriation of prisoners.

The *Office International d'Hygiène Publique* was established by an international agreement signed at Rome in December, 1907, most of the important Powers of the world, with the exception of Germany, either ratifying or adhering to the agreement.

The chief contracting parties bound themselves to establish and maintain an office of international public hygiene with headquarters in Paris. The principal purpose of this office was to acquaint the interested countries with information and the contents of documents of a general character relating to public health, especially in cases of infectious diseases, particularly cholera, plague and yellow fever, and also with the measures taken to overcome these diseases. The Office is placed under the authority and control of an international committee, consisting of one representative from each country, and this Committee meets, according to the agreement, periodically, at least once a year.

It was clearly laid down that the Office should in no way interfere in the internal administration of any country, but should only concern itself in an advisory capacity with questions of health affecting international interests. The original agreement, under which this Office was maintained, was to last seven years. In 1914, it was renewed for another seven years, but the outbreak of war caused the discontinuance of the meetings and of the formal conferences of the delegates. These meetings, however, were then replaced to a certain extent by the *Commission Sanitaire des Pays Alliés*, the members of which have been particularly the public health advisers of the Allied military and naval services. This interallied sanitary commission made use of the offices and of the permanent staff of the International Office of Public Health, and held regular meetings during the war, which related to the prevention of infectious diseases and to sanitation in the allied armies and civilian populations. Very recently it was decided at an international conference held in London that it would be advisable for the *Office International d'Hygiène Publique* to become a part of the health section of the League of Nations.

Such then were the important efforts undertaken in relation to

international public health organizations up to the year 1919. However, following the armistice, international health activities assumed greatly increased importance. The Swiss Committee of the International Red Cross had been organized to care for the sick and wounded in war, and the *Office International d'Hygiène Publique* as an advisory body in connection with governmental health matters. Hence, after the armistice there seemed not only to be a universal demand, but in addition a golden opportunity, for the inauguration of an international organization having as one of its purposes the improvement of public health and the prevention of disease throughout the world. Therefore Mr. H. P. Davison, with the approval of the Governments of France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, and the United States, took steps to organize a Committee of Red Cross Societies which in turn called together what has come to be known as the "Cannes Conference," which was attended by representatives from Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and the United States.

The League of Red Cross Societies was organized in May, 1919, following this Medical Conference. Thus while a number of the world's most eminent statesmen were engaged at the Peace Conference in Paris, in attempting to formulate a plan for a League of Nations destined to bring about and maintain permanent international peace, a number of our most distinguished scientists were associated at Cannes endeavoring to organize a League for the improvement of health throughout the world.

Objects as outlined in the Articles of Association are:

> To encourage and promote in every country in the world the establishment and development of a duly authorized voluntary national Red Cross organization, having as its purpose the improvement of health, the prevention of disease, and the mitigation of suffering throughout the world; and to secure the coöperation of such organizations for these purposes. To promote the welfare of mankind by furnishing a medium for bringing within the reach of all the peoples the benefits to be derived from present known facts and new contributions to science and medical knowledge and their application. To furnish a medium for coördinating relief work in case of great national or international calamities.

In order to carry out a programme for the improvement of health and the prevention of disease, a General Medical Department with a Medical Director and staff and an International

Medical Advisory Board has been created as a part of its Headquarters in Geneva. Its activities relate particularly to child welfare, the improvement of public health legislation and public health administration, and the sanitary environment of human beings, the standardization of vital statistics, the stimulation of original investigations in hygiene and sanitary science, the establishment of public health laboratories, the improvement of public health nursing, educational health propaganda, town and city planning, and measures to be taken to combat infectious diseases, particularly such as typhus, tuberculosis, malaria, and venereal diseases. It is also the province of the League of Red Cross Societies through its division of Medical Information and Publications to keep abreast of the medical and public health progress of the world, and to disseminate this knowledge by popular health literature, and particularly by a scientific journal of international public health which, published simultaneously in four languages, will attempt for the world what other journals do in national fields. The first General Council meeting of the League of Red Cross Societies was held in March, 1920, in Geneva, and was attended by delegates from twenty-seven of the now thirty-one countries adhering to the League. At this General Council meeting, among the recommendations made were those concerning the establishment of a sanitary cordon against typhus in Central Europe, favoring the support in every way of the campaign undertaken by the League of Red Cross Societies against the epidemic of this disease in Poland, the establishment of child welfare centres, and the carrying on of anti-tuberculosis demonstrations as planned by the League.

Recommendations were also made requesting the national Red Cross Societies to strive in their respective countries for hygienic habitations, pure water supplies, better methods in the disposal of refuse, and for other sanitary improvements. The delegates further recommended the standardization of vital statistics, measures to be taken for the prevention of venereal diseases, the study of cancer and the provision of proper training centres for public health nurses and public health laboratory works. The delegates were also requested to present to their Governments pleas for aid in repatriation of prisoners in Siberia and Russia.

Perhaps the most important accomplishment of the League in connection with public health nursing has been the establishment of a training school for public health nurses in connection with King's College, University of London. This instruction has been particularly designed for nurses who come from countries where no such educational facilities exist. The League has given ten scholarships for this School; the American Red Cross and other national Red Cross societies have given others.

An activity of great importance relative to public health legislation and administration in which the League has been interested during the year, in connection with the British Ministry of Health and the *Office International d'Hygiène Publique*, has been the establishment of the Health Section of the League of Nations, to be presently referred to.

In the work for the standardization of vital statistics, the League with the coöperation of Monsieur Bertillon made it possible to hold in Paris during last October a convention of the Commission for the International Classification of the Causes of Death. As the statistical division of the League has emphasized, it is of especial importance, that this meeting should secure the classification of the war and post-war statistics before the new census, which is about to be taken in many European countries.

In connection with infectious diseases, the League has rendered considerable assistance to the Polish Government in the campaign against the epidemic of typhus fever in Poland. An Interallied Medical Commission with General Hugh S. Cumming as Chairman was first dispatched to carefully study the situation and sanitary needs of the country. Subsequently two other Medical Commissions were sent to Poland, one of which has materially assisted the Government in its anti-typhus campaign and the other by very painstaking and careful studies has been able to show that typhus fever is caused by a very minute organism which may be classified with that group of microörganisms known as the Rickettsia.

Important sanitary surveys have also been made in Roumania and in Czecho-Slovakia, the first in connection with information desired by the League of Nations, and the second in connection

with the reorganization of the Czecho-Slovakian Department of Health.

In the child welfare division arrangements have been made in coöperation with Lady Muriel Paget, for the establishment of child welfare and maternity centers in both Roumania and Czecho-Slovakia.

In tuberculosis, the League has been interested in arranging for a course of training in the diagnosis, prevention, and treatment of this disease in the clinics of Professor Calmette, Dr. Léon Bernard, and Dr. Rist in Paris, where physicians coming from countries which have no facilities for such training may be thoroughly instructed, with the understanding that they are to devote their attention to these subjects in their own countries upon their return to them.

In relation to malaria, the League has sent an anti-Malarial Commission to Spain, which has been successful in interesting the Spanish Government in the elimination of this disease in some of the most severely infected districts of that country. This Commission is now working with the Spanish Government upon this task.

Much educational and propaganda work has been undertaken in coöperation with the American Social Hygiene Association, and arrangements have been made for holding international regional conferences in Europe in connection with the prevention of venereal diseases. Obviously, many of these are novel activities for the Red Cross in which to interest itself, as hitherto our national Red Cross societies when they have occupied themselves with public health work have usually been content to devote their activities and energy to what might be called the A B C of health work. However, unless the League of Red Cross Societies continues through the aid of an authoritative, technical, international staff to carry on activities in connection with these broader and more important international health problems, it would appear that it has not really a place in Geneva in association with the League of Nations.

Since its organization the League of Red Cross Societies has worked in close harmony with the League of Nations. Obviously, however, even an organization of the scope of the League of Red Cross Societies could not deal with those questions of health re-

quiring united governmental action, and in the early part of 1919 it was realized that for this purpose it would be necessary to establish an International Health Section within the League of Nations. Accordingly, in view of Articles 23F, 24, and 25 of the Covenant of the League of Nations, the British Government invited representatives of the Public Health Services of Belgium, France, Great Britain, and the United States of America, of the *Office International d'Hygiène Publique*, and of the League of Red Cross Societies, to confer informally concerning international health matters.

This meeting, presided over by the Viscount Astor, was held in London July, 1919. It was represented very strongly at this meeting that while it was obviously necessary to form an active body within the League of Nations, the main work of this body would be to coördinate the work of the already existing health organizations; to admit the existing *Office International d'Hygiène Publique* as a part of the new body, and to coöperate closely with the League of Red Cross Societies in its work.

On February 13 the League of Nations Council passed a resolution inviting the Health Conference which had already assembled informally, to meet again with the addition of a number of international health experts, and with an official of the League of Nations as secretary, and to prepare for submission to the League of Nations Council proposals for the constitution of a permanent international health organization as a part of the organization of the League of Nations. This Conference, comprising representatives of France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, and the United States, the League of Red Cross Societies, the *Office International d'Hygiène Publique*, and the International Labor Office, met at the British Ministry of Health on April 13, 1920 and on April 24 presented to the Secretary General of the League of Nations an outline of the organization and functions of the new International Health Office.

The functions proposed for the International Health Office were as follows:

(a) To advise the League of Nations in matters affecting health;

(b) to bring administrative health authorities in different countries into closer relationship with each other;

(c) to organize means of more rapid interchange of information in matters where immediate precautions against disease may be required (e. g. epidemics), and to simplify methods for acting rapidly on such information where it affects more than one country;

(d) to furnish a ready organization for securing or revising necessary international agreements for administrative action in matters of health and more particularly for examining those subjects which it is proposed to bring before the Executive and General Committees, with a view to the conclusion of international conventions;

(e) in regard to measures for the protection of the workers against sickness, disease, and injury arising out of his employment which fall within the province of the International Labor Organization, the International Health Organization will coöperate with and assist the International Labor Organization, it being understood that the International Labor Organization will on its side act in consultation with the International Health Organization in regard to all health matters;

(f) to confer and coöperate with the League of Red Cross Societies;

(g) to advise, when requested, other authorized voluntary organizations in health matters of international concern;

(h) to organize missions in connection with matters of health at the request of the League of Nations or of any country, member of the League.

The scheme approved by the International Health Conference in London, was approved by the Council of the League of Nations at San Sebastian on August 3, 1920, and by the Assembly of the League of Nations at its first meeting in Geneva in November.

In connection with the improvement of health in Central Europe, representatives of the Polish Government and of the League of Red Cross Societies furnished this London Conference with information concerning Poland's needs in combating the typhus scourge; and the Conference agreed that action by the League of Nations was necessary. The measures necessary to combat this epidemic on a large scale were set forth, namely, the establishment of sanitary cordons, hospitals, delousing stations, the provision of food and fuel and expert direction of the work; and it was recommended that, whenever possible, surplus war materials be secured for use in Poland. The task of furnishing medical and sanitary personnel, nurses and hospital units and supplies was to be carried on under the auspices of the League of Red Cross Societies.

In September, 1920, Mr. Balfour, in the name of the Council of

the League of Nations, made his second appeal to the various Governments comprising the League of Nations for the immediate provision of £250,000, with which to combat typhus in Poland and Eastern Europe.

In its opening paragraphs, the Covenant of the League of Nations states that its functions are "to promote international coöperation and to achieve international peace and security." It does not seem unlikely that it is through health activities that success in this connection may be at least sometimes secured. The advantages to be derived in combating disease from international coöperation in public health activities have recently been particularly emphasized by events occurring during the war. For example, it was an Interallied Commission which directed the effort in checking the typhus epidemic in Serbia in 1915. It was by coöperation between British and American medical officers that the nature and means of propagation of trench fever were discovered. These are only two of a number of important examples of what was accomplished by coördinated medical effort during the war, and they may be supplemented by another striking example of a post-war problem regarding Poland. Neither the Polish Government nor the voluntary relief agencies at work in that country are sufficiently powerful to suppress the typhus epidemic which has continued for four years. It is evidently advisable that some form of international coöperation be instituted there to deal with the situation.

As health is a matter of interest to every race and nationality scattered over the globe, to every individual from the cradle to the grave, it is not the heritage of any single nation.

Preventable disease likewise being a matter of world-wide concern and the enemy of all mankind, united effort is most necessary in opposing and banishing it, and in fighting it all national boundaries must be disregarded. Also, to meet most satisfactorily and effectively many of the disasters that war and disease have imposed upon nations, united action is necessary under the centralized control of experienced and responsible public officials, and it would appear that it is particularly through the League of Nations and the League of Red Cross Societies that such coöperation and united official action may best be secured. Will the fear

of entangling foreign alliances cause us to neglect our American responsibilities in these international public health and other similar problems related to the welfare of mankind?

It is a well-known fact that typhus fever in Poland and Russia is no longer a local national question. It has become a world-wide question demanding energetic measures, as was recognized at the recent session of the Assembly of the League of Nations held December 7th. Besides the danger of the spread of this disease to Western Europe and the industrial and social unrest which accompanies it, there remains the fact that the economic rehabilitation of Eastern Europe cannot proceed satisfactorily until this disease is stamped out. Not only is it sapping the resources of Poland, but it is causing other nations to set up barriers against her.

If, however, we do not feel it incumbent upon us to interest ourselves in international sanitary problems except with the idea of protecting ourselves, let us consider very briefly some of these health problems that are being brought more closely home to us today. It seems apparent that the United States is facing the greatest period of immigration in its history. It is said the arrivals at Ellis Island average 5,000 a day or at the rate of 1,800,000 a year. Apparently such arrivals are only limited by the steamship facilities, as the companies report that all their space is booked for a year ahead, and that there are infinitely more applications among these classes of people than can be possibly transported. Many of these immigrants come from disease-stricken areas, and a large percentage from Austria-Hungary, Poland, and Russia,—the worst infected typhus districts of Europe today. Our public health service is attempting to supervise in several important European ports the medical examination, vaccination, and delousing of all immigrants bound for the United States, and particularly all those known to be from badly infected regions. But in spite of these precautions infection is slipping into this country. Perhaps, still worse, many of those sickly immigrants rejected by the American doctors as undesirable for immigration to the United States, and a large number of those immigrants who object to such sanitary measures, are taking passage for South American ports where they will establish new foci of infection

which it will be advisable for the United States to supervise in connection with immigration to this country. With a record for the year of plague present in five of our seacoast cities, yellow fever at the New Orleans Quarantine Station, and quarantine measures to be enforced at Gulf and Southern Atlantic ports against Tampico and Vera Cruz on account of the presence of this disease, a cholera-infected vessel en route to Boston, and an announcement recently made that 1,250 immigrants who had arrived in New York had been sent to Hoffman's Island because of an outbreak of typhus among them, and that eleven aliens had been taken from another steamship and sent to the detention station, suffering with typhus,—does it not seem advisable for us to interest ourselves in at least some of these international sanitary problems even from the standpoint of protection alone? New York and Boston have asked for appropriations to be expended in combating some of these diseases and in preventing their spread when they arrive among us, but the source of the infection is a far more important consideration. As history has repeatedly and conclusively demonstrated, individual and national resistance against the recrudescence and spread of these dangerous epidemic diseases has been futile. Unanimous agreement and international action are necessary if further progress is to be made in combating them.

RICHARD P. STRONG.

TWO PILLARS OF THE BRITISH MERCHANT MARINE

II—LLOYD'S

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

In an article published in this Review last December I tried to describe something of the functions and influence of Lloyd's Register, the famous Society whose business it is to classify ships. Here I am concerned with the allied and equally famous corporation of Lloyd's which insures the ships so classified. It is one of the hopes of the promoters of the Jones Bill that they may succeed in inducing American shipowners not only to seek a classification of their vessels, but to effect the insurance on them, through American rather than through British agencies. That is an entirely legitimate hope, with which no sensible Englishman will quarrel. But the obstacles to its realization are considerable. I have already shown that a Society with the ramifications and the prestige of Lloyd's Register is not built up in a day. As much may truthfully be said of the association of brokers and underwriters which under the name of Lloyd's has made the Royal Exchange in London the centre of the world's business in marine insurance.

It may be that the insurance of ships and their cargoes is the oldest form of insurance in the world, older even than insurance against runaway slaves. We know, at any rate, that the Greeks, the Phoenicians, the Romans, and the Rhodians, all hardy traders, practised marine insurance, and to some extent codified its principles; that there is a clear laying down of the doctrine of "general average" in the maritime laws of the Rhodians; that the Justinian Code of the sixth century permitted double the commercial rate of interest to those who engaged in the "perilous adventure" of nautical insurance; that the custom of advancing money on the hulls of ships, with the understanding that

it should be returned with a premium when the ships arrived safely at their destination, withstood or was exempt from the laws against usury. This, being the simplest and therefore the oldest of all systems of marine insurance, was also the first to be re-adopted, even if it had ever died out, when commerce revived in the Middle Ages. We have collections of maritime laws dating back, among the Mediterranean peoples, to the twelfth century; and though no mention of insurance is to be found in them, it is all but impossible to think that an expedient at once so ancient and so indispensable was not known and practised. The evidence on the other hand is specific that the great trading confederacy of the Hanseatic League was legislating on the subject and establishing Chambers of Marine Insurance in the early years of the fourteenth century. Born in the Mediterranean, developed in the Baltic, and finding its ultimate home and headquarters and its full maturity in the British Isles in the North Sea, the history of marine insurance has a place that is all its own in the romance of commerce.

What the British have done to throw off their insularity and to make themselves in their own right a world-power in commerce and finance and on the seas has been done since Elizabeth's day. It is a matter of little more than three hundred years of conscious effort. Before then they were the economic pupils, almost the economic bondsmen, of foreigners. For three centuries, until they were finally ejected by Elizabeth, the Hanse merchants who had established themselves in London, and who paid for their footing by loans to a long succession of British sovereigns, exercised a practically complete control over the foreign trade of the country. From about 1300 to 1600 Great Britain was virtually a dependency of a foreign economic system, with her imports and exports directed in the main first by Teutonic and secondly by Italian merchants, money-lenders and adventurers. It is to them that the British owe the beginnings of their foreign trade, of the ship-owning habit, and therefore of marine insurance. The Flemish, Danish and German traders of the Hanseatic League, and the Italian immigrants of the thirteenth century, knitted England to the Continent by a thousand ties of commerce. The Italians especially developed and popularized

marine insurance and placed it on the firm basis of legal enactments and international regulations; and to this day every policy issued at Lloyd's—and, indeed, the very word "policy" itself—bears witness in form and in many of its technical terms to the influence of the Italians during the infancy of this branch of commerce.

Perhaps one may roughly take 1600 as the date when marine insurance, inherited from the Hanseatic merchants and the Italians, became an English institution under English direction. Brokers and underwriters, however, were not then, as they are now, localized in one particular section of the City of London. The business was carried on by a number of bankers, money lenders, notaries and merchants at their private offices, and often as a side-line to their normal avocations. It was not until the rise of the coffee-house in the middle of the seventeenth century furnished a meeting-place and a news centre that insurance became an organized profession. Of these coffee-houses the one that concerns us was Lloyd's, situated in Tower Street in 1688, a neighborhood, as Stow reported, "replenished with Seafaring Persons." Edward Lloyd was a Welshman with an enterprising and independent turn of mind. Both in Tower Street and in Lombard Street, whither he moved in 1692, he made his coffee-house serve the needs of the merchants who frequented it with notable success. With a growing shipping connection to cater for, he conceived the idea of binding it to him by publishing three times a week a news sheet, called "Lloyd's News," filled with commercial and shipping intelligence from British ports and the principal European cities of a kind likely to interest merchants, shipowners and underwriters. Over seventy issues were published before Lloyd, rather than "do humble penance for his grievous offence" of printing an item of information concerning a debate in the House of Lords, voluntarily discontinued it. It was not until thirty years later, in 1726, that it was revived as a printed publication. In the interval it probably continued to circulate among the habitués of the coffee-house in the form of a hand-written news-letter. The world-famous "Lloyd's List" of to-day, the oldest British journal in existence with one exception, is neither more nor less

than a continuation of the original "Lloyd's News" and has appeared uninterruptedly for one hundred and ninety-four years.

But Lloyd did more than provide his patrons with the best newspaper of the day. He instituted sales and auctions for the disposal of commodities as varied as ships and horses and wines and spirits and farms. It was hardly possible for an active London merchant in the first half of the eighteenth century to get through his day's business and keep in touch with affairs without dropping in at least once at Lloyd's. If his interests lay in ships and their cargoes one may say definitely that it was impossible, especially after the establishment of "Lloyd's List" in 1726 made the coffee-house more than ever the headquarters of marine intelligence. The merchants and underwriters and brokers, however, who foregathered at Lloyd's throughout the eighteenth century, and who carried on practically all the marine insurance business of the country, were not at first, nor did they become so until after 1770, an organized body. They were merely so many individuals of similar commercial interests using a common meeting-place for the more convenient conduct of their affairs. But they were individuals of a grave and highly reputable type to whom some of the frequenters of the coffee-house and their gambling methods were by no means congenial. A secession became inevitable. The leading brokers and underwriters formed themselves into a society with fixed rules, under which none but persons of good repute could be admitted, secured possession after a struggle of "Lloyd's List," withdrew in 1770 from the Lombard Street coffee-house and a few years later moved to permanent quarters in the Royal Exchange. They took with them seventy-five subscribers of £100 a piece, and they at once set about the task of realizing an institution with clean and high standards, and capable not only of furthering the general interests of brokers and underwriters, but of disciplining its own members. It was a very vital development when in 1779 the Committee proposed, the members accepted, and Parliament sanctioned, a uniform printed form of policy of marine insurance. With very slight variations and additions that form of policy remains in force to-day, is known the world over, and is binding on every member of Lloyd's.

Hardly had the society settled down in its new quarters at the Royal Exchange than Great Britain was plunged into war with the American colonies. From 1775 to 1815 fighting was incessant, and the business of marine insurance took on a sudden and tremendous expansion. From being a mere precaution it became a necessity. There was a universal rush to insure all property at sea. All British imports and exports, the ships that bore them, the men of war carrying rich prizes and bullion, and large quantities of foreign shipping, all sought protection by insurance in London; and virtually the whole of the business was effected at Lloyd's. On one frigate voyaging homeward from Vera Cruz policies were taken out to the amount of £656,000. Premiums ran high, but the underwriters faced enormous risks. "If it had not been for the patriotic zeal of underwriters in insuring the supplies that were brought into this country," said a former Secretary of Lloyd's, "it would have been impossible to bring our commodities here. I have been told, though I do not know whether it is correct, that at one time the underwriters at Lloyd's had dealt so freely and so generously with the shipowners and merchants that there was only one man at Lloyd's who, on the day of settlement, was able immediately to meet his whole liabilities." With a far better system of marine intelligence than existed anywhere else, Lloyd's during the forty years of war that ended at Waterloo was constantly able to furnish the Admiralty with valuable information and assistance. The "Committee for the Management of the Concerns at Lloyd's," as they styled themselves in their official correspondence, took a most active interest in the adoption and the better organization of the convoy system, and out of the common funds of the Society they repeatedly prosecuted the masters of merchant vessels who had quitted their convoy. A big way of looking at things and a big way of doing them, a fine public-spiritedness, seem always to have been characteristics of those whose interests lie in the mighty fabric of British shipping. But the underwriters at Lloyd's found their opportunities for service indefinitely multiplied when they had banded themselves in an association, when they were accepted by the State as an invaluable ally, when events had transformed their opera-

tions into a recognized bulwark of national safety, and when a decision of their Committee had virtually the effect of a law for the world of sea-traders.

It is quite conceivable that had Lloyd's been in existence earlier the slave trade might have been abolished a generation sooner. It was at any rate some of the underwriters who frequented the Lombard Street coffee-house who struck the first blow at it when they refused to pay losses on a cargo of slaves whom the master of the vessel had thrown overboard. The case went before the High Court and attracted wide attention; and the indignation which the crime aroused among the British people "was so great that it led to the agitation which resulted in the abolition of the slave trade and the emancipation of the negro." As an organized Society, Lloyd's has, of course, been far better placed for initiating and supporting movements of public usefulness. To its keenness and generosity is due the setting up of the life boat service round the British coasts. Not only were leading underwriters among the first to encourage Greathead's invention, but Lloyd's itself, in its corporate capacity, kept the enterprise going for the first twenty years. At the same time—that is, in 1803—the Society inaugurated, with a donation of £20,000, its famous Patriotic Fund for the relief of the men of the fighting services and their dependents, and for the recognition of acts of gallantry. In the Army and Navy and throughout the nation, the institution of the Fund excited the utmost enthusiasm, over £600,000 was subscribed to it before the Napoleonic wars ended, and the name of Lloyd's was carried far beyond the world of "big business" into the remotest corners of the country.

The underwriters at Lloyd's throughout the eighteenth century and for the first quarter of the nineteenth enjoyed a virtual monopoly of the marine insurance business as the result of a piece of legislation which had the not uncommon consequence of producing effects exactly opposite to those its promoters had anticipated. In 1720 the formation of two new insurance companies, the London Assurance Corporation and the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation,—both of them still in existence and flourishing abundantly—was authorized by Parliament, and

upon these two companies was conferred a complete monopoly as against all "other corporations or 'bodies politick' or persons acting in such society or partnership" of marine insurance. That is to say, they were the only companies legally authorized to effect marine insurances. The underwriters at Lloyd's coffee-house could still effect them because they were private individuals and not bound together in any sort of society. But no other company or corporation could engage in the business except the two favored ones. As it happened neither concern made much use of their joint monopoly. They concentrated chiefly on the business of fire and life insurance and do not appear at any time to have transacted more than one-tenth—often it was not more than one-twenty-fifth—of the marine insurance business of the metropolis. The monopoly in this class of work which it was intended to confer on the two companies turned out to be really a monopoly for the underwriters at Lloyd's. So long as the privileged companies declined to occupy the field assigned to them, and so long as no other companies were permitted even to enter it, the members of Lloyd's had a free run and naturally came to look upon the Act of 1720 as one of the main props of their business; and when in 1824 an Act was passed repealing the Act of 1720, and throwing marine insurance open to all who cared to engage in it, they doubtless thought that for them it was the end of all things. The sequel, however, has proved far otherwise. For one thing, it was not until the passing of the Joint Stock Companies' Registration Act in 1844 that many marine insurance companies were started; and, for another, the position, influence, and the ever-increasing excellence of the services and machinery of Lloyd's are such as to place it beyond all real competition, and to bring all other undertakings that concern themselves with shipping into a working harmony with it. Lloyd's has no rivals; all the existing marine insurance companies subscribe to it and depend upon it; and their activities merely serve to emphasize and to buttress its unique predominance.

Two other changes affecting the constitution of Lloyd's and the character of its operations ought here to be noted. In 1871 it sought and obtained all the rights, privileges, status and

powers of a corporation sanctioned by Parliament. The Act embodying this change specified the objects of Lloyd's as (1) the carrying on of the business of marine insurance by members of the Society; (2) the protection of the interests of members of the Society in respect of shipping and cargoes and freight; and (3) the collection, publication and diffusion of intelligence and information with respect to shipping. The Society was empowered to investigate marine insurance frauds and to proceed against their authors; to take charge of the interests of its members and "of others consenting thereto" in vessels and cargoes and freight; to aid in or undertake the discovery, recovery, protection and restoration or other disposal of property wrecked, sunk, lost or abandoned, or found or recovered in, on or beneath the sea, or on the shore, at home or abroad; and to incorporate into itself any other society, association or corporation instituted for purposes connected with shipping or marine insurance. In 1911, forty years after the Act of Incorporation, further legislation extended the objects of the Society. Instead of being confined to marine insurance they now embrace "the business of insurance of every description, including guarantee business." Marine insurance is still, as it has been for nearly two hundred and fifty years, the main concern of the members of Lloyd's. But it is no longer the exclusive concern. The past ten years have seen the development of a very considerable insurance business for war risks, fire, aircraft, employers' liability, jewelry, motor cars, burglary, and so on, transacted by the members of Lloyd's in accordance with the rules of the Society.

There are at present slightly over 1,000 underwriting members of Lloyd's, apart from the non-underwriting members and the subscribers. I need not say that the Committee inquire very stringently into the status and financial responsibility of each candidate for admission. A would-be underwriting member of Lloyd's has to deposit with the Committee, before his election, securities to the value of at least £5,000. These investments are held by Trustees, of whom the Corporation itself is one, and are subject to Trust Deeds which make them exclusively available for the discharge of underwriting liabilities contracted at Lloyd's. Every member, again, is legally responsible

for any engagements he may enter into under Lloyd's policies to the full extent of all his worldly possessions; in other words, his liability is unlimited. His accounts, again, are audited annually by approved auditors who forward to the Committee a certificate that his underwriting assets and security are sufficient to meet his liabilities. Besides the security thus provided, each underwriting member who engages in fire and other non-marine business is required to furnish a separate guarantee or cash deposit for an amount equal to the aggregate amount of the premiums he has received in each year. The guarantee, it should be noted, is not a running guarantee for a fixed amount, but is a separate guarantee for each year, the guarantors being Lloyd's underwriters, who are jointly and severally liable up to the full amount of their subscriptions which in each case are limited by regulations of the Committee.

The personal responsibility of each underwriter is insisted upon in the fundamental rules of the Corporation. No member of Lloyd's is allowed to open an insurance account in the name of any person who is not already a member or subscriber; and no underwriting member is allowed to underwrite policies in the name of a partnership, or otherwise than in the name of one individual (who must be an underwriting member of the Society) for each separate sum subscribed. The deposits which are held to-day by the Trustees for the benefit both of the members of Lloyd's and of the public amount to considerably over £4,000,000. One may fairly, therefore, say that everything that character and resources and individual responsibility, supplemented by the strength of co-operative effort, can do to give security to a policy of insurance is done at Lloyd's as nowhere else in the world.

Lloyd's itself does no insurance business any more than the Stock Exchange, as such, buys or sells securities. "The Corporation of Lloyd's," said a former Secretary, "and the Committee of Lloyd's, who are the executive of that Corporation, and I myself, who am the Secretary of Lloyd's and the servant of the Corporation, have practically nothing to do with marine insurance in the way of taking risks or paying losses. The whole duty of the Corporation of Lloyd's and of its Executive is to afford marine insurance brokers, who wish to effect insurances, a

place of meeting with those who undertake the risks. I know no more, nor does my Committee as a Committee, nor does the Corporation as a corporate body, of what business is transacted between any individual underwriter and any individual assured than the Committee of the Stock Exchange know of the transactions going on between a client and his stockbroker. All that we can do, as the Executive, is to afford every facility and every information that we can to underwriters and brokers. All that we have to do is to give every facility for people coming together to do marine insurance business; but as to the actual business done, or the nature of the business, neither the Corporation nor the Committee nor the Executive have the least idea."

This function, however, of "affording every facility and every information" to underwriters and brokers is by no means a lean one. It goes very far beyond the mere provision of rooms and desks. It embraces, indeed, pretty nearly everything that can at once assist underwriters and brokers and protect the public in the far-ranging and immensely complex enterprise of marine insurance; and Lloyd's is what it is precisely because it has pursued these objects with unfaltering vision and energy and big-mindedness, and has devised for their attainment a machinery that is without parallel in the world of commerce.

Take, for instance, the matter of "information." There is a Lloyd's agent or sub-agent to the number of over 1,500 in every port and on every coast throughout the globe, and by telegram, cable and wireless Lloyd's is kept informed every minute of the day and night of the movements of all ocean-going ships and of all casualties. The reports pour in at the rate of three or four thousand in the twenty-four hours, are sifted, posted, circulated to subscribers, and published in "Lloyd's List." Not one vessel in ten thousand ever reaches a British port without being reported to Lloyd's, and the information is so speedily and perfectly indexed that any member can ascertain with hardly more than a glance the exact whereabouts of any given ship, the dates of her arrivals and sailings, where she was last spoken with, and any other incident of her voyage that it may concern him to know. As an instrument in its intelligence service Lloyd's has established signal stations in every part of the world at which,

by international arrangement, messages can be received from and communicated to the merchant vessels of all countries. Over 240,000 ships' movements have been reported through these stations, several of which are now equipped with wireless apparatus, in a single year. If a shipowner, charterer or consignee wishes to transmit an order to any vessel at any point where she may appear, one communication to Lloyd's is enough to ensure its delivery.

An unsurpassable intelligence system has, indeed, been from its earliest days the mainstay of Lloyd's, and a great deal of it is placed freely at the disposal of the public. There is, and has been for nearly a hundred years, an inquiry office at Lloyd's where the relatives of crew or passengers may obtain, without cost, the latest information concerning the movements of the ships in which they are interested. No other organization in the world possesses anything like the facilities for gathering the news of the sea that Lloyd's has built up, and it may pretty safely be prophesied that no one is likely to venture on the desperate enterprise of starting a competitive service. Its usefulness to the British nation in time of war is self-evident. Just as in 1739 it was from Lloyd's that the Admiralty first learned of the capture of Porto Bello, just as throughout the Napoleonic wars the Society acted as the unwinking eyes of the mercantile marine, so in the recent struggle which turned absolutely on Great Britain's capacity to procure the foodstuffs and raw material that were vital to victory, it was on Lloyd's that the Government relied, and not in vain, for the expert knowledge that alone enabled it to regulate insurance risks on a workable basis and to make of British shipping the winning weapon of the war.

But it is not in these ways alone that Lloyd's fulfils its functions as the first of all reference libraries on the business of the seas. Its daily, weekly and yearly publications cover all aspects of the shipping industry, are models of handiness and practicality, and are accepted all the world over as the standard authority. Lloyd's has compiled and keeps religiously up to date a "Captain's Register" which is nothing less than a biographical dictionary of the whole of the certificated commanders of the British mercantile navy, the account of each being compressed into the

smallest possible form, yet showing all that is necessary to judge of the character, career and capacity of each individual.

In various other ways, too numerous to go into in any detail, Lloyd's has immensely simplified and strengthened the business of marine insurance. Up to twenty odd years ago, for instance, all claims against underwriters under a policy effected at Lloyd's had to be presented in London and settled there. Today, through arrangements with Lloyd's agents, anyone who insures at Lloyd's can have his claim adjusted and his losses paid at practically any port in the world he likes to name. The sweep of Lloyd's, like the sweep of the British commerce it supports, is world-wide. Still further to make business easier of dispatch, Lloyd's issues certificates against the different shipments as they are made under a policy of insurance, and these certificates, which obviate the need of a separate policy for each separate shipment, are treated as instruments of commerce as valid and negotiable as the original policy itself.

Over large areas of insurance practice, Lloyd's has brought method and uniformity and fixed principles where formerly there were vagueness and caprice—those fertile breeders of litigation and delay. Thus the standard form of marine insurance policy which was adopted by Lloyd's in 1779 still, with very few amendments and additions, regulates all transactions of that character. In all the complex problems of insurance that arise when it is desired to take out a mortgage on a ship or on her cargo, or to adjust the liability under "general average," or when a vessel has been salved, Lloyd's forms are the standard forms in virtually universal use; and "the custom of Lloyd's" is recognized and accepted in and out of the law courts as the basis of marine insurance. What the mercantile world owes to Lloyd's for these and a score of similar services that have facilitated and stabilized the carrying on of business is beyond all count. If the marine insurance frauds that were rampant a hundred years ago are now comparatively rare it is due very largely to the vigilance and the authority and the organization of Lloyd's. It has often been said that if anything resembling the mortality tables used in life insurance offices could be drawn up for ships, Lloyd's is the only institution that could attempt the task.

If one were to seek to assess the factors that have made Lloyd's so pre-eminent an example of the British commercial genius, one would give, I think, the first place to its insistence upon character and the second to its ever-broadening tradition of practical patriotism. Lloyd's has had but one standard of honor and integrity—the highest; and all the actions and the whole atmosphere of the Corporation have made for a squareness of commercial conduct that has been an asset of incalculable value not only to the institution itself and to all who serve and are affected by it, but to the nation and its good name abroad. When one thinks of the enormous responsibilities and temptations of Lloyd's agents in distant parts of the world, and of their untarnished record, one may doubt whether any corporate body is served quite so loyally and so whole-heartedly and so efficiently as Lloyd's.

The greatest of shipping organizations in a country which lives by its shipping, Lloyd's has always been acutely and peculiarly conscious of the identity between its own interests and those of the nation. The national and the imperial view of things has come easily and naturally to it and has inspired its enviable record of patriotic munificence. Nowhere in the City is a sound public object more certain to meet with generous support than on the floor of the Royal Exchange, and the grants and subscriptions made by the Committee of Lloyd's in its corporate capacity are worthy of its age and fame. It is because Lloyd's is Lloyd's that its medals for saving life at sea and for services that have contributed to the safety of vessels and cargoes are especially prized by the officers and men of the mercantile marine. They know that these distinctions are awarded them by an institution that has nothing nearer to its heart than the well-being of the merchant navy, that has presided over and made possible the development of Great Britain's commercial sea-power for over two hundred years, and that by an extraordinary union of character, foresight, and cautious progressiveness, has raised itself to an unexampled height of power and prestige among the agencies of international trade.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

THE CENSOR OF ART

BY SAMUEL L. M. BARLOW

THERE are Admiralty courts for delinquent mariners, and courts of domestic relations for eventful households. An author alone is condemned to appear, not before a jury of literary men, but in the lowest and most outer court. And an august and lawful body of men, who leave unreproached the lewdities designed to attract the T. B. M. to "Follies" and "Revues," prohibits Mr. James Branch Cabell's *Jurgen* as a dispenser of immorality, despising what they cannot understand. In truth, *Jurgen* is not an innocent book (in company with most of the Classics), if innocence be ignorance; though should *Jurgen* have lost its pristine virtue, there is no shadow of a doubt that the Vice Society was responsible for the deed. Not only has a fine book, filled with a true and rare rapture, been wantonly degraded, but the very law itself has been debased by so vulgar a usage.

Mr. Cabell's avowed intention, as definitely set forth in the Preface to *The Certain Hour*, is to write beautifully of beautiful things. Beyond the peradventure of a doubt, Mr. Cabell has dealt fairly with his intentions; yet *Jurgen* was hailed to the bar, Phrynetically disrobed before the eye of justice and that of twelve good men and true,—though not his peers,—and cast into the Moabitish wash-pot of censorial deletions. These are things as they are. Philistia rejoiced and *Jurgen* was suppressed.

The chief and essential offense committed by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, was the violation of the constitutional right of any man to be tried by a jury of his peers. Here at least it is pleasant to record that such a Jury of Peers has risen and insisted on rendering a true verdict, even if it partake somewhat of the nature of a post-mortem. In a small book entitled *Jurgen and the Censor*, an Emergency Committee has set up a record of the legal proceedings, and has appended a perfect

symposium of brave opinions concerning the "liberty" which we have in America, and which consists mainly of those liberties that other people take from us. There are letters from Robert Herrick, Amy Lowell, Amelie Rives, E. H. Bierstadt, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Bliss Carman and many more, including some foreigners,—George Moore, St. John Ervine, and Hugh Walpole. It is a formidable volume of protest, and serves indirectly to disprove the naïve affirmation of Prof. Brander Matthews, that by the efforts of the Vice Society "no true work of art will be suppressed." Like the tread of Remy de Gourmont across the literary fields, Mr. Cabell's may resemble that of a man with one shoe on and one shoe off. The emphasis is perhaps one-sided. But *Jurgen* is either a "true work of art" or it is negligible; and if it were the latter, wherefore this volume of authoritative protest? (And after all, as Ruskin pointed out in reference to Chaucer, a certain coarseness has ever enriched the roots of our most pronounced Anglo-Saxon characteristics). No; the outcry at the moment follows a more trenchant scent, over the mangled form of confiscated literature, direct to the evil-odored lair of censorship. The contributors have felt keenly and rather suddenly the offense which aroused Flaubert and other Frenchmen in their day, and, more recently, the dramatists in England as well. They have seen a prurient hand overturn the tablet upon which were written Meredith's words: "It is deeply conceived, it cannot be immoral"; and that same hand has set up in its place: "It is deeply conceived,—it must be immoral." This sense of injury will be made clearer further on, I trust, when we have left the local, though flagrant, issue of *Jurgen*, and turned to greater examples and authorities.

It is difficult, in America, to leave such concrete instances as *Jurgen* for the general question of censorship, since we are happily free from an official censor attached to our Federal Government, except in war time. Each State has its form of Comstock in trade; but to observe the national censor in all his glory, one must look to England, where the Goliath has only recently been laid low.

To show the trend of many English minds, I shall at once quote from Henry Arthur Jones' brilliant letter to the Rt. Hon. Her-

bert Samuel, which is a fountain of quotation in itself, and from John Palmer's condensation of the legal proceedings which intended the abolition of the English dramatic censor. These sources pour forth an attesting volume of opinion that censorship of letters is an "outrage upon the dignity and honesty of the calling." Thus spake Conrad. Arnold Bennett declared that "most decidedly the existence of the censorship makes it impossible for me even to think of writing plays on the same plane of realism and thoroughness as my novels." Not only Fielding was turned from the theatre because of the censorship, but, because of that policy, H. G. Wells wrote: "The censorship, with its wanton powers of suppression, has ever been *one* of the reasons why I haven't ventured into play-writing." The majority of these opinions concerns the dramatic censor, yet the principle applies to books, despite the fact that Mr. Jones considers a book more dangerous than a play. That Bird of Paradox, Mr. Chesterton, is in opposition, maintaining that an objectionable book may be closed with a snap, whereas one has to crawl over seven people to remove from a bad play. The final word was spoken in 1737 by Chesterfield. The essence of all argument is here: "If poets and players are to be restrained, let them be restrained, as other subjects are, by the known laws of their country; if they offend, let them be tried, as every Englishman ought to be, by God and their Country. Do not let us submit them to the arbitrary will and pleasure of any one man."

To prove the truth of Chesterfield's lines on the inadvisability of a censorship, Mr. Sumner, of the Vice Society, has innocently remarked, in his own defense, that "out of the thousands of books published last year, action has been taken against possibly four or five." The capriciousness of his choice is to be deplored. Many corrupting books have been offered for sale, but the admirable *Jurgen* is singled out for suppression. What is the criterion? Is it Mr. Sumner's personal idiosyncrasy? When he is on a vacation, does he delegate his office to his clerk? Is the Vice Society actuated by its motto: "Morals,—not Art or Literature," which, being interpreted, means no more than "Nenuphars, not bread or cheese"? I presume he behaves much as the English censor behaved: that is to say, on no principle

whatever. For years in England, a law of censorship prohibited plays of a religious or Biblical nature. Several were banned by the censor. *Samson and Delilah*, however, being assured of an enormous popularity, and for no other reason than that, was permitted, in flat contradiction of the law. *Everyman*, because it was discovered in a muniment chest at Ely and possessed an *ex-cathedra je-ne-sais-quoi*, was also licensed. And while the English censor was valiantly swinging in simian fashion and illegally passing these plays, he was condemning,—on the return swing,—Shelley's *Cenci;* Ibsen's *Ghosts;* Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession;* plays by Brieux; Barker's *Waste*,—plays all deeply conceived,—and, lastly, that integral part of every schoolboy's education, Sophocles' *Œdipus Tyrannus.*

But what, after all, *are* our standards of decency? The Vice Society affirms that the "test of obscenity is this: whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscene is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and into whose hands such a publication may fall." Beware lest our children purchase the Book of Genesis, the Dictionary, or Shakespeare. This is on a par with past legislation which deprived women, children, and idiots of the vote. Similar inanities moved Goethe to say that Life daily displays the most scandalous scenes in abundance. With children, people need by no means be so anxious about the effect of a book or a play. For this reason, Goethe resigned the theatre to *jeunes filles* and stayed at home. Decency is such a fluctuating thing, at best, that the promiscuous æsthetic lynchings of the Vice Society cannot possibly be actuated by any sound principle. Everywhere is its position equivocal. Compare Byron and Shelley. Byron was indecent, Shelley immoral; Byron moved by vain-glorious license, Shelley by a misdirected idealism. Shelley was condemned by an outraged orthodoxy, Byron was condoned on account of his looks. To what end a censorship? What price the censor?

The answer lies in the contrast between censored and uncensored art. The Puritan Rebellion abolished the House of Lords, the theatre, and Ireland. The activity of none of them seems to be impaired. Literary censors have teased or mutilated Shelley, Flaubert, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, George Moore,

without damaging permanently anything but the censorship. What, then, happened when the restriction was removed? If I cite the Restoration Drama, Philistia will again rejoice; but there are two great principles to be deduced from that period which should give the *coup de grace* to Mr. Sumner. According to Pepys' Diary,—which to my knowledge has not yet been cited in this connection,—the first ten years of the Restoration saw the few theatres in London given over to Shakespeare, Jonson, Shirley's tragedies, translations of Corneille, Dryden, and Beaumont and Fletcher. Pepys mentions twelve Shakespearean plays; I doubt if New York has seen more in the last decade. What profoundly shocked Evelyn, and whence comes the disrepute of that generation, was the appearance of women on the stage. We can hardly consider this an indecent custom without offending many idols of the American public. The second and greater principle, confirmed by both Pepys and Evelyn, is that when, at the rare behest of a licentious court, an indecent play was put on, the public refused to patronize it. The creed of our faith in America, of our liberty and our law, has ever been made articulate by the voice of the people. Are they so depraved that they cannot judge? Are they become so wanton that Mr. Sumner must correct them? Only those things which have the vigor of truth in them can stand unsupported. Public indecency, to persist, must have support, and it is on record that indecency is not popular. Can the public no longer be trusted?

SAMUEL L. M. BARLOW.

THE SOMERSET FARMER

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

I said,
It is good to live in the country,
To have a small cottage in a big green field,
A neat little garden inside of a gateway—
To see how much you can make it yield;
To have dusty chickens and a spotted calf
And a good, stout cow with a silky skin,
This, I suppose, is better by half
Than the winning of much men die to win?
The Somerset Farmer rubbed his head
And smiled at me. "Oh-ay," he said.

I said again,
It is good to be friendly,
To have a small door where neighbors knock,
To get up early and work while you listen
To a cuckoo singing as well as a clock;
And to lie down when the West is ruddy
With hardly a thought that is not kind,
With the earth to con and the sky to study
A man need never be dull of mind?
The Somerset Farmer nodded at me
And smiled again. "Oh-ay," said he.

I said,
It is good to have young things near you,
Children to play with, children to hold,
To hear their laughter, to have them hear you
Calling to them as you grow old;
To know that you have a part in the ages
Through all to-morrows, though silently,
Immortal as singers and saints and sages
While youth buds out on the ancient tree—
The Somerset man looked out at the sky.
Solemn and soft he said, "Oh-ay!"

IN THE DELTA

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

The river country's wide and flat
  And blurred ash-blue with sun,
And there all work is dreams come true,
  All dreams are work begun.

The silted river made for us
  The black and mellow soil
And taught us as we conquered him
  Courage and faith and toil.

The river town that water-oaks
  And myrtles hide and bless
Has broken every law except
  The law of kindliness.

And north and south and east the fields
  Of cotton close it round,
Where golden billows of the sun
  Break with no shade or sound.

Dear is the town, but in the fields
  A little house could be,
If built with care and auspices,
  A heart's felicity.

O friend, who love not much indoors
  Or lamp-lit, peopled ways,
What of a field and house to pass
  Our residue of days?

We'd learn of fret and labor there
  A patience that we miss
And be content content to be
  Nor wish nor hope for bliss.

With the immense untrammeled sun
For brother in the fields
And every night the stars' crusade
Flashing to us their shields,

We'd meet, perhaps, some dusk as we
Turned home to well-earned rest,
Unhurried Wisdom, tender-eyed,
A pilgrim and our guest.

THE PINES OF LEBANON

BY JOSEPH ANDREW GALAHAD

Beneath the pines of Lebanon
Your spirit walks with me—
Since when you went for sordid gain
You set your spirit free.

So—follow I, at Lebanon,
My dull, appointed task.
And no one ever speaks of you—
And I'm too proud to ask.

But there will come an hour when
The world will set you free—
And you'll come back to Lebanon
To walk and talk with me

Beneath the pines of Lebanon—
The lonely pines of Lebanon—
The stately pines of Lebanon.
(God knows where I shall be!)

THE POETRY OF GEORGE MEREDITH

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

POETRY is the expression of emotion: it is the fine emotions of life caught and crystallized into words. That is not to say that poetry cannot have an intellectual content, but that the intellectual and philosophical must be present in fusion only, fused, that is, into emotional significance.

Philosophy, in the narrow application of the term, is at the opposite pole to poetry. Poetry is the result of an intense sensation of life. Philosophy, strictly speaking, is a purely intellectual process which constructs out of the dry bones of life, duly collected and tabulated by science, a variety of facts and theories. By itself it is barren, just as by itself a printing-press is barren: each is a contrivance elaborated by man for his own use. Poetry is warm and living, it is action of body and soul and appeals directly to the feelings and emotions;—the living part of man. Philosophy, cold and mechanical, appeals to the intellect. The relation of poetry to philosophy is the relation of the dancer to the choreographer who records his dance. It is well that dances should be recorded and analyzed, but pages of diagrams can never give the exultant glow, the instantaneous conviction,—instantaneous because emotional,—which the dancer feels and inspires. And it is only so far as philosophy reaches beyond the intellect to the emotions and so becomes an organic part of man's life, its dry fuel changed by fire into fire, that it becomes creative, poetic.

In the work of some poets, poets such as Chaucer, Keats, and Bridges, the intellectual is implicit only. From a general survey of their work as a whole it may be possible to extract a philosophy, or perhaps no more than a mere attitude towards life, as a perfume-maker extracts attar from roses; but even so the attitude will be vague and general, incapable of detailed application. But in the work of other poets, of whom George Meredith is a notable example, a philosophy is explicit. It is to poets of this

type that we must turn if we wish to feel the influence of concentrated and passionate thought.

In the work of poets of the other type the intellectual is a fluctuating factor, now conscious, now subconscious. Regarding their art rather as a handicraft, they seem to choose at random unrelated themes and ideas, as a bird chooses twigs, moss, wool, feathers: and it is only when many poems have been brought together that they are seen to be controlled by a unifying purpose: and just as a bird's collected rubbish begins to reveal a rational entity,—a nest,—so in the aggregated poems of these writers a consistent attitude begins to reveal itself. But a single poem of such a poet may hardly give a clearer indication of his attitude than a fragment of moss will give of a bird's nest. We must collect a whole handful of twigs, moss and wool before they will suggest *hedge-sparrow* even to the most ornithological of schoolboys. This type of poet seems to show us his philosophy by accident. He is interested in his theme as an end in itself and it is merely because a hedge-sparrow can only build a hedge-sparrow's nest that his philosophy lurks inevitably in his work.

But the second type of poet deliberately projects his life-philosophy into that theme which he feels to be the best vehicle for it, and it is only as a vehicle for this passionate life-philosophy which is always raging for expression, that he is interested in his theme. These poets are always fully and passionately conscious of their philosophy: it is the central and absorbing fact of their lives. They see life through it, and therefore they do not build their work birdlike out of gathered external details; they build it like spiders out of themselves, choosing their themes, one might say, as a spider chooses the joists and window-frames which best serve his purpose. Almost any single poem of such a poet is unmistakably a part of his philosophy.

It is hardly necessary to remind ourselves that generalizations of this sort, though true in the main, are contradicted by countless details when applied to so complex a thing as human character, or to admit that there are many poets who cannot accurately and infallibly be classed under one or other of them, but the distinction of type is none the less true and evident.

Of the explicitly philosophic type, then, is George Meredith.

His action on life is to simplify it and to show it in its essential beauty: and it is this simplification of life, this dissolving of all the obscurities and accretions that darken and complicate it, which makes his art so stimulating and refreshing. In poem after poem throughout his work we discover this paramount impulse at work: and if we examine his themes, we see continually that they have been chosen because they are best fitted to display this liberation of life, either directly, by simple praise of free uncomplex forms of existence, or by the even more convincing method of showing life tragically marred by those disastrous clefts which multiply and spread as soon as conduct becomes crafty, involved and indirect.

The obvious danger for a poet who is also a philosopher is that he should become a philosopher who is also a poet, namely that he should occasionally lapse into expressing his philosophy intellectually instead of emotionally. For of poetry, as we have said, the vital concern is life and action, and though whole philosophies may be contained in it, they must be present not in crude form but dissolved into the golden wine of ecstatic life.

When Meredith fails as a poet, the failure in many cases seems to be due to this very accident, to the momentary preponderance of the philosopher over the poet. This accounts for the occasional obscurities in such a poem as *The Woods of Westermain* and the dry arguments and ratiocinations in some of his later poems in the volume called *A Reading of Life*. In these last we see the mere intellect still busy after the emotional fire has died down. But there is another source of occasional failure, a source more difficult to identify. Its effect is an extremely harsh ellipticity which appears both in his mature verse and prose. It is almost impossible to believe that this is not conscious, for it is evident from the novels and the complete poems that Meredith served a long apprenticeship both in prose and verse-writing, and neither his early prose nor his early verse exhibit any trace of this characteristic. Indeed his early verse is chiefly noticeable for its easy mellifluousness: it is often undistinguished and much of it lacks entirely the fine qualities which make his mature work so characteristic, so essentially Meredithian. It is, of course, natural that as his genius matured the resulting concentration of emotion

should express itself in a similar concentration of phrase which, while admirable in the case of success, resulted inevitably, in the case of failure, in harshness and obscurity. But for a writer of Meredith's powers of expression it seems that there must be a further explanation of a failing which became so strong a characteristic of his style, and it is possible that the answer is to be found in the seclusion in which he lived during the latter part of his life, a seclusion which perhaps left him a prey to his own style by enabling peculiarities to crystallize into mannerisms instead of being kept in solution by the mingled currents of wider human intercourse. Whatever may be the true explanation of Meredith's failures it is an interesting and obvious fact that the poems in which his philosophy is least directly stated, least intrusive,—poems like the *Hymn to Color* and *Modern Love*, in which it is completely dissolved into a symbol or story,—are always the most convincing and the most supremely poetical, and that a composition such as *The Empty Purse*, in which the philosophy appears most immediately, in which it is preached rather than revealed, is a quite amazingly bad poem.

Yet Meredith's philosophy is in its essence poetical because it is always concerned with vivid life, never abstract or speculative: for it is life in the living that interests him. For him, philosophy is valueless as soon as it ceases to be practical: when it becomes speculative he takes his hat, so to speak, and goes into the garden. Life, for him, is a splendid strife towards higher levels of living, a strife like the athlete's, joyous and stimulating to mind and body; and his poetry reveals a deep and glowing courage in face of life's problems. He has no sympathy with the hermit who seeks his own salvation and analyzes his own sensations in solitude. He is always the social artist. All his thoughts are for the human society. We must forget our narrow self, he tells us, accepting courageously all our private griefs and trials, rejoicing to live the progressive life of the race, and at last content to have lived and to be laid in the earth,

> Leaving her the future task:
> Loving her too well to ask.

Escatology, religion in its conventional sense, mean nothing to him: dogma, theories, all that cannot be moulded directly into

life, are mere riddle-spinning. Let it not be supposed that this is materialism, for it is the very reverse. Indeed the nature of Meredith's thought seems often to touch a sane mysticism. His teaching that man must tame into obedience that self of the senses which is the *beast* in him and merge himself in the spirit of the race is more than a materialistic version of "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." And, although he has no belief in a personal life after death, yet his epitaphs and the sonnet *To a Friend Lost* tell of a belief in the survival of the good in us which is not merely a sentiment, an associative memory, but a full and vital actuality. It is this faith that the dead survive in the living and that the living souls are merged in the race spirit—a faith which to closer contemplation reveals a more and more deep significance—that gives glimpses of something far other than materialism in Meredith's philosophy.

That philosophy has grown up out of a loving study of Nature. Like his own "good physician Melampus,"

> For him the woods were a home and gave him the key
> Of knowledge:

and it is this that makes his best nature-poems the very sap of the forest. They call up all the delicate country sensations, the smell of earth and green things, the pure enveloping light, the cooling sounds of leaves and running water: and, reading them, one seems to receive these sensations direct, the poetic medium forgotten. His delight in wells and brooks is typical of the limpidity of his mind. Water, for him, symbolizes the sweet vitality of Earth, the clean life

> Seraphically free
> Of taint of personality:

and he sings of it over and over again, never more beautifully than in these lines from *Phoebus with Admetus:*

> Water, first of singers, o'er rocky mount and mead,
> First of earthly singers, the sun-loved rill,
> Sang of him, and flooded the ripples on the reed,
> Seeking whom to waken and what ear fill.
> Water, sweetest soother to kiss a wound and cool,
> Sweetest and divinest, the sky-born brook,
> Chuckled with a whimper, and made a mirror-pool
> Round the guest we welcomed, the strange hand shook.

Meredith's love of Earth gives a health and sanity not only to his nature-poetry but to all he has written. He is never sentimental, never melodramatic, never a spinner of words and fantasies for their own sake. His emotions ring true because they are noble and profoundly felt. Earth, as Meredith understands her, is not merely what we are accustomed to call Nature: she is a living spirit, and so obedience to Earth is something more than to follow natural instinct. It is that keen power of self-analysis and clear understanding which is man's highest quality. For the laws of Earth are not mere forest law—the laws of appetite and fear, of pleasure and pain, reacting on each other—though that is Earth in her primary, her lowest aspect. Earth at her highest is the rational, self-controlled man, the man who has tamed the beast in him, the dragon of self, and has developed into a highly organized social being, living not for self in the narrow sense, but for that larger self, the human race: the man who is not all blood (which is animal) nor all brain (which is mere intellect) nor even all spirit, but a balanced blend of all three. The true son of Earth, the true children of Earth, are the man and the society which possess the Comic Spirit.

Meredith's Comic Spirit is that fine, piercing sense of humor which is ever ready to detect and expose pride, selfishness, fear, laziness and all the false motives which masquerade under the guise of virtue and disinterestedness. This conception of the Comic Spirit is one of the cardinal points of Meredith's philosophy. It remorselessly exposes the failings of old-age, can lay a sure finger on the melodramatic in Manfred or the fatal flaw in the Garden of Epicurus:—

> That garden would on light supremest verge,
> Were the long drawing of an equal breath
> Healthful for Wisdom's head, her heart, her aims.

And it is this searching spirit of Comedy which by its cleansing and liberating power makes life pure and simple again.

Meredith has a golden mind. Like the atmosphere of a summer afternoon, it sheds a mature and golden serenity on all it touches. That is why one returns to him again and again, always sure of stimulation and refreshment. To the mass of undigested knowledge which is the inheritance of modern thought, he brings

the clarity and confidence of primitive Greece. Not that there is anything Greek in his style; but, like the early Greeks, he makes life seem simple and joyful and the world homelike once again. What a criticism on the jealousies, the fierce competition and selfishness of modern life is his sonnet *Internal Harmony:* to meet that spirit of brave and generous coöperation is to "draw the breath of finer air." It seems at first paradoxical that he who is so often called difficult and obscure should be the poet whose verse gives so simple and courageous a view of life. But in truth his thought is always lucid: what obscurity there is springs from its expression. In all his verse there is sound wisdom for those who have the patience to seek it. Even *The Empty Purse,* which, as we have said, is a very bad poem, contains sound wisdom and a rich humanity.

If we examine the themes Meredith chooses it is easy to see how this philosophy of his, this desire for the simplification and purification of life, perpetually finds expression. *Modern Love,* perhaps the greatest of his poems, is the tragedy of two lives divided and destroyed by the multitudinous discords that breed from discord. The four *Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History* show the disasters which arose when France proved false to her true self as revealed in the noble ideals of the Revolution and entered on a career of plunder and violence under Napoleon, letting the old dragon of self take the upperhand once more and closing her ears to her ancient mentor the Comic Spirit, that infallible touchstone for sincerity of thought and motive. The ballad of *The Nuptials of Attila* shows how

> the empire built of scorn
> Agonized, dissolved, and sank.

The Woods of Westermain teaches that peace and happiness spring from a loving trust of Nature and that, once the discord of fear and suspicion is admitted,

> Discords out of discords spin
> Round and round derisive din.

The Lark Ascending is a hymn to frank, unselfish joyousness. In the *Ode to the Comic Spirit,* that spirit is shown to be a great cleansing and civilizing force, an alkahest for the petrifying action

of custom, prejudice and bigotry: while the *Hymn to Color* celebrates Love as the great interpreter and transformer of Life and Death. All are different facets of the one absorbing theme.

Perhaps Meredith's greatest poetic power is that of expressing intricate psychology in terms of poetry. Analyses which would seem to be expressible only by colorless abstracts are by him shown vividly and simply in a world of beautiful symbolism. It is this which constitutes the greatness of such poems as *Modern Love* and the *Hymn to Color*. The last-named is a spiritual philosophy of Color, an expression of the essential permanence in the most transient beauty:—

> O bloom of dawn, breathed up from the gold sheaf
> Held springing beneath Orient! that dost hang
> The space of dewdrops running over leaf;
> Thy fleetingness is bigger in the ghost
> Than Time with all his host!

Modern Love is a wonderful example of psychological analysis expressed in a sequence of fifty sonnets. It seems as if Meredith's technical and imaginative powers increased with the difficulty of the subject, for in this poem they reach their highest level. In these fifty sonnets the tragedy is unfolded with most delicate insight, most poignant feeling and a wealth of human philosophy, all pictured in a vivid and stately imagery. It is a great and beautiful achievement of a great poet.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

BACK IN BRITTANY

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

HERE he was back in France—back in Paris, and idling pleasantly at one of those sidewalk cafés where you can sit all day and watch the world stream by.

When he sailed from home, it had been in his mind that he would make this trip something of a pilgrimage, that he would tramp once more along the La Ferté-road where first he had watched the Marines going in, find again the Maxfield Parrish forest where the tattered but triumphant infantry fell back for breath after the smash under Soissons, pay an humble visit to the old friend and great priest who kept the faith during the long ordeal of St. Mihiel, nor turn back (as once another half-hearted runaway had done) at Varennes, but push on to explore the new life at each crest and ravine of the Argonne he knew so well.

Above all, he would seek out Savenay, that little Brittany village where he had been stationed for so many months that the very silhouette of its gaunt cathedral and the very color and lullaby sleepiness of its slow-revolving windmills would make a fond reunion. All these things it had been in his mind to do. Yet his two months' stay in France was almost spent and he had done none of them—or done few of them, and that cursorily.

Why? he wondered. Something was missing. What? He, at least, was not one of those varnished tourists who seemingly had expected each group of Frenchmen to welcome them wildly as the first troops of 1917 were welcomed, and so, perforce, went home in sulks. Served them right. But something *was* missing. Perhaps if a finer use had been made of the victory the unquestioning troops had forged, the old scenes of their sacrifice would have called him now more urgently. Maybe his was a mere nostalgia for the lost companionship, a feeling that he

could not make the old hikes alone, nor with uncomprehending strangers. Not that a reluctance to leave the Café Napolitan needs, *per se*, a subtle explanation.

And yet—well, it *was* an uncomfortable thought that all his happy anticipations, all his eager expectations, all the rendezvous he had made during the fighting, were to be dropped as the mere phantoms of a passing mood, so easily dispelled, so soon forgotten. Surely there must be some continuity, some stamina to his fond desires. One thing he could still do. One thing he need not weakly forfeit to the inertia of the moment. One thing he might carry out to forestall all subsequent regrets. He would at least go back to Savenay.

There was no time to lose. Another week would find him calculating, with furrowed brow, in shillings instead of francs. Another fortnight and he would be toiling up the gangplank at Southampton, tired and homeward bound. If he were going to Savenay, he must start next morning.

So the next morning—it was a Sunday—found him on the platform of the Gare d'Orsay at the incredible hour of seven, armed with a ticket that had cost him about seven times the price he paid when he was one of several million infrequently appreciative public charges. Soon he was tucked in his compartment, a section filled to the brim with bags and bundles and bourgeoisie. It was a sweltering day, yet he knew from their expressions, from the very shape and quality of their luggage, that it would be idle to suggest that the window be opened even a little way.

Air-tight, hot, crowded, grimy—and Savenay ten hours away. Why, in the name of commonsense, had he ever quit Paris? What, in the name of human nature, did he expect these lean Bretons to say to him? Most of them would not remember him at all. And why should they? Old Madame Richard, who had thrashed the life out of his weekly shirt at the village *lavoir;* old Madame Lefeuvre, whose booming voice had always been raised in the proud boast that she never used grease in cooking; scornful little Clare, who had served chocolate in the *patisserie* for the insatiable Americans and had developed there the colorable conviction that they were a species of chocolate soldier—they might

remember him. But what of it? Would anyone be glad to see him?

Madame Cocaud, perhaps. Yes, Madame Cocaud, if she were still alive. And, as he drowsed off, his memories staged once more the smoky old buvette, hung with festoons of sausages and with copper kettles innumerable. There, since her widowhood, had Madame Cocaud served the drinks when once a week market day would bring a strange pageant of Breton folk to Savenay and transform the gray square of the *Mairie* into a chattering, fluttering county fair. There, since the black morning when the Government reported tersely and with mimeographed sympathy that her son had been killed at the front, she had dwelt alone, a sleepless and a haunted woman. The neighbors shook their heads, and vowed that poor Mother Cocaud's mind was affected, and avoided her. Then one scorching day in 1917, an American had clattered up to the buvette, put his head in the door, and roared for food. She protested that hers was no restaurant, and he started to go, but, obeying some sudden impulse, she beckoned him back, put a few fresh twigs on the open fire, and bent over a pan that soon produced a supper of extraordinary savor. It was eaten with gusto and was watched over from the shadow of the kitchen by an old woman who, now and again, would lift her apron to her eyes.

That was the beginning of an unofficial American mess which was crowded to suffocation morning, noon and night for two years, until the last boatload of the A. E. F. shoved off for home. Somehow, Madame Cocaud knew that in feeding these young strangers she would find peace,—knew, in a way which satisfied something within her, that, in comforting and cheering them, she would be pleasing her lost son.

What plates of *crêpes*, what pans of Breton sausage, what jars of jam, what cellars of wine vanished in those two years! Which of the boys paid, and how many sneaked away without paying anything, she never knew. She asked only that there be enough funds to keep the supplies moving. She charged so little and her price scale was so sketchy. You would gorge yourself for hours and clamor for your check only to be waved aside and told to come back another time and settle when she was less busy.

If you protested with mock solemnity that you might never come back, she would make a transparent pretense of figuring on a morsel of paper and then, with a comically unsuccessful effort to look severe and commercial, she would emerge with some such absurd charge as three francs.

This utter failure on her part to appreciate the financial opportunities offered by the passing of the crusaders was a source of considerable bewilderment and no little annoyance to her neighbors. They pointed out to her that in time the Americans would be gone, that then the ancient quiet would fall on the village, and that she would have no fortune put away for the after years. "On whom would I spend it?" asked Madame Cocaud.

The pilgrim would not soon forget that look which used to come into her face when the soldiers ordered to the front came in to kiss her goodbye. Madame Cocaud had a thousand sons in the war. Surely she would remember the least of them, would have a welcome for the meanest of her subjects.

He was thinking of her now and smiling as the train pulled in to Savenay.

It was strange to see the station, once so alive with jostling troops, now quiet and empty. A few folk straggled from the train across the fields. The hillroad to the village square stretched hot and white and steep before him. As he plodded up, he wished devoutly that he had not come. Only one trace of the A. E. F., that was, greeted him as he climbed. It was a little pointing sign which read: "To the American Cemetery."

He dropped his bag at the Hotel of the Green Oak, laid claim to a six-franc room for the night (he wanted to leave on the next train but it would be pusillanimous not to stay till morning) and walked out towards what had been the American hospital.

Here and there along the road, a shopkeeper came out and saluted him cordially but vaguely. It was interesting to find young folk in the street, knots of loitering Willie Baxters as you might find them in any Gopher Prairie of a Sunday afternoon. There had been none in the old days, but now the war was over.

The hospital was gone. The ruddy slanting sunlight fell across the fields where acres of tents and barracks had stood, all of them gone now, even the theatre that was built with such

energy by its prospective patrons. Still standing, however, was the stone school-house which had been its nucleus, now a school once more, with all the luxurious American plumbing piously torn out and scrapped lest the young idea be softened by too much new-fangled comfort.

There, in a quondam squad-room, where he himself remembered sleeping for a time, there were traces of school-work, scrawled blackboards and all the débris of a class in Molière. At least the bits of paper left lying on the desks indicated that the teacher had been lecturing (tepidly, perhaps) on the sins of *L'Avare*. With something of a start, he discovered that the notes had been taken on the back of old American court-martial papers. On the piece he held in his hand, he read the fragment of an indictment which accused (doubtless with justice) one he had known of having gone A. W. O. L.

Here was reconstruction with a vengeance. There was in it something of the lilt of the rhythm of history. He had felt its thrill before, once when he saw German prisoners filling in the trenches around Rheims, again a year later when he had heard the machines threshing in the wheat at Belleau Wood, and only just the other day when, high in the French Alps, at the blazing, blinding electrical forges of Ugines, he had seen the armored turrets of crippled tanks and the rusty cases of a million shells being melted and recast into the tools and machinery of peace.

It was getting late. As he started down the road leading back into the town, he could see ahead of him on the right the jaunty sign of the *patisserie*. He vividly remembered how great was the quantity and variety of cakes it had been possible to wash down with chocolate or *vin ordinaire* during the hour before taps—such variety and such delicacy as no trays of French pastry ever evinced in America. Once he had tried to explore the low-ceilinged kitchen where they were fashioned, only to have the scandalized *patronne* drag him hastily from the threshold. Why, even she dared not cross it. She might employ a famous Breton pastry cook, but by a law of his guild as old and as strong as Chartres Cathedral, she might not get near enough to him to learn the secrets of his art.

The now cheering pilgrim remembered, too, one drizzling night

in the late summer of '17, when the newly arrived Americans found the young *patronne* weeping helplessly over her two-weeks old son. Her husband was at the front, there were no doctors within many miles, and she was left alone and frightened with a baby whom a clumsy and stupid midwife had blinded at birth. He remembered how the puzzled Americans had carried her off hopefully to where a famous American surgeon, destined for big work in France, was billeted while his orders loitered, how, in two weeks, her boy could see as well as you, and how always thereafter the Americans had a staunch friend at the *patisserie*—that, too, he remembered.

That is why he was sure now that she would be glad to see any of the old crowd. And he was not mistaken. It was not long before the pilgrim was seated in the shop, with the greatly-expanded youngster on one knee and a plate of pastry on the other, while Madame poured steadily from a dusty bottle of Madeira and showered him with questions as to the whereabouts and health of the doctor who had given back her boy's eyes—beautiful eyes, now, and as big as saucers.

She was somewhat taken back when her guest, in his decadent civilian state, paused far short of the eighteen cakes she had recalled as his wartime record. He protested that he must save some room for one of Madame Cocaud's dinners.

"Oh, I am glad you are going there," the little *patronne* assented eagerly. "She is so lonely now. It has been hard for her these days, when all the boys that had been his schoolmates and companions, have come rattling home from the war. To sit alone in your shop and hear the shouts and the laughter when your neighbor's son comes home—that is not easy." There was the ghost of a fear in her eyes as she reached then for her own boy and smoothed out the tousle of his hair.

When, a few moments later, he stood at the threshold of Madame Cocaud's shop, he knew he had come to the end of his little journey. It was a heart-warming reunion, in which one white coif became sadly disarranged. She wanted to ask after twenty men at once and, at the same time, she felt she must begin cooking for the one at hand without loss of time. Almost instinctively, as she rattled on, her hand reached for her frying

pan. She did not ask him what he wanted. She knew and set to work contentedly on a mess of *crêpes et saucisses*. She laid no place for him in the gloomy outer room, but cleared his old one at the little table in the kitchen corner, so near the hearth that it was never outside her range as a juggler to flip her cakes from the fire to the table.

A strange and unfamiliar maid hovered on the outskirts of these proceedings. What had become of the old one, the shy, quiet girl who would never engage even in the mildest banter with the hurrying Americans, nor appear with the other natives at the occasional band concert at the hospital? Once Madame Cocaud had tried to beguile her to such a concert, which she herself was dreading because she knew she would be overcome (as, indeed, she was) when they reached the Marseillaise. But the girl had been too afraid of some criticism from the family of her betrothed, who was at the front and might hear that she was gadding about with the Americans.

"And did the boy come back?"

"Oh yes," said Madame Cocaud, "he came back. But, after she had waited five years for him, he married someone else."

This seemed very tragic.

"And the girl, did it hurt her deeply? Was she—"

"Oh, yes, she was inconsolable, quite inconsolable."

"Did she—did she—" he trailed off apprehensively.

"Oh, yes," said Madame Cocaud cheerfully, "she married someone else, too."

Then, as the coffee came on, and a great medley of liqueurs from all manner of strange, squat bottles, she delved into her desk and emerged with an armful of letters and Christmas cards and postals, all from America, a curious assortment of penmanship, from the nice chirography of some remote librarian to the painfully achieved superscription by one infrequently given to the habit of writing. They were all affectionate greetings from her lost Americans, some in earnest French, some in English, some in a fantastic blending of the two. She did not know how to answer them, did not know, indeed, from whom any of them had come. She could only keep them in her desk to be taken out from time to time and held in her lap. The two spent an

hour trying to identify the senders. He suggested lightly that she take a page advertisement in an American magazine to acknowledge them, and he had to devote considerable energy to dissuading her from the notion.

"And here," she said with a twinkle in her eye, "here is something that came yesterday."

So saying, she unfurled a deal of paper and string and brandished therefrom a formidable carving set, which had spent six months seeping through the *douane*. An inclosed card identified the gift as coming from one who had been a private in the A. E. F. and who was now resident in Newark, N. J. She shook her head helplessly, for it is not by names that she remembers them all.

"I think I know who he is," she confided in a whisper, as though it seemed hardly fair to let the old walls know. "It's a boy who borrowed my carving knife one night and lost it."

They carried the stack of American mail back to the rickety *escritoire* and stuffed it away. There were two other bursting cubbyholes alongside. He pointed questioningly to the first of them.

"They are all the letters about my son," she explained, eyeing them askance. "Letters from the Government, from monument-makers, from dealers in *deuil*, from the school where he studied, from the university where he lectured, from the people in London with whom he stayed when he lectured there. He was a lecturer on peace, Monsieur. *Quelle ironie!*—The letters are all here. See, I have never opened them."

And she darted a frightened look at him, as though she feared he would propose their being opened and read at once. He shifted hastily to the other collection.

"And these?"

Whereat she chuckled gleefully and her kindly face—it is the kindliest face in all the world—wrinkled with the quizzical amusement of her famous smile. The A. E. F. justified its existence when, even for a little time, it brought back Madame Cocaud's smile.

"Those," she announced, "are all the letters and threats and warnings from the tax-office, inquiring about my excess profits during the war. They've heard somewhere—we all have neigh-

bors—that for two years this was a tremendous restaurant. And now they want a part of the loot. I told them I made no money from the Americans. But what tax-collector would ever believe that? They've asked me now to make out a statement of receipts and disbursements for each day of the war."

And Madame Cocaud, who had often collected only from those who pursued her with insistence that she charge them something, laughed till her white coif shook. But what had she said in reply? Why, she had suggested to the tax-collector that, if he was in such desperate straits, he might go to the war-office and draw the insolent, impious money which was her legal due because her son had been killed for France. For herself, she would never touch a sou of it.

The thought of Madame Cocaud being harried as a profiteer was too much for the visitor. As he uprooted himself at midnight, he asked for his bill. "Oh, you'll be here for breakfast," said she, up to her old tricks. So after breakfast next morning—a very toureen of coffee, and such coffee!—he asked again. "But you will be here for lunch," she suggested, with a baffled look in her eyes. No—see: here was his bag all packed. He was going straight from her door to the cemetery, and then, cutting across the fields, he would catch the morning train back to Paris.

"Ah, then," she said, "I must say goodbye. I couldn't be happy if you went away thinking of this as a tavern where you paid like some stranger. This is your home in Brittany."

So she kissed him on both cheeks, and the memory of her standing in the doorway, to watch him as he crossed the square, was with him an hour later as he clambered aboard the Paris train, preëmpted a vacant compartment, opened the windows wide, put his feet up, covered his face with a copy of *Le Phare*, and settled back to drowse his way to the Gare-D'Orsay, while the thump and rattle of the wheels took up a refrain which seemed to say: "Glad-you-came, glad-you-came, glad-you-came." There were overtones, too. Over and above the rhythm, there broke clear and satisfying and curiously sad the sound of a page turning in the history of his life.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

JOHN GALSWORTHY

I

It is sometimes said that an artist never intrudes his personality into his work and that the great writers of the world have kept themselves so closely to themselves that their readers have never been able to discover anything of their faith or partialities. This is not only untrue, but is also absurd, for how can any man hope to exclude himself from his creations, since without him the creations would not be? There never was a book of any sort which did not in some fashion reveal the nature of its author to discerning readers, and I will personally undertake to give a fairly accurate account of the general character of any author after an attentive reading of all his writings. There are authors, such as Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells, who do not make any pretence of excluding themselves from the notice of their readers: they deliberately force themselves into their books; and the habit has become so much a part of their nature that they sometimes do it unconsciously. One may say of them, perhaps, that we learn chiefly from their writings what their opinions are, but learn nothing of their characters; but while it is true that we do receive much information about their opinions, it is true also, I think, that they unmistakably reveal themselves, something of the intimate parts of them, to those who closely consider their books. Fielding formally held up the course of his stories in order that he might state his views to his readers, and Dickens and Thackeray followed his example; but all three of them revealed more than their beliefs to their readers—they revealed also themselves. Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells are excellent examples of what may be described as the Direct Revealers—writers

who nakedly manifest their opinions and, more or less nakedly, their personalities in their books. The Indirect Revealers are best exemplified in two poets, Shakespeare and John Millington Synge, and one novelist and dramatist, Mr. John Galsworthy. We have very little documentary evidence of Shakespeare's existence, and it is impossible, therefore, to write his biography with the accuracy of detail with which one is able to record the events of, say, Roosevelt's career; but there is a clear and unmistakable account of his hopes and fears and beliefs and disbeliefs, a most faithful portrait of his character, contained in his poems and plays. How can any one fail to discover behind his work the figure of a grave, fastidious, disdainful and distrustful and solitary man whose spiritual solitude was concealed under an appearance of gregariousness and cheerful living that made him a good companion on most occasions without being excessively popular. Ben Jonson, despite his quarrelsome character, was probably more deeply loved by his contemporaries than Shakespeare was, because Shakespeare had more of reserve and spiritual isolation than Ben had, and was less willing to put faith in the virtue of the crowd; but I imagine that had one interrogated any of Shakespeare's friends, they would have said of him, "Oh, yes, I like William Shakespeare very much! He's a good chap, but a little odd . . . queer . . . at times. It isn't easy to make friends with him. He always keeps you at your distance—not deliberately, of course, but in some vague way. He understands us all right, and he takes part in our revels, but he never completely descends to our level. Now, old Ben . . . he's a good, hearty chap! He is so comradely that we frequently forget he is Ben Jonson and think of him as just one of ourselves. Shakespeare's friendly enough, but we never forget that he is Shakespeare. Sometimes, quite unintentionally, he makes us feel a little common! . . ."

The best biography of John Synge that I have read—and I have read all of them—is contained in his plays and poems. It is impossible to rise from his books without an impression of intense loneliness and unachievable desires, of a man eager to be the hero of romantic exploits but totally unable to stand up to life and make himself a hero because of some spiritual ineffective-

ness, some lack of assertion which makes for fumbling and self-distrust; and one goes from the plays and poems to the biographies and is not surprised at reading of his lonely life. How often the word "lonesome" occurs in his writings, and how deeply he insists on the terrors of solitude! Pegeen Mike in *The Playboy of the Western World* reproves her father for going "over the sands to Kate Cassidy's wake" and leaving her alone in the shebeen:

If I am a queer daughter, it's a queer father'd be leaving me lonesome these twelve hours of dark, and I piling the turf with the dogs barking, and the calves mooing, and my own teeth rattling with the fear.

I imagine that there is some deep personal feeling of Synge's in the speech he puts into the mouth of Christy Mahon in the second act of the same play:

Christy:

And isn't it a poor thing to be starting again, and I a lonesome fellow will be looking out on women and girls the way the needy fallen spirits do be looking for the Lord?

Pegeen:

What call have you to be that lonesome when there's poor girls walking Mayo in their thousands now?

Christy:

It's well you know what call I have. It's well you know it's a lonesome thing to be passing small towns with the lights shining sideways when the night is down, or going in strange places with a dog noising before you and a dog noising behind, or drawn to the cities where you'd hear a voice kissing and talking deep love in every shadow of the ditch, and you passing on with an empty, hungry stomach failing from your heart.

Pegeen:

I'm thinking you're an odd man, Christy Mahon. The oddest walking fellow I ever set my eyes on to this hour to-day.

Christy:

What would any be but odd men and they living lonesome in the world?

The scene of all his plays is laid in a lonely place: the last cottage at the head of a long glen in Wicklow; a small and remote island off the west coast of Ireland; a distant hamlet in a mountainous district. His people are possessed of a perpetual fear of death and old age, and lead uneventful lives, having minds which continually crave for the performance of splendid and unusual

deeds. Few men have put their longings and disappointments so boldly and plainly into their work as John Synge put his. I do not suggest that an author may be identified with every word and action of his creatures—a manifestly absurd suggestion—but I do suggest that it is possible for an intelligent reader to obtain a very clear and well-defined impression of the character and beliefs of an author from a careful study of the whole body of his work.

II

Mr. John Galsworthy is the most sensitive figure in the ranks of modern men of letters, but his sensitiveness is of a peculiar nature, for it is almost totally impersonal. One thinks of Dostoievsky eternally pitying himself in the belief that he was pitying humanity and particularly that part of it which is Russian; or of Maxim Gorki, as shown in his vivid and extraordinary study of Leo Tolstoi,[1] preoccupied with himself to the extent of imagining that Tolstoi, the aristocrat, related salacious stories in common speech to him, the peasant, because he imagined that Gorki, being of vulgar origin, could not appreciate refined conversation:

> I remember my first meeting with him and his talk about *Varienka Oliessova* and *Twenty-six and One*. From the ordinary point of view, what he said was a string of indecent words. I was perplexed by it and even offended. I thought that he considered me incapable of understanding any other kind of language. I understand now: it was silly to have felt offended.

One thinks, too, of Mr. Shaw's lively interest in himself, and of Mr. Wells's eagerness to remold the world nearer to his heart's desire. And remembering these men, intensely individual and not reluctant to speak of themselves, one is startled to discover how destitute of egotism Mr. Galsworthy seems to be. It may even be argued that his lack of interest in himself is a sign of inadequate artistry, that it is impossible for a man of supreme quality to be so utterly unconcerned about himself as Mr. Galsworthy is. He has written more than a dozen novels and at least a dozen plays, but there is not one line in any of them to denote that he takes any interest whatever in John Galsworthy. The most obvious characteristic of his work is an immense and, some-

[1] *Reminiscences of Leo Nicolayevitch Tolstoi*, by Maxim Gorki.

times, indiscriminating pity, but I imagine that the only creature on whom he has no pity is himself. Whatever of joy and grief he has had in life has been closely retained, and the reticence which was characteristic of the English people—I am now using the word "English" in the strict sense—in pre-war times, but is hardly characteristic of them now, is most clearly to be observed in Mr. Galsworthy. And yet there are few among contemporary writers who reveal so much of themselves as he does. Neither Mr. Shaw nor Mr. Wells, who constantly expose their beliefs to their readers, do in the long run tell so much about their characters as Mr. Galsworthy, who never makes a conscious revelation of himself and is probably quite unaware that he has made any revelations at all. How often have we observed in our own relationships that some garrulous person, constantly engaged in egotistical conversation, contrives to conceal knowledge of himself from us, while some silent friend, with lips tightly closed, most amazingly gives himself away. One looks at Mr. Galsworthy's handsome, sensitive face and is immediately aware of tightened lips! . . . But the lips are not tightened because of things done to him, but because of things done to others.

I remember, more than ten years ago, reading a notice of the first performance of *Justice* in an English Sunday newspaper in which the critic, who must have been terribly drunk when he wrote it, attacked the play, making nine misstatements of fact about it in as many lines. Those were the days when I took the field on the slightest provocation. An insult offered to a man of letters for whom I had respect was an insult offered to me, and I made much trouble for myself by smacking faces with great ferocity for offences, not against me, but against my friends and my betters. I wrote a letter to that critic which created some havoc in his sodden brain, and I then posted a copy of it to Mr. Galsworthy. He thanked me very civilly for what I had done, and added that he never replied to criticism of any sort! I was astounded by this statement and a little dashed. My faith in those days was, crudely, two eyes for one tooth! Those who struck at me might expect two blows in return. Like Mrs. Ferguson, in my play, *John Ferguson*, I said to myself, "If anyone was to hurt me, I'd do my best to hurt them back and hurt them

harder nor they hurt me!" I could not bring myself into line with the meekness of Mr. Galsworthy until I discovered in it a form of supreme arrogance! . . . Now that I know him and his work better, I realize that I was wrong in my estimation of him both as excessively meek and excessively arrogant. His rule never to reply to criticism, however unfair, is a sign, not of humility or pride, but of complete indifference to himself. I can believe in him becoming furious with one who belittled a dog, but I cannot believe in him displaying any feeling over one who belittled him.

But when I look at his tightened lips, I feel certain that they are drawn closely together, not to prevent himself from forgetting his indifference to himself, but to prevent him from pouring out his anger at wrong and cruelty suffered by other people. His hatred of injustice possesses him like a fury, so that I expect to find his hands always clenched. There are times, indeed, when he allows his feeling for others, human and animal, to destroy his sense of proportion, and he will sometimes imagine that people or beasts are suffering a great deal more of pain than they really are, even that they are suffering when in fact they are not suffering at all. This is the complaint most commonly made of him by his critics, that he sometimes exaggerates the extent to which people and, particularly, animals suffer. When I was a child, I remember that I often read in sentimental Sunday-school books of slum children who never smiled and had never seen grass. I suppose that fundamentally I have a sceptical mind, for even then I found myself doubting whether there were any children in the world who had never seen grass. Grass is so persistent! . . . I knew that a street had only to be free of traffic for a short while and little blades of grass would begin to push up from between the cobbles! . . . It might be that slum children never smiled—though I was dubious of that—but all of them must have seen some grass sometime. Then I grew up and left Ulster and went to England, and for two or three years I lived on the confines of a slum in South London, where I discovered that my sentimental authors were sentimental liars, that poor people do not live lives of incessant misery, that they smile and laugh as often as, if not more frequently than, rich people, and are fully as happy as any-

one else. Happiness and unhappiness are conditions of the spirit, and provided a man has sufficient food to eat and a decent shelter and warm clothes, it matters very little whether he be rich or poor. Mr. Galsworthy is not always as sensible of this as he might be. Like many idealists he attaches more importance to material things than many materialists do. He lets himself be too easily persuaded that a thing is wrong because it looks wrong. If he had walked into the Valley of Elah on that morning when the fair and ruddy youth, David, encountered Goliath, he would certainly have run to David's side. What combat could have seemed more unequal than that? David was young and slender and of ordinary stature. He wore no armor and his weapons were a sling and five pebbles casually picked from a brook. Goliath was five cubits and a span high, and his huge body was covered with heavy armor. There was a helmet of brass on his head, and there were greaves of brass on his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders. His weapons were terrible: the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam, and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron. A man walked in front of him carrying a shield! . . . No wonder that Goliath mocked at David and threatened to pick the flesh from his bones and give it to the birds. He probably felt that one breath from his mouth would blow David clean out of the valley. Mr. Galsworthy, had he been present on that occasion, would have said to himself, "Poor David, young and slight and ill-armed, has no chance whatever against this great hulking, uncircumcized Philistine! . . ." The combat certainly was an unequal one, but the advantage lay, not with Goliath, but with David. The giant had the outward show of strength, but David had the Power of God in his right arm, and before that Power Goliath was but a boneless beast. Mr. Galsworthy makes Stephen More, in his play *The Mob*, revile the crowd in these terms:

> You are the thing that pelts the weak; kicks women; howls down free speech. This to-day, and that to-morrow. Brain—you have none! Spirit—not the ghost of it! If you're not meanness, there's no such thing. If you're not cowardice, there is no cowardice.

Neither Stephen More nor Mr. Galsworthy appears to know that these characteristics of the mob are the characteristics of

weak things. Strong men do not pelt the weak or kick women, nor do they prevent free speech. It is weak men and timid men and ignorant, frightened men—politicians and officials and guttersnipes and sinful men—who do these things, because they have neither the courage nor the strength nor the intelligence to do otherwise. The mob-instinct of unreasoning chivalry, the natural impulse to take the part of "the little 'un," constitutes a very serious danger to Mr. Galsworthy's work: he is becoming increasingly partisan in his opinions and sympathies, with the result that his sentiment is in danger of degenerating into sentimentalism, and he, so commonly considered impartial, is likely to end in a state of hopeless and wrong-headed bias. He is beginning to believe that a weak man is right because he is weak. He is forgetting the truth enunciated, perhaps excessively, by Dr. Stockmann in *An Enemy of the People* that "the strongest man in the world is the man who stands absolutely alone." Or if he has not forgotten it, he is in danger of believing that a minority is always in the right because it is a minority: a belief which is as fallacious as that which Mr. G. K. Chesterton sometimes seems to hold, that a majority is always in the right because it is a majority. The plain and platitudinous truth is that only those are in the right who are in the right, whether they be in a majority or in a minority. Weakness, although it may endow a man with cunning, does not endow him with moral authority. Mr. Galsworthy at times lets his pity for weakness lead him into seeming to regard it as a sign of infallible judgment.

III

He seems to be most impressed, in viewing the human scene, by the sense of property which he discovers in mankind. In his best work, the novels of the Forsyte Saga, beginning with *The Man of Property* and continued in his latest book, *In Chancery*, one finds him attributing this sense to human beings to a degree which is, in my belief, entirely excessive. Soames Forsyte, "the man of property," is portrayed to us as a man who regards all things, human and otherwise, as things to be owned. His wife is a piece of property just as a picture or a dog is. When he obtains

a divorce from her and marries a young French girl, Annette, he treats the latter as a piece of valuable property useful for the purpose of producing a still more valuable piece of property; and when Annette bears a daughter to him, he is left exclaiming almost passionately that this child is *his*, not hers and his, but *his!* All the members of the Forsyte family, described with great particularity, are possessed of this sense of property, but it is more highly developed in Soames than in any of them. Even those members of it, like young Jolyon Forsyte, who break with the family tradition, concentrate on this property point. They only differ from the rest of the family in being anti-, rather than pro-, property. None of them seems to be indifferent to property. The dominating influence in their lives, either for happiness or for misery, is property. Mr. Galsworthy states of them that as they watched the funeral of Queen Victoria, they felt that they were burying more history for their money than had ever been buried before. One of the Forsyte women loves the statement of Christ that "In My Father's house are many mansions" because it comforts her sense of property. Most of the conflict in the Galsworthy novels springs from the reactions of the characters to this sense, and it is labored to the point of attenuation. The temperamental differences between Soames and Irene Forsyte in *The Man of Property* are obscurely stated, and still more obscurely stated in the dramatized version of their relationship called *The Fugitive*, in which Soames and Irene become George and Clare Dedmond, and Bosinney, the architect-lover, becomes Malise, the journalist-lover. It is true that the differences which break a marriage are sometimes the result of fundamental things which cannot be described with the clarity of the items in an auctioneer's catalogue; but the business of an artist is to make obscure things plain and understandable, and the success of his work depends upon the way in which he impresses his readers with the vagueness and obscurity of these things and yet at the same time makes them realize how substantial they are. Soames and Irene Forsyte may not be able to say why they cannot live together, but Mr. Galsworthy must be able to do so and he must empower his readers to do so, too. A novelist gives a sense of inarticulateness in a character, not by making him so inarticulate that the

readers cannot hear or understand a word he is saying, but by making his inarticulateness articulate. The danger into which many writers tumble headlong is that they will spend all their energies on getting the details right and will leave the general effect obscure. One sees signs of this in Mr. Galsworthy's work. He is so busy endowing his people with a sense of property that he occasionally omits to endow them with a sense of humanity. If one compares the Forsyte novels, say, *In Chancery*, with Mrs. Edith Wharton's latest book, *The Age of Innocence*, one discovers that in each case, the theme is concerned with the institution of the family, with the tribal instinct which makes the majority of minds seek identity rather than dissimilarity. But in Mrs. Wharton's book, this tribal instinct is humanly expressed, whereas in Mr. Galsworthy's it is not. I recognize Mrs. Wharton's people as human beings, but I am sceptical about Mr. Galsworthy's people. Old Mrs. Mingott, in *The Age of Innocence*, has affinity with old Jolyon Forsyte in *The Man of Property* and *The Indian Summer of a Forsyte*. (He is the most human figure in the Saga.) But the rest of the cast in the Forsyte Saga has less relevance to humanity than the rest of the cast in *The Age of Innocence*, and the reason is, I think, that Mr. Galsworthy has allowed his theory to get the better of his people, whereas Mrs. Wharton, whatever her theory may be, has kept her eye very steadfastly on human beings. The Countess Olenska in *The Age of Innocence* has verisimilitude which is absent from the figure of Irene Forsyte in *The Man of Property* or Clare Dedmond in *The Fugitive*. We can comprehend Ellen Olenska, but Irene Forsyte utterly eludes us.

IV

I like *The Country House* and *Five Tales* better, I think, than anything else that Mr. Galsworthy has written. The human sense is more truly felt in these books than in any others that he has done. There are few figures in modern fiction so tender and beautiful as Mrs. Pendyce in *The Country House* and few figures so immensely impressive and indomitable as the old man in the story called "The Stoic" which is the first of the *Five Tales*. Mr.

Galsworthy has a love of beauty which permeates everything that he writes and reconciles his more critical readers to his dubious characterization. I suppose the truth about his work is that he has not sufficiently disciplined his feelings and, for this reason, allows his sympathies with his suffering people to swamp his judgments. He is, in every act and thought, a chivalrous man, and his instinct is, not to examine the facts of a case, but to rush instantly and hotly to the defence of the seemingly defenceless. An artist is never indifferent to the wrongs of men, but his artistry prevents him from making mistakes about the persons who are suffering the wrongs. One's fear is that Mr. Galsworthy is inclined to allow his philanthropy to take the place of his artistry. Even in that fine book, *The Country House*, he sometimes makes a formula or a trick out of some fine, instinctive sentiment. In the fourth chapter of part II, Mr. Pendyce, during a period of stress, treads on a spaniel's foot.

> The spaniel yelped. "D——n the dog! Oh, poor fellow, John!" said Mr. Pendyce.

Now, in those words, one has exemplified the acute penetration into people's minds and emotions which is discoverable in Mr. Galsworthy; but he is not content to leave the incident in its simplicity and nature. Before we have reached the end of the chapter, that instinctive utterance by Mr. Pendyce has become a rather threadbare literary trick by Mr. Galsworthy. Mr. Pendyce treads on the dog again two pages later, and Mr. Pendyce repeats himself exactly: "D——n the dog! Oh, poor fellow, John!" And five pages later, he treads on the spaniel a third time, and a third time he says, "D——n the dog! Oh, poor fellow, John!" It is obvious, surely, that on the first occasion, Mr. Galsworthy made Mr. Pendyce speak from his heart, but on the second and third occasions he made him speak like a ventriloquist's doll. One can find many similarly inapt things even in this book, where Mr. Galsworthy keeps very close to humanity. Mr. Pendyce ejaculates, on hearing that his son has gone after illicit love, "What on earth made me send George to Eton?" when he himself had been educated at another school. One knows what Mr. Galsworthy is here trying to do, to express the love of tradition and custom which governs the life of such a man as Mr. Pendyce,

but he does not achieve the effect by such speeches. The reader feels certain that whatever else Mr. Pendyce may have said on that occasion, he did not say, "What on earth made me send George to Eton?" Too many of his people make impotent gestures, and it is remarkable that these impotent people are nearly always his most idealistic characters. Such an one is Gregory Vigil in *The Country House* who constantly clutches his forehead and tilts his face towards the sky and generally strikes attitudes of despair until one begins to feel that he is the weakest of weaklings. And it is extraordinary to observe what havoc Mr. Galsworthy, ordinarily a very fastidious writer, sometimes makes of the English language. In *The Man of Property* he gives a detailed description of Mrs. Septimus Small in the course of which he states that "an innumerable pout clung all over" her face, and on the page immediately succeeding the one on which that queer description occurs, he states that Mrs. Small "owned three canaries, the cat Tommy, and half a parrot—in common with her sister Hester. . . ." We may, perhaps, pass "an innumerable pout" as an impressionistic phrase, but it is quite clear that carelessness caused Mr. Galsworthy to say that Mrs. Septimus Small owned "half a parrot—in common with her sister Hester" when what he wished to say was that Hester and she were joint owners of a parrot!

V

It is his sincerity and his chivalry and his pity and his sense of beauty, a little too conscious, perhaps, which, much more than his powers of thought, make us read his novels and witness the performance of his plays. These qualities tend to become obsessions in him with the result that his sense of proportion and his verity are disorganized and he is led into sentimentalities, some of which, on first sight, have an impressive appearance which is not maintained after closer scrutiny. In one of his plays, *A Bit o' Love*, he makes the chief character, a young clergyman, end the play with this prayer:

> God, of the moon and the sun; of joy and beauty, of loneliness and sorrow—
> Give me strength to go on, till I love every living thing.

That is a prayer which sounds impressive until it is critically considered. It is not possible for a man to love every living thing. There are certain things which he hates with his mind and certain things which he hates with his instincts, and it is either very difficult or impossible for him to control those hatreds. The best he can hope for is that he can restrain his hatred from active demonstrations. There are hatreds which he ought to possess, hatreds which Mr. Galsworthy himself possesses in a high degree: hatred of cruel men, hatred of oppressive men, hatred of men who promote discord out of sheer devilish delight; but these hatreds are feeble in comparison with the instinctive hatreds most of us have without understanding why we have them. To pray for strength to go on until one loves every living thing is, therefore, to pray for the moon, and exalted desires which are insusceptible of realization become banalities. There are times, in his anger at coarseness and cruel insult and lack of pity, when Mr. Galsworthy attributes a degree of ruffianliness to people which is lacking in verity. In his novel, *Saint's Progress*, he causes "two big loutish boys" to jeer at the old clergyman, Pierson, whose daughter has had a war-baby without being married. The two "loutish boys" shout after him, "Wot price the little barstard?" Now, I simply do not believe that such a thing happened or could have happened in London during the war. Cruelty did not manifest itself in just that way, and it is here, I think, that one discovers Mr. Galsworthy's chief disability, the fact that his powers of observation are not so acute as one might reasonably expect them to be. There is an old saying that the looker-on sees more of the game than those who take part in it—and there is some truth in the old saying; but it is true also that the looker-on may be totally ignorant of, or misinformed about, the game, whereas those who are engaged in it have a fairly comprehensive notion of what they are doing. Mr. Galsworthy gives me the impression of being a looker-on at the game rather than a participator in it, and although he is sometimes a very impassioned spectator, yet he suffers from the disability of all spectators that they are not clearly instructed in the principles and the prejudices of the contest. He is praying for strength to love every living thing when he should be praying for the power to dis-

tinguish between what is lovable and what is detestable, between true things and false things. There are few people who can depict the helplessness of dull men so skilfully and movingly as Mr. Galsworthy can. I doubt whether any of his contemporaries could so revealingly describe the state of mind of a man, spiritually imperceptive and puzzled by his inability to understand, as Mr. Galsworthy in his last novel, *In Chancery*, has described Soames Forsyte after he has obtained a divorce from his first wife. The dumb animal bewilderment of this man, still in love with Irene but utterly confounded by her complete revulsion from him, is done with the most extraordinary penetration; and it is scenes such as this, together with the force and subtlety of "The Stoic" in *Five Tales*, which cause his readers all the more to marvel at his obsessions and their attendant failures.

St. John Ervine.

REFLECTIONS ON THE RIVIERA

BY JOSEPH HONE

THERE are many places in the Europe of today where it is possible to indulge in the reflection, "To come here again and see the changes for the worse that have occurred in the short interval of four or five years makes it easy to understand all the declines and falls of the civilizations of the past. Once upon a time the Romans built their last bridge. What year will they write for that in which the modern European built his last steamship, or his last steam-engine?" The thought strikes one here, even on the Italian Riviera, seemingly peaceful though it be, seemingly careless of the ugly rumors of civil war that come from Genoa and other north Italian cities. Certainly, if what the revolutionists of today call "bourgeois" or capitalist civilization is to fall, these lovely hills will shed the villas with which they are now laden, these tiny charming seaports will lose their Grand Hotels and Casinos, these mountain motor-roads will become grass-grown bridle paths. For they have owed this growth of villas, hotels and casinos to the existence of that leisured class which Bolshevist society will not tolerate. The big towns may remain; for it is not in the Bolshevist programme, as it was in the programme of "intellectuals" like William Morris, to cast to the winds all the achievements of industrial civilization, and let the world return to handicrafts and simple living. On the contrary, Bolshevist theory assumes implicitly that the dictatorship of the proletariat with its conditions of enforced economic equality, will encourage the will-to-power and the skill of the practical scientist, the inventor, the technician—the Bolshevist "class-war" is a mystical exaltation of the machine. It is a large assumption, and one which has received so far little confirmation in Russia itself. May it not really be that the world is faced with only two alternatives: continuation of the present system of society, modified in the light of experience, or reaction, meaning by that the return to

pastoral civilization, a voluntary abandonment of those things which mankind once, not so long ago, did without, but which became "needs" as soon as they were invented—and that Bolshevism, even if it should succeed in overthrowing capitalist society would prove in the end to be but the path to reaction?

From the aesthetic standpoint a return to nature upon the Italian Riviera might be welcome. But the process of decay is unseemly; a seedy Casino is one of the most uninspiring sights in the world. One does not wish to exaggerate, and it is, of course, quite possible that the old luxurious cosmopolitan life of places like Rapallo, Nervi, and Pegli, may be revived. These places are only empty in the sense that London is called "empty" during August and September. But Italy, so far as the foreigner is concerned, is somewhat under a cloud. The objections to Italian travel are, first, the alleged scarcity of coal and, secondly, the alleged possibility of revolution. These objections, however, really neutralize each other; for if Italy had her own coal, the Socialist leaders would be much more inclined than they actually are to promote revolution! Radical labor in Italy has really found itself face to face with the dilemma indicated in the foregoing paragraph; for any attempt at the violent separation of Italy from the capitalist system of Western Europe would clearly involve a renunciation on the part of the workers of all that goes by the name of industrial wealth. This is perhaps one of the reasons why the moneyed classes in Italy seem to have so little "fight" in them as compared with the moneyed classes of France or of Great Britain. The President of a certain company in Turin exclaimed to his workers—"Do your worst! Run the industry yourselves, talk it over: ask anything but that I should partake in these endless bickerings between Capital and Labor." The moneyed classes in Italy have clearly no illusions as to the value of money nowadays, and the contempt into which "paper" has fallen is given as one explanation of the present shortage of dwelling accommodation. Italians feel inclined to stick to anything they have in the way of bricks and mortar. No doubt, English and Americans have come to the Italian Riviera with the idea that they will there secure cheaply nicely situated houses, owing to the favorable exchange. English and American money

can buy many things cheap in Italy, but not houses. From the top of the Portofino promontory one has an incomparable view of the coastline on either side of Genoa: the Rivieras di Levante and di Ponente. The lower slopes of the hills are dotted with innumerable houses—many of them the marine residences of retired merchant-skippers, others, the larger ones, the villas of rich or of once-rich Italians. How these latter are being kept up under present conditions one does not know; but there is certainly no rush to sell to the more fortunately placed foreigner. I heard of one villa that was on the market at the price of 500,000 lire—nearly $100,000 at the pre-war exchange.

In the smallest of the three niches on the southern side of the promontory of Kulm (or, after the war, Vetta) is Portofino-Il-Mare; the two other niches are occupied by the larger "stations" of Rapallo and St. Marghueritta. Portofino is still little more than a fishing village, although one modern hotel has been built; and I doubt if it has much altered since Nietzsche philosophized there one winter in the 'eighties, lying full length on the shore under an umbrella. The Germans who came after him in such numbers to this coast, a different type from him, indeed, preferred Rapallo and St. Marghueritta. But I think that Portofino, with its small all but land-locked cove, its narrow frontage of tall gaily colored houses (the tenements in which the fishermen sleep) is the gem of the collection. It is certainly the least affected by cosmopolitan influences, although perched on each of its rocky sides are two old castles, one belonging to the family of Brown, the other to that of Von Mumm—neither name sounds exactly native. The philosophy of Portofino, in spite of the many prophecies in which he indulged, does not, I think, throw much light on the main problem that besets contemporary Europe. Nietzsche was not, as some of his critics wrongly suppose, opposed to the economic upliftment of the working classes; but it was not his "subject," and he attacked with considerable vigor those who regarded altruistic or philanthropic endeavor as the main end of existence. He prophesied rather exultantly that the twentieth century would be an era of wars, and so far he has been right; but what sort of war he had in mind is not clear. It could not have been war between States, for he despised States; nor

could it have been the war of classes—he had read Karl Marx without assent to the materialist philosophy of history, and though he was always searching his imagination for new forms of aristocracy, the thought, with which the speculations of men like G. Soule have recently familiarized us, of an aristocracy of men behind the machine, seems never to have occurred to him. Anyhow, he could write! It was at Portofino, where the bay of Genoa "ceases to play its melody," that he found noblest expressions for the mood which he desired, vainly perhaps, should pervade his Superman gospel,—the mood of an overflowing love for the earth and all that is "Becoming." He watched the life of the little port in the light of evening—"It was from the sun I learned that," he exclaimed, "from the sun which, when he sets, is so rich, that out of the abundance of his treasure he pours gold into the sea so that the poorest of fishermen row with golden oars."

JOSEPH HONE.

LIFE AND DEATH OF HARRIET FREAN—IV

BY MAY SINCLAIR

XII

The young girl, Robin's niece, had come again, bright-eyed, eager and hungry, grateful for Sunday supper.

Harriett was getting used to these appearances, spread over three years, since Robin's wife had asked her to be kind to Mona Floyd. Mona had come this time to tell her of her engagement to Geoffrey Carter. The news shocked Harriett intensely.

"But, my dear, you told me he was going to marry your little friend Amy—Amy Lambert. What does Amy say to it?"

"What *can* she say? I know it's a bit rough on her—"

"You know; and yet you'll take your happiness at the poor child's expense."

"We've got to. We can't do anything else."

"Oh my dear—" If she could stop it. . . . An inspiration came. "I knew a girl once who might have done what you're doing, only she wouldn't. She gave the man up rather than hurt her friend. She *couldn't do anything else.*"

"How much was he in love with her?"

"I don't know *how much*. He was never in love with any other woman."

"Then she was a fool. A silly fool. Didn't she think of *him?*"

"Didn't she think!"

"No. She didn't. She thought of herself. Of her own moral beauty. She was a selfish fool."

"She asked the best and wisest man she knew, and he told her she couldn't do anything else."

"The best and wisest man—Oh Lord!"

"That was my own father, Mona, Hilton Frean."

"Then it was you. You and Uncle Robin and Aunt Prissie."

Harriett's face smiled its straight, thin-lipped smile, the worn, grooved chin arrogantly lifted.

"How could you?"

"I could because I was brought up not to think of myself before other people."

"Then it wasn't even your own idea. You sacrificed him to somebody else's. You made three people miserable just for that. Four, if you count Aunt Beatie."

"There was Prissie. I did it for her."

"What did you do for her? You insulted Aunt Prissie."

"Insulted her? My dear Mona!"

"It was an insult, handing her over to a man who couldn't love her even with his body. Aunt Prissie was the miserablest of the lot. Do you suppose he didn't take it out of her?"

"He never let her know."

"Oh, didn't he! She knew all right. That's how she got her illness. And it's how he got his. And he'll kill Aunt Beatie. He's taking it out of *her* now. Look at the awful suffering. And you can go on sentimentalizing about it!"

The young girl rose, flinging her scarf over her shoulders with a violent gesture.

"There's no common sense in it."

"No *common* sense, perhaps."

"It's a jolly sight better than sentiment when it comes to marrying."

They kissed. Mona turned at the doorway.

"I say—did he go on caring for you?"

"Sometimes I think he did. Sometimes I think he hated me."

"Of course he hated you, after what you'd let him in for." She paused. "You don't *mind* my telling you the truth, do you?"

. . . Harriett sat a long time, her hands folded on her lap, her eyes staring into the room, trying to see the truth. She saw the girl, Robin's niece, in her young indignation, her tender brilliance suddenly hard, suddenly cruel, flashing out the truth. Was it true that she had sacrificed Robin and Priscilla and Beatrice to her parents' idea of moral beauty? Was it true that this idea had been all wrong? That she might have married Robin and been happy and been right?

"I don't care. If it was to be done again tomorrow I'd do it."

But the beauty of that unique act no longer appeared to her as it once was, uplifting, consoling, incorruptible.

The years passed. They went with an incredible rapidity, and Harriett was now fifty.

The feeling of insecurity had grown on her. It had something to do with Mona, with Maggie and Maggie's baby. She had no clear illumination, only a mournful acquiescence in her own futility, an almost physical sense of shrinkage, the crumbling away, bit by bit, of her beautiful and honorable self, dying with the objects of its three profound affections: her father, her mother, Robin. Gradually the image of the middle-aged Robin had effaced his youth.

She read more and more novels from the circulating libraries, of a kind demanding less and less effort of attention. And always her inability to concentrate appeared to her as a just demand for clarity: "The man has no *business* to write so that I can't understand him."

She laid in a wealthy stock of opinions from *The Spectator* and by this means contrived a semblance of intellectual life.

She was appeased more and more by the rhythm of the seasons, of the weeks, of day and night, by the first coming up of the pink and wine-brown velvet primulas, by the pungent burnt smell of her morning coffee, the smell of a midday stew, of hot cakes baking for teatime; by the lighting of the lamp, the lighting of autumn fires, the round of her visits. She waited with a strained, expectant desire for the moment when it would be time to see Lizzie or Sarah or Connie Pennefather again.

Seeing them was a habit she couldn't get over. But it no longer gave her keen pleasure. She told herself that her three friends were deteriorating in their middle age. Lizzie's sharp face darted malice; her tongue was whipcord; she knew where to flick; the small gleam of her eyes, the snap of her nutcracker jaws irritated Harriett. Sarah was slow; slow. She took no care of her face and figure. As Lizzie put it, Sarah's appearance was an outrage on her contemporaries. "She makes us feel so old."

And Connie—The very rucking of Connie's coat about her

broad hips irritated Harriett. She had a way of staring over her fat cheeks at Harriett's old suits, mistaking them for new ones, and saying the same exasperating thing. "You're lucky to be able to afford it. *I* can't."

Harriett's irritation mounted up and up.

And one day she quarrelled with Connie.

Connie had been telling one of her stories; leaning a little sideways, her skirt stretched tight between her fat, parted knees, the broad roll of her smile sliding greasily. She had "grown out of it" in her young womanhood, and now in her middle age she had come back to it again. She was just like her father.

"Connie, how can you be so coarse?"

"I beg pardon. I forgot you were always better than everybody else."

"I'm not better than everybody else. I've only been brought up better than some people. My father would have died rather than have told a story like that."

"I suppose that's a dig at my parents."

"I never said anything about your parents."

"I know the things you think about my father."

"Well—I daresay he thinks things about me."

"He thinks you were always an incurable old maid, my dear."

"Did he think my father was an old maid?"

"I never heard him say one unkind word about your father."

"I should hope not indeed."

"Unkind things were said. Not by him. Though he might have been forgiven—"

"I don't know what you mean. But all my father's creditors were paid in full. You know that."

"I didn't know it."

"You know it now. Was your father one of them?"

"No. It was as bad for him as if he had been, though."

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, my dear, if he hadn't taken your father's advice he might have been a rich man now instead of a poor one. . . . He invested all his money as he told him."

"In my father's things?"

"In things he was interested in. And he lost it."

"It shows how he must have trusted him."

"He wasn't the only one who was ruined by his trust."

Harriett blinked. Her mind swerved from the blow.

"I think you must be mistaken," she said.

"I'm less likely to be mistaken than you, my dear, though he *was* your father."

Harriett sat up, straight and stiff.

"Well, *your* father's alive, and *he's* dead."

"I don't see what that has to do with it."

"Don't you? If it had happened the other way about, your father wouldn't have died."

Connie stared stupidly at Harriett, not taking it in. Presently she got up and left her. She moved clumsily, her broad hips shaking.

Harriett put on her hat and went round to Lizzie and Sarah in turn. They would know whether it were true or not. They would know whether Mr. Hancock had been ruined by his own fault or Papa's.

Sarah was sorry. She picked up a fold of her skirt and crumpled it in her fingers and said over and over again, "She oughtn't to have told you." But she didn't say it wasn't true. Neither did Lizzie, though her tongue was a whip for Connie.

"Because you can't stand her coarse stories she goes and tells you this. It shows what Connie is."

It showed her father as he was, too. Not wise. Not wise all the time. Courageous, always, loving danger, intolerant of security, wild under all his quietness and gentleness, taking madder and madder risks, playing his game with an awful, cool recklessness. Then letting other people in; ruining Mr. Hancock, the little man he used to laugh at. And it had killed him. He hadn't been sorry for Mamma, because he knew she was glad the mad game was over; but he had thought and thought about him, the little dirty man, until he had died of thinking.

XIII

Now people had come to the house next door. Harriett saw a pretty girl going in and out. She had not called; she was not going to call. Their cat came over the garden wall and bit off the blades of the irises. When he sat down on the mignonette Harriett sent a note round by Maggie: "Miss Frean presents her compliments to the lady next door and would be glad if she would restrain her cat."

Five minutes later the pretty girl appeared with the cat in her arms.

"I've brought Mimi," she said. "I want you to see what a darling he is."

Mimi, a Persian, all orange on the top and snow white underneath, climbed her breast to hang flattened out against her shoulder, the great long plume of his tail fanning her. She swung round to show the innocence of his amber eyes and the pink arch of his mouth supporting his pink nose.

"I want *you* to see my mignonette," said Harriett. They stood together by the crushed ring where Mimi had made his bed.

The pretty girl said she was sorry. "But, you see, we *can't* restrain him. I don't know what's to be done. . . . Unless you kept a cat yourself; then you won't mind."

"But," Harriett said, "I don't like cats."

"Oh *why* not?"

Harriett knew why. A cat was a compromise, a substitute, a subterfuge. Her pride couldn't stoop. She was afraid of Mimi, of his enchanting play, and the soft white fur of his stomach. Maggie's baby. So she said, "Because they destroy the beds. And they kill birds."

The pretty girl's chin burrowed in Mimi's neck. "You *won't* throw stones at him?" she said.

"No, I wouldn't *hurt* him. . . . What did you say his name was?"

"Mimi."

Harriett softened. She remembered. "When I was a little girl I had a cat called Mimi. White Angora. Very handsome. And your name is—"

"Brailsford. I'm Dorothy."

Next time, when Mimi jumped on the lupines and broke them down, Dorothy came again and said she was sorry. And she stayed to tea. Harriett revealed herself.

"My father was Hilton Frean." She had noticed for the last fifteen years that people showed no interest when she told them that. They even stared as though she had said something that had no sense in it. Dorothy said, "How nice."

"*Nice?*"

"I mean it must have been nice to have him for your father. . . . You don't mind my coming into your garden last thing to catch Mimi?"

Harriett felt a sudden yearning for Dorothy. She saw a pleasure, a happiness, in her coming. She wasn't going to call, but she sent little notes in to Dorothy asking her to come to tea.

Dorothy declined.

But every evening, towards bed-time, she came into the garden to catch Mimi. Through the window Harriett could hear her calling: "Mimi! Mimi!" She could see her in her white frock, moving about, hovering, ready to pounce as Mimi dashed from the bushes. She thought: "She walks into my garden as if it was her own. But she won't make a friend of me. She's young, and I'm old."

She had a piece of wire netting put up along the wall to keep Mimi out.

"That's the end of it," she said. She could never think of the young girl without a pang of sadness and resentment.

Fifty-five. Sixty.

In her sixty-second year Harriett had her first bad illness.

It was so like Sarah Barmby. Sarah got influenza and regarded it as a common cold and gave it to Harriett who regarded it as a common cold and got pleurisy.

When the pain was over she enjoyed her illness, the peace and rest of lying there, supported by the bed, holding out her lean arms to be washed by Maggie; closing her eyes in bliss while Maggie combed and brushed and platted her fine grey hair. She liked having the same food at the same hours. She would

look up, smiling weakly, when Maggie came at bed-time with the little tray. "What have you brought me *now*, Maggie?"

"Benger's Food, ma'am."

She wanted it to be always Benger's Food at bed-time. She lived by habit, by the punctual fulfilment of her expectation. She loved the doctor's visits at twelve o'clock, his air of brooding absorption in her case, his consultations with Maggie, the seriousness and sanctity he attached to the humblest details of her existence.

Above all she loved the comfort and protection of Maggie, the sight of Maggie's broad, tender face as it bent over her, the feeling of Maggie's strong arms as they supported her, the hovering pressure of the firm, broad body in the clean white apron and the cap. Her eyes rested on it with affection; she found shelter in Maggie as she had found it in her mother.

One day she said, "Why did you come to me, Maggie? Couldn't you have found a better place?"

"There was many wanted me. But I came to you, ma'am, because you seemed to sort of need me most. I dearly love looking after people. Old ladies and children. And gentlemen, if they're ill enough," Maggie said.

"You're a good girl, Maggie."

She had forgotten. The image of Maggie's baby was dead, hidden, buried deep down in her mind. She closed her eyes. Her head was thrown back, motionless, ecstatic under Maggie's flickering fingers as they platted her thin wisps of hair.

Out of the peace of illness she entered on the misery and long labor of convalescence. The first time Maggie left her to dress herself she wept. She didn't want to get well. She could see nothing in recovery but the end of privilege and prestige, the obligation to return to a task she was tired of, a difficult and terrifying task.

By summer she was up and (tremulously) about again.

XIV

She was aware of her drowsy, supine dependence on Maggie. At first her perishing self asserted itself in an increased reserve

and arrogance. Thus she protected herself from her own censure. She had still a feeling of satisfaction in her exclusiveness, her power not to call on new people.

"I think," Lizzie Pierce said, "you might have called on the Brailsfords."

"Why should I? I should have nothing in common with such people."

"Well, considering that Mr. Brailsford writes in *The Spectator*—"

Harriett called. She put on her grey silk and her soft white mohair shawl, and her wide black hat tied under her chin, and called. It was on a Saturday. The Brailsfords' room was full of visitors, men and women, talking excitedly. Dorothy was not there. Dorothy was married. Mimi was not there. Mimi was dead.

Harriett made her way between the chairs, dim-eyed, upright and stiff in her white shawl. She apologized for having waited seven years before calling. . . . "Never go anywhere. . . . Quite a recluse since my father's death. He was Hilton Frean."

"Yes?" Mrs. Brailsford's eyes were sweetly interrogative.

"But as we are such near neighbors I felt that I must break my rule."

Mrs. Brailsford smiled in vague benevolence; yet as if she thought that Miss Frean's feeling and her action were unnecessary. After seven years. And presently Harriett found herself alone in her corner.

She tried to talk to Mr. Brailsford when he handed her the tea and bread and butter. "My father," she said, "was connected with *The Spectator* for many years. He was Hilton Frean."

"Indeed? I'm afraid I—don't remember."

She could get nothing out of him, out of his lean ironical face, his eyes screwed up behind his glasses, benevolent, amused at her. She was nobody in that roomful of keen, intellectual people; nobody; nothing but an unnecessary little old lady who had come there uninvited.

Her second call was not returned. She heard that the Brailsfords were exclusive; they wouldn't know anybody out of their

own set. Harriett explained her position thus: "No. I didn't keep it up. We have nothing in common."

She was old—old. She had nothing in common with youth, nothing in common with middle age, with intellectual, exclusive people connected with *The Spectator*. She said "*The Spectator* is not what it used to be in my father's time."

Harriett Frean was not what she used to be. She was aware of the creeping fret, the poisons and obstructions of decay. It was as if she had parted with her own light, elastic body and succeeded to somebody else's that was all bone,—heavy, stiff, irresponsive to her will. Her brain felt swollen and brittle, she had a feeling of tiredness in her face, of infirmity about her mouth. Her looking-glass showed her the fallen yellow skin, the furrowed lines of age.

Her head dropped, drowsy, giddy over the week's accounts. She gave up even the semblance of her housekeeping, and became permanently dependent on Maggie. She was happy in the surrender of her responsibility, of the grown-up self she had maintained with so much effort, clinging to Maggie, submitting to Maggie, as she had clung and submitted to her mother.

Her affection concentrated on two objects, the house and Maggie, Maggie and the house. The house had become a part of herself, an extension of her body, a protective shell. She was uneasy when away from it. The thought of it drew her with passion: the low brown wall with the railing, the flagged path from the little green gate to the front door. The square brown front, the two oblong, white-framed windows, the dark green trellis porch between; the three windows above. And the clipped privet bush by the trellis and the may-tree by the gate.

She no longer enjoyed visiting her friends. She set out in peevish resignation, leaving her house, and when she had sat half an hour with Lizzie or Sarah or Connie she would begin to fidget, miserable till she got back to it again; to the house and Maggie.

She was glad enough when Lizzie came to her; she still liked Lizzie best. They would sit together, one on each side of the fireplace, talking. Harriett's voice came thinly through her thin

lips, precise yet plaintive, Lizzie's finished with a snap of the bent-in jaws.

"Do you remember those little round hats we used to wear? You had one exactly like mine. Connie couldn't wear them."

"We were wild young things," said Lizzie.

"I was wilder than you . . . A little audacious thing."

"And look at us now—We couldn't say 'Boo' to a goose. . . . Well, we may be thankful we haven't gone stout like Connie Pennefather."

"Or poor Sarah. That stoop."

They drew themselves up. Their straight, slender shoulders rebuked Connie's obesity, and Sarah's bent back, her bodice stretched hump-wise from the stuck-out ridges of her stays.

Harriett was glad when Lizzie went and left her to Maggie and the house. She always hoped she wouldn't stay for tea, so that Maggie might not have an extra cup and plate to wash.

The years passed: the sixty-third; sixty-fourth; sixty-fifth; their monotony mitigated by long spells of torpor and the sheer rapidity of time. Her mind was carried on, empty in empty, flying time. She had a feeling of dryness and distension in all her being and a sort of crepitation in her brain, irritating her to yawning fits. After meals, sitting in her arm-chair, her book would drop from her hands and her mind would slip from drowsiness into stupor. There was something voluptuous about the beginning of this state; she would give herself up to it with an animal pleasure and content.

Sometimes, for long periods, her mind would go backwards, returning, always returning, to the house in Black's Lane. She would see the row of elms and the white wall at the end with the green balcony hung out like a birdcage above the green door. She would see herself, a girl wearing a big chignon and a little round hat; or sitting in the curly chair with her feet on the white rug; and her father, slender and straight, smiling half-amused, while her mother read aloud to them. Or she was a child in a black silk apron going up Black's Lane. Little audacious thing. She had a fondness and admiration for this child and her audacity. And always she saw her mother, with her sweet face between the long hanging curls, coming down the garden path, in a

wide silver grey gown trimmed with narrow bands of black velvet. And she would wake up, surprised to find herself sitting in a strange room, dressed in a gown with strange sleeves that ended in old wrinkled hands; for the book that lay in her lap was Longfellow, open at *Evangeline.*

One day she made Maggie pull off the old washed-out cretonne covers, exposing the faded blue rep. She was back in the drawing-room of her youth. Only one thing was missing. She went upstairs and took the blue egg out of the spare room and set it in its place on the marble-topped table. She sat gazing at it a long time in happy, child-like satisfaction. The blue egg gave reality to her return.

When she saw Maggie coming in with the tea and buttered scones she thought of her mother.

Three more years. Harriett was sixty-eight.

She had a faint recollection of having given Maggie notice, long ago, there, in the dining-room. Maggie had stood on the hearth-rug, in her large white apron, crying. She was crying now.

She said she must leave and go and take care of her mother. "Mother's getting very feeble now."

"I'm getting very feeble, too, Maggie. It's cruel and unkind of you to leave me."

"I'm sorry, ma'am. I can't help it."

She moved about the room, sniffing and sobbing as she dusted. Harriett couldn't bear it any more. "If you can't control yourself," she said, "go into the kitchen." Maggie went.

Harriett sat before the fire in her chair, straight and stiff, making no sound. Now and then her eyelids shook, fluttered red rims; slow, scanty tears oozed and fell, their trail glistening in the long furrows of her cheeks.

XV

The door of the specialist's house had shut behind them with a soft, respectful click. Lizzie Pierce and Harriett sat in the taxi-cab, holding each other's hands. Harriett spoke.

"He says I've got what Mamma had."

Lizzie blinked away her tears; her hand loosened and tightened on Harriett's with a nervous clutch.

Harriett felt nothing but a strange, solemn excitement and exaltation. She was raised to her mother's eminence in pain. With every stab she would live again in her mother. She had what her mother had.

Only she would have an operation. This different thing was what she dreaded, the thing her mother hadn't had, and the going away into the hospital, to live exposed in the free ward among other people. That was what she minded most. That and leaving her house, and Maggie's leaving.

She cried when she saw Maggie standing at the gate in her white apron as the taxicab took her away. She thought, "When I come back again she won't be there." Yet somehow she felt that it wouldn't happen; it was impossible that she should come back and not find Maggie there.

She lay in her white bed in the white-curtained cubicle. Lizzie was paying for the cubicle. Kind Lizzie. Kind. Kind.

She wasn't afraid of the operation. It would happen in the morning. Only one thing worried her. Something Connie had told her. Under the anaesthetic you said things. Shocking, indecent things. But there wasn't anything she could say. She didn't know anything. . . . Yes. She did. There were Connie's stories. And Black's Lane. Behind the dirty blue palings in Black's Lane.

The nurses comforted her. They said if you kept your mouth tight shut, up to the last minute before the operation, if you didn't say one word, you were all right.

She thought about it after she woke in the morning. For a whole hour before the operation she refused to speak, nodding and shaking her head, communicating by gestures. She walked down the wide corridor of the ward on her way to the theatre, very upright in her white flannel dressing-gown, with her chin held high and a look of exaltation on her face. There were convalescents in the corridor. They saw her. The curtains before

some of the cubicles were parted; the patients saw her; they knew what she was going to. Her exaltation mounted.

She came into the theatre. It was all white. White. White tiles. Rows of little slender knives on a glass shelf, under glass, shining. A white sink in the corner. A mixed smell of iodine and ether. The surgeon wore a white coat. Harriett made her tight lips tighter.

She climbed on to the white enamel table, and lay down, drawing her dressing-gown straight about her knees. She had not said one word.

. . .

She had behaved beautifully.

The pain in her body came up, wave after wave, burning. It swelled, tightening, stretching out her wounded flesh.

She knew that the little man they called the doctor was really Mr. Hancock. They oughtn't to have let him in. She cried out. "Take him away. Don't let him touch me"; but nobody took any notice.

"It isn't right," she said. "He oughtn't to do it. Not to *any* woman. If it was known, he would be punished."

And there was Maggie by the curtain, crying.

"That's Maggie. She's crying because she thinks I killed her baby."

The ice-bag laid across her body stirred like a live thing as the ice melted, then it settled and was still. She put her hand down and felt the smooth, cold oilskin distended with water.

"There's a dead baby in the bed. Red hair. They ought to have taken it away," she said. "Maggie had a baby once. She took it up the lane to the place where the man is; and they put it behind the palings. Dirty blue palings.

". . . Pussycat. Pussycat, what did you there? Pussy. Prissie. Prissiecat. Poor Prissie. She never goes to bed. She can't get up out of the chair."

A figure in white, with a stiff white cap, stood by the bed. She named it, fixed it in her mind. Nurse. Nurse—that was what it was. She spoke to it. "It's sad—sad to go through so much pain and then to have a dead baby."

The white curtain walls of the cubicle contracted, closed in on her. She was lying at the bottom of her white curtained nursery cot. She felt weak and diminished, small, like a very little child.

The front curtains parted, showing the blond light of the corridor beyond. She saw the nursery door open and the light from the candle moved across the ceiling. The gap was filled by the heavy form, the obscene yet sorrowful face of Connie Pennefather.

Harriett looked at it. She smiled with a sudden ecstatic wonder and recognition.

"—Mamma—"

MAY SINCLAIR.

THE END

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

YOUNG ITALY AND YOUNG AMERICA

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

THE Young Lions of contemporary music have been prowling about the jungles of the metropolis with increasing boldness of late. They hail from no particular clime, these redoubtable creatures—Malipiero and Respighi and De Sabata and Pizzetti are of the Italian breed; Arnold Bax and Cyril Scott are Britannic; Ernest Bloch is Swiss-American. One—Charles Griffes—honored Elmira, N. Y., by being born there; and he, alas, has been amongst us of late only as a brave and puissant wraith: for Griffes died last Spring, just as the reasons for his living had begun to seem clearly beyond argument.

Some of those reasons were made manifest at a January concert of the lamented Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York, when Griffes' *Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan* was set beside a work of the far more eminent Malipiero on the same programme. Now, G. Francesco Malipiero is among the most distinguished of contemporary music-makers. He is one of the adventurous Young Italian School, an aesthetic rebel, a mystic, a poet and visionary. But though an ultra-modernist, he is to be scrupulously distinguished from the blatant futurists of Signor Pratella's type. Malipiero is of the subtler and more fastidious clan of Casella, Respighi, Tommasini, De Sabata—of those who (it might be said with rough truth) have listened to Ravel and Stravinsky and found them good, but have mixed in with their love of contemporary musical France and Russia a lurking affection for Richard Strauss, and have even cast a furtive glance toward Schönberg and the Hungarians. They profess to strive after "simplicity, architectural sobriety, sturdiness and firmness of line, familiar vivacity, curious sensuality constantly on the *qui vive*—the classical qualities of the Italian spirit"; and to realize this admirable ideal

they established at Rome in 1917—these young Latin music-makers on the optimistic side of middle-age—the "Italian Society of Modern Music."

Malipiero, son of a pianist and grandson of a composer (Francesco Malipiero, writer of operas), took up the violin at six and longed to be a painter. As a young man he studied composition under Enrico Bossi at Venice; was thrilled by a performance of *Die Meistersinger;* transcribed old scores by Monteverde, Scarlatti, Cavalli; followed Bossi to Bologna, and heard there in 1904 his first orchestral work, a symphonic poem, *Dai Sepolchri.* From 1906 to 1910, Malipiero "freed himself of the Wagnerian influence," married, heard Richard Strauss in Germany, composed an opera, symphonic works, chamber-music, songs. In 1913 he went to Paris, was introduced by Casella to Ravel, and steeped himself in music by Stravinsky, Debussy, Dukas. In January, 1914, he witnessed at Rome the failure of his opera *Canossa,* and returned to Venice.

Prevented by ill-health from taking part in the War, Malipiero was overwhelmed by the huge calamity, and by a tragedy that afflicted his private life. He composed under its influence the sombre and terrible *Pause del Silenzio* (to which "one is unable to listen without awe and horror") and the *Ditirambo tragico.* It is said that he is now, materially, in sore straits.

Malipiero has produced abundantly—operas, ballets, symphonic poems, suites, a string quartet, a 'cello sonata, piano pieces, songs. He is alleged to reverence "the purest traditions of the great Italian school of the XVIIth century," and apparently shares in the amusing scramble of the ultra-moderns to get in under the sacred umbrella of "classicism."

It was the first series of his two-part suite, *Impressioni dal Vero,* that Mr. Monteux placed on the same Boston Symphony programme with the *Kubla Khan* of Griffes. Three months earlier, Mr. Bodanzky had played the second series of *Impressioni* at a National Symphony Concert, for the first time in America. The two parts of the work are arranged as follows:

Part I.—*Il Capinero* ("The Blackcap"); *Il Piccio* ("The Woodpecker"); *Il Chiu* ("The Owl").

Part II.—*Colloquio di Campane* ("Dialogue of the Bells");

I Cipressi e il Vento ("The Cypresses and the Wind"); *Baldoria Campestre* ("Rustic Festival").

The first set is dated 1910–1911, the second set 1914–1915. The latter pieces were heard in 1917 at Rome, where they "created an uproar" and "raised violent controversies."

Part I of the *Impressioni* illustrates, according to M. Henri Prunières, the composer's love of "the woods and its winged hosts." The first movement, *Il Capinero* ("The Blackcap") "evokes the song of the warbler, the rustling of the leaves, all the atmosphere of the forest in its autumnal mourning."

The second movement, *Il Picchio* ("The Woodpecker"), "unfolds itself in a rapid movement. It is the forest *en fête*, with the rays of the sun filtering through the branches, the fluttering of birds in the trees, while the woodpecker with his powerful beak searches persistently in the mildewed trunks of the oaks."

The third movement, *Il Chiù* ("The Owl"), is "a nocturne full of poetry and contemplation."

The second series of the *Impressioni* disclose in their style, according to M. Prunières, the evolution of Malipiero (he had become familiar, in the interval between the two parts of the work, with the music of Stravinsky, Ravel, Debussy). "The harmonies are more dissonant, the rhythms more subtle, the instrumentation achieves an admirable plentitude. . . ."

In the first movement, *Colloquio di Campane* ("Dialogue of the Bells"), "the metallic voices rise in the light air; they are melted in veiled sonority as they are hushed one by one, while silence descends on the peaceful country."

"The second movement, *I Cipressi e il Vento* ("The Cypresses and the Wind") is a fantastic vision: impressions of night beneath the cypress trees. Agitated and twisted by the wind, they seem suddenly to dance a frenzied round."

The third movement, *Baldoria Campestre* ("Rustic Festival"), "depicts, with intention to caricature, a rustic fête, rough, brutal and tumultuous, with gruff peasants who amuse themselves in their own way. A powerful rhythm outlines their gestures and their dances."

M. Prunières believes that one would judge wrongly these

impressions of Nature "in attributing to them tendencies toward realistic and objective description. The tone-poet troubles himself little to reconstruct literally the sounds of the forest: he seeks rather to arouse in the mind of the listener the musical impression which he himself one day felt in listening to the confidence of the woods peopled with birds." Hear also M. G. Jean-Aubry: "He pictures in the first set three birds, their character, their surroundings, without resorting to the procedures of imitative music, but by a subtle portraiture of their atmosphere and their attitude; and he does this with an immediately engaging grace and delicacy of touch. In the second set, the aspects become broader, and human emotion forcibly manifests itself. In *The Cypresses and the Wind*, he paints not only Nature, but the emotions engendered by Nature in the breast of a poet. In the *Dialogue of the Bells*, Malipiero diverts himself with audacious sound combinations, as he does with rhythms in the last movement, *Rustic Festival;* both pieces, especially the first, bear the stamp of his own enjoyment."

Now all this is true enough, and we have not a word to say against it. But neither Mr. Monteux nor Mr. Bodanzky before him succeeded in persuading us that Signor Malipiero has enriched the treasury of art by these celebrated examples of musical modernity. To tell the truth, this is a very tame lion indeed at whose growl we are expected to tremble. Signor Malipiero knows how to handle an orchestra—but a dozen other living composers can do that quite as well as he. Also, he is a poetic soul, and his suite contains some charming and illusive pages. But as musical ultra-modernism it is very tame and tepid indeed—it lacks pith, and bite, and edge, and saliency. Signor Malipiero's invention is singularly feeble—so far as one may judge by this work. It seems to us that most of these Young Italians, when they are not remembering Debussy and Stravinsky and Strauss, are wanting in tonal character. Casella is the strongest of the group, and his *Notte di Maggio* contains superb pages.

Now let us consider Charles Griffes, who was placed beside Malipiero upon Mr. Monteux's January programme—and we shall forget, for the moment, that Griffes happened to be an American, since chauvinism in art is the stupidest of vices.

Charles Tomlinson Griffes had a delicate perception of mortal ironies, both humorous and tragical. He was a poet with a sense of comedy. And he was that most occasional of miracles, an artist who sincerely undervalued his own contributions to the cosmos. Those who knew him well will remember his casual attitude toward his work. Nor was this self-depreciation a pose. Griffes had never learned how to pose—he would never have learned how, if he had lived to be as triumphantly old and famous as Monsieur Saint-Saëns or Herr Bruch or Signor Verdi. One imagines that Griffes would be profoundly astonished if he could witness the flood of appreciative tributes unloosed by his death. And it is possible that his astonishment might be tinged with that gentle irony which never deserted him for long. For though the remarkable work that he was doing had won, while he was still alive, the recognition of a few among that "acute and honorable minority" whose approval is all that a genuinely fine-grained artist really cares about, it is deplorably true that Griffes had scarcely begun to reap the reward—spiritual or material—that was his due. Had he been endowed with the priceless instinct for publicity,—that knack of tempting the shy radiance of the limelight which is God's most precious gift to the American genius,—he might perhaps have won an encouragement and a leisure that would have nourished an extensive contribution to his country's art. But he lacked that excellent and indispensable trait, and so he was obliged to divert the greater part of his time and his energy to activities that were merely utilitarian and sustaining. He must needs instruct youthful mediocrity to afflict the world, while those subtle fantasies of beauty that haunted his imagination were set aside for a more propitious hour, or became, it might be, fugitive and irrecoverable.

And so he went on to his piteously premature end. It was only a short while before his death that the Boston Orchestra played for the first time his *Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan*,—an early work, composed in 1912,—and the general concert-going public turned aside for a moment from its excited twitterings over the visible divinities of music to bestow an approving hand upon this producer of a distinguished and imaginative tone-poetry who was, by some mysterious accident, an American.

A few months later, Griffes was dead;—he succumbed to the after-effects of influenza on April 8, 1920; and in the latest biographical dictionary of musicians—an American publication—you will find no mention of his name, though a hundred mediocrities strut through its pages in all their be-medalled pride.

Francis Thompson in his incomparable essay on Shelley writes with savage bitterness of those who supposed that Shelley might have found consolation for his neglect in "that sensitive superstition, the applause of posterity. Posterity! which goes to Rome, weeps large-sized tears, carves beautiful inscriptions over the tomb of Keats; and the worm must wriggle her curt say to it all, since the dead poet, wherever he be, has quite other gear to tend." A poet, said Thompson, "must to some extent be a chameleon, and feed on air. But it need not be the musty breath of the multitude. He can find his needful support in the judgment of those whose judgment he knows valuable."

Those who have listened to *The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan*, and to Griffes' later works, will not find it easy to miss the blended power and delicacy of this music. How puissant and memorable—how truly imaginative—is the opening of *Kubla Khan*—that "vague, foggy beginning" which (as he said) "describes the sacred river, running 'through caverns measureless to man down to a sunless sea.'" The music of this section, and of the whole of the symphonic poem, has a sustained vigor, a richness of fantasy, an individuality of modelling, which—even when it is reminding us of Debussy and Loeffler and other great modernists—yet contributes something of its own to the discourse: something native and revelatory. It is far better music—*quâ* music—than anything of Signor Malipiero's which we have heard; and this is perhaps worth testifying to.

Those who are aware of the work that Griffes was doing must now, alas, content themselves with enacting their futile rituals of appreciation; remembering that here was a music-maker who spoke his own thoughts, who looked out upon the world from a hilltop that he himself had discovered, where the winds were burdened with a strange and fantastic music, bearing rumors of festivals and dances from exotic groves and legendary shores.

He was a fastidious craftsman, a scrupulous artist. He was neither smug nor pretentious nor accommodating. He went his own way,—modestly, quietly, unswervingly. Having the vision of the few, he had treasured, perhaps, that discourse of Plato's upon Beauty: "It is not like any face or hands or bodily thing; it is not in something else, neither living thing, nor earth nor heaven; only by itself in its own way in one form it for ever is."

That conviction may have sustained him in more than one downcast hour. It cannot equally solace us; for we remember that the gift of eloquent and salient speech is an unpredictable event, obeying that baffling law of rhythmical occurrence whose comprehension, declares the subtlest of modern essayists, we may not know; for it flits upon an orbit that is mysteriously curved, "keeping no man knows what trysts with time."

Listening to this music that he has left us, we can only say, as it was said in other years and to another memory,—"Here are the broken airs that once you loved. They are but the breath of what has been: only are they for this, that they do the will of beauty and regret."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM JAMES[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

"ARDENTLY adventurous and humane": that is the singularly happy phrase which the son of William James has hit upon to characterize the genius of his incomparable father. It would be difficult to give in four words a more accurate and comprehensive estimate of that irresistible personality. For thirty-five years the mind of William James irradiated the intellectual life of such Americans as were exposed to its contagion between the last of the 'seventies and the tenth year of the new century, when his swift and luminous spirit set forth to explore those environs of the actual in whose reality he believed more strongly as he grew older, because (as he said a few years before his death) he "was just getting fit to live." No one was ever more completely deficient in rigidity or self-consciousness than William James. That is a delicious conveyance of the sense of him which Dickenson Miller gives in a recollection published with the Letters: a scene at one of James' classes when, to illustrate a point, he brought out a blackboard. "He stood it on a chair and in various positions, but could not at once write upon it, hold it steady, and keep it in the class's vision. Entirely bent on what he was doing, his efforts resulted at last in his standing it on the floor while he lay at full length, holding it with one hand, drawing with the other, and continuing the flow of his commentary." And Dr. Miller remembers him, at the end of a crowded lecture on Pragmatism at the Horace Mann Auditorium in New York, when, assailed with questions by people who came up to the edge of the platform, he ended by sitting on that edge himself, "in his frock coat as he was, his feet hanging down, with his usual complete absorption in the sub-

[1] *The Letters of William James.* Edited by his son, Henry James. In Two Volumes. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

ject, and the look of human and mellow consideration which distinguished him at such moments, meeting the thoughts of his inquirers. If this suggests a lack of dignity, it misleads, for dignity never forsook him, such was the inherent strength of tone and hearing." Imagine this vivid, salty, untrammelled being irrupting into the Cambridge—into the Eastern United States—of the 'seventies: into that airless and sterile day which he was so effectually to transform! What a *milieu* to break into! You think of that "sad and spectral" thing described by the elder Henry James, ferocious and brilliant sire of the delectable Pragmatist and of the marvellous old spider of Lamb House, Rye—a page of social and intellectual history "composed by skeletons and intended for readers who are content to disown their good flesh and blood, and be moved by some ghastly mechanism . . . where nothing more musical is heard than the occasional jostling of bone by bone."

Where, you wonder, did William James set bounds to his receptiveness, his voracious intellectual hospitality, his incredible gusto?—except when he found himself confronting the contracted and the disingenuous. He loved Emerson—"the divine Emerson," Emerson "the incorruptible, the exquisite"; and in the same letter he extolled his beloved H. H. [Henry Higginson], "as liberal-hearted a man as the Lord ever walloped entrails into." His phobias were significant: the pious jingoism of Kipling: the "sniveling cant" of the Anglo-Saxon race with its talk of its "burden" . . . "we're the most loathsomely canting crew that God ever made. Kipling knows perfectly well that our camps in the tropics are not college settlements or our armies bands of philanthropists, slumming it; and I think it is a shame that he should represent us to ourselves in that light. I wish he would try a bit interpreting the savage soul to us, as he could [*could* he?], instead of using such official and conventional phrases as 'half-devil and half-child,' which leaves the whole insides out." He loathed almost as whole-heartedly certain aspects of the American panorama—"the sight of my fellow-beings in hotels and dining-cars having their boiled eggs brought to them, broken by a negro, two in a cup, and eaten with butter." Also "the vocalization of our countrymen," which he found

"incredibly loathsome"—"so ignobly awful that the process of hardening oneself thereto is very slow"; also "the *banalité* of our Eastern cities." Nor was there room at his hearthstone for "Imperialism" (the Imperialism of 1899), which was bound up for him with the pious chatter of those days about "benevolent assimilation" and with "the cold pot-grease of McKinley's eloquence." He could not tolerate an inferiority of aesthetic skill—"there's nothing in the world so despicable as a bad artist," he wrote in 1860. But a generation later "the admirable precision and adequacy" of the art of de Maupassant left him unmoved: for an odd recrudescence in him of Puritan shrinking had turned him against what he viewed as the "dirty water" thrown by de Maupassant's "admirably compact and powerful little metallic pump," and he confessed to a preference for "an old shaky wooden pump-handle if the water it fetches only carries all the sweetness of the mountain side." It sounds a little like Dr. Frank Crane. But that was in 1888. Less than a decade later he was absorbing *Anna Karenina* with delight in "its almost incredible and supernatural veracity."

It is a measure of his spiritual hardiness and his incorrigible, undaunted, undiminishable humor that he could undertake and survive an experience at Chautauqua. One has only to attempt a picture of his brother Henry confronting Chautauqua, and surviving it, to achieve an instant perception of the triumphant blend of sensibility and robustness that at once nourished and armored the soul of William James.

"I've been meeting minds," he wrote from Chautauqua in 1896, "so earnest and helpless that it takes them half an hour to get from one idea to its immediately adjacent next neighbor and that with infinite creaking and groaning. And when they've got to the next idea they lie down on it with their whole weight and can get no farther, like a cow on a doormat, so that you can get neither in nor out with them." And again: "'Tis the Sabbath, and I'm just in from the amphitheatre, where the Rev. —— has been chanting, calling, and bellowing his hour-and-a-quarter-long sermon to 6000 people at least—a sad audition. . . . I breakfasted with a Methodist parson with 32 false teeth, at the X's table, and discoursed of demoniacal possession.

The wife said she had my portrait in her bedroom with the words written under it, 'I want to bring a balm to human lives.' !!!!! Supposed to be a quotation from me!!! After breakfast an extremely interesting lady who has suffered from half-possessional insanity gave me a long account of her case. Life *is* heroic, indeed, as Henry wrote. . . . The Chautauqua week has been a real success. I have learned a lot, but I'm glad to get into something less blameless . . . the flash of a pistol, a dagger, a devilish eye, anything to break the unlovely level of 10,000 good people—a crime, murder, rape, elopement, anything would do. . . . I long to escape from tepidity. Even an Armenian massacre, whether to be killer or killed, would seem an agreeable change from the blamelessness of Chautauqua as she lies soaking year after year in her lakeside sun and showers. . . . I have seen more women and less beauty, heard more voices and less sweetness, perceived more earnestness and less triumph, than I ever supposed possible. Most of the American nation (and probably all nations) is white-trash." Yet when James turned from the naïve Puritanism of middle-class America to the spectacle of Anglicanism flourishing on its native heath, he was no less caustically perceptive: "Not until those weeks at Oxford, and these days at Durham," he wrote to a friend at home two years before his death, "have I had any sense of what a part the Church plays in the national life—so massive and all pervasive, so authoritative, and on the whole so decent, in spite of the iniquity and farcicality of the whole thing. . . . Anglicanism remains obese and round and comfortable . . . without an *acute* note in its whole history, in spite of the shrill Jewish words on which its ears are fed, and the nitroglycerine of the Gospels and epistles which has been injected into its veins."

But James was too hardily resistant to the contagion of formulas to dogmatize about national characteristics; that futile and unrewarding occupation seemed to him both crude and childish—"international judgments and passings of sentence," he called it impatiently. "Every nation," he wrote to Mrs. Whitman from England, "has ideals and difficulties and sentiments which are an impenetrable secret to one not of the blood. Let

them alone, let each one work out its own salvation on its own lines." Nietzsche said of Wagner's music that he hated it, but could no longer endure any other. William James savored and loved and endured all Varieties of National Experience (as he might have written of them): but he could say as late as 1899, even while watching his native land "perversely rushing to wallow in the mire of" the sanctimonious Imperialism which he loathed, that "one loves America, above all things, for her youth, her greenness, her plasticity, innocence, good intentions . . ."—even while he shuddered at her table manners, her vocalization, and the heavy dream of romantic materialism through which she stumbles, beating time with one hand for "Onward Christian Soldiers" and counting the gate-receipts with the other.

These letters are rich in their concise and accessible condensations of James's profounder convictions. He never side-stepped a challenge or a catechising. "Since you ask what I *do* mean by Religion," he answered Godkin in 1897 (apropos of *The Will to Believe*), "I can't forbear sending you a word to clear up that point. I mean by religion for a man *anything* that for *him* is a live hypothesis in that line, although it may be a dead one for anyone else." Four years later he declared himself "permanently incapable of believing the Christian scheme of vicarious salvation." Seven years later, he wrote that his "personal position" was "simple": "I have no living sense of commerce with God. I envy those who have, for I know the addition of such a sense would help me immensely. . . . Although I am so devoid of *Gottesbewüstsein* in the directer and stronger sense, yet there is *something in me* which *makes response* when I hear utterances made from that lead by others. . . . I am *sure* it is not old theistic habits and prejudices of infancy. Those are Christian; and I have grown so out of Christianity that entanglement therewith on the part of a mystical utterance has to be abstracted from and overcome, before I can listen." In the same year (1904) he filled in his answers to Professor Pratt's questionnaire upon the subject of religious belief, and these answers are reproduced in the Letters, wherefrom it may be learned that, for James, God meant "a combination of Ideality

and (final) efficacity." As to his being "a person": "He must be cognizant and responsive in some way." As to "the relation of God to mankind and to you personally," his answer was: "Uncertain." To the question, "Do you pray, and if so, why?" he replied: "I can't possibly pray—I feel foolish and artificial." Did he "believe in personal immortality?"—"Never keenly, but more strongly as I grow older." Did he "accept the Bible as *authority* in religious matters?"—"No. No. No. It is so human a book that I don't see how belief in the divine authority can survive the reading of it."

He died at sixty-eight, in the fulness of his uncommuted youth—for it is inconceivable that William James would ever have exhibited any spiritual feebleness or induration. He lived with an amazing fulness, pliancy, sensibility. That blend of honesty and flexibility which was so distinguishingly his is an uncommon apparition on the intellectual stage of America. His Scotch-Irish ancestry gave him something of his fusion of integrity and plasticity, his rich awareness of beauty, his boundless capacity for human response, the untameable sense of comedy which gleams and bubbles through the exuberant torrent of his discourse. He will abide among the greatest of his countrymen—with Thoreau and Lincoln and Whitman and Franklin and Emerson. For an encouraging many, he will stand always for the ideal of a challenging and uncorrupted intelligence, cleansed and windblown, constantly vibrant, drenched in the colors of human life, immeasurably responsive, bountiful, rewarding—a spirit "not too divinely alien to console."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

Mr. Chesterton should be delighted with some of the recent paradoxes of science, which suggest that the more man learns the less he comprehends, and the more he attains the more he is humbled. It was a great triumph of astronomical research and mathematical skill to ascertain the size and other elements of the familiar star Betelgeuse. But the results were necessarily expressed in terms quite unintelligible to the ordinary human mind, if indeed they were entirely comprehensible to even the most highly trained scientific intellect. Even when, laying aside talk of trillions and quadrillions, it is said that Betelgeuse is so huge that were it as near to us as is our Sun, its orb would cover the entire visible expanse of the sky, understanding fails and imagination is baffled. And then, when it is plausibly suggested that Canopus may be as much larger than Betelgeuse as the latter is than our Sun, the finite mind falls functionless. Similarly bewildering are the calculations concerning the nebula in Cetus, which observers at the Lowell Observatory have been studying. We are told that it is moving at the rate of 1,100 miles a second, and that it is so far away that millions of years are required for its light to reach the earth. The approximate accuracy of the computations is not to be challenged. But we are compelled to confess that we have learned things which we are unable to understand. With these incomprehensible facts before us concerning space and time, the reflective mind must feel humbled and chastened at the mere suggestion of infinity and eternity.

The decennial controversy over the reapportionment of Representatives in Congress, after at first inclining toward an increase of numbers to 483, is apparently to be ended with retention of the present total of 435. The increase would have permitted all States to retain as many Representatives as they now have, while many would have enjoyed increases. With the total kept at 435,

changes in the distribution of population will cause Missouri to lose two members and Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Mississippi, Nebraska, Rhode Island and Vermont one each; while California will gain three, Michigan two, Ohio two, and Connecticut, New Jersey, North Carolina, Texas and Washington one each. These changes occasion some surprise, particularly at the gain of members by such old settled States as Connecticut and New Jersey, and the loss of members by such comparatively new and supposedly growing States as Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska. Partial explanation, at least, is to be found in the fact that industrial and urban population has been increasing more rapidly than agricultural and rural, so that now for the first time in our history a majority of the people of the United States live in cities. This condition has, of course, been greatly promoted by the war and the industrial changes caused by it, and it is not unreasonable to anticipate some reaction from it, which may be perceptible in the next census. The most pertinent question raised by the reapportionment is, however, whether it would not be well to abate these decennial controversies by establishing either a fixed number of members for the House, or a fixed ratio for their apportionment. Thus if the total number were fixed at 435, or any other number, more than half the disputation over reapportionment would be avoided. There would have to be changes every ten years, in which members would be taken from some States and be added to others; but they would be indicated by law and be effected practically automatically. The alternative plan would be to leave the total number indeterminate, but fix the number of inhabitants entitled to a Representative. At present there is one Representative to every 211,000 or a major fraction of that number, and under the new apportionment there will be one to every 242,267. If the rule were established that there should always be one for every 250,000 or a major fraction thereof, the character of each reapportionment would be automatically determined by the census, and the work would be immensely simplified. The adoption of either of these plans would probably require an amendment to the Constitution; which would be by no means the least worthy ever made.

Another extraordinary "coincidence" is to be recorded in European affairs. On January 24 the Premiers of the Allied Powers were to begin an important conference at Paris for the purpose of compelling prompt completion of German disarmament and also of fixing definitively the amount of indemnity which Germany should pay. But on the very day preceding that meeting a semi-official statement was issued at Berlin, and ostentatiously blazoned to the world, to the effect that the existence of a formidable "Red" army, organized by the Communists and equipped with vast quantities of both light and heavy guns and all the munitions of war, had been "discovered" by the German Government, and that this army was at the point of beginning a violent revolution. The purpose of this pronouncement was of course obvious. We should wonder that even Prussians could be so stupid as to suppose that the Powers could be imposed upon by so palpable a trick, were it not that similar tricks have actually prevailed; chief among them being the pretence of Germany's extreme poverty and distress and consequent inability to pay indemnity. In contradiction of this hypocritical plea it is refreshing to read the words of soberness and truth in a report by the eminent French economist Professor Georges Blondel, who is well known in America as well as elsewhere throughout the world as one of the most trustworthy of authorities. As a result of long and painstaking personal investigations he reports that Germany's wealth is to-day as great as it was before the war, that her great industrial concerns are now paying dividends of from twenty to thirty per cent against only five or six before the war, that she is fully able to pay France's entire claim for damages, but that she will not do so unless forcibly constrained, her aim being to regain her ante-bellum preëminence in industry and commerce before she makes any payment whatever to aid the rehabilitation of the regions of France which her troops devastated. That the German National Treasury is in straitened circumstances, Professor Blondel concedes. That, however, is because it does not properly levy upon the vast private wealth of the nation. If it collected taxes at the rate that France does, it would quickly become plethoric with wealth and would be able to pay the billions which it owes.

The fall of the Leygues Cabinet in France was not unexpected, and the choice of M. Briand to form and lead a successor to it was no surprise. It had been assumed from the beginning that the first Cabinet under President Millerand's Administration was little more than a *ballon d'essai*, which, having served its purpose, would presently give place to a more permanent and formidable organization. The occasion of M. Leygues's resignation indicated, however, the serious nature of the problem and the task before M. Briand. The French Government has been and is between two forces which if not actually hostile are at least not harmonious. On the one hand the French Nation, through its representatives in the Chamber of Deputies, demands—with entire propriety—prompt settlement of the terms of peace with Germany and collection of a substantial indemnity, in order that the work of rehabilitation may be promoted, the foreign debts of France be paid, and the people be relieved of some part of the crushing burden of taxation. On the other hand are the other Allied Powers, with other interests to consider which may not be in accordance with the strenuous action which France desires. For the French Cabinet to refuse the Nation's demand is to invite a vote of no confidence; for it to antagonize the Allies is to incur chaos. It is a trying situation.

Some curious studies in deportation have recently been observable, suggesting a lack of uniformity in practice which might well be remedied. Mr. Martens, the German agent of the Bolshevist rulers of Russia, came hither as a so-called "Ambassador" for the purpose of conducting political propaganda contrary to the tranquillity and welfare of the United States, and flagrantly violated the laws of the country by conducting contraband intercourse with Russia through messengers who evaded the immigration and passport regulations. Yet on one pretext and another he was permitted to remain here for months and to depart at his leisure after practically completing the campaign for which he came hither. Mr. O'Callaghan, the Lord Mayor of Cork, came hither in defiance of the law, as a stowaway, and was pretty promptly ordered to be deported, but was permitted to remain until he had accomplished the political errand on which he had come, the pur-

pose of which was to foment ill-feeling between the United States and another friendly nation. Mr. Boland, Secretary to the "President of the Irish Republic," also came hither, and publicly incited lawbreaking and outrage; and was not so much as threatened with deportation or even rebuked for his incendiary utterances. There is no national right more absolute or fundamental than that of every country to determine what aliens it will receive as guests, on what conditions it will receive them, and what deportment it will require of them. There is probably no country in the world more careless and capricious in that important matter than the United States has been recently.

There will be no occasion to add a postscript to Carlyle's "Hero as Poet" in favor of Gabriele d'Annunzio; though indeed that might have been considered a few years ago. It is a real loss to the world to have his military career end in so ignominious an anti-climax. He was at first the real voice of Italy, arousing the nation to war against the hated Tedesci. Then the voice was transmuted into a flying sword, as he, with consummate skill and daring, led the "airy navies" of Italy across the war zone, to raid again and again the foeman's land. Once more he became a voice, protesting against the loss in council of what had been won on the battlefield, and doing valiant work for Italia Irredenta in the Peace Conference. Even his reckless exploit at Fiume, at the beginning, had all the elements of heroism. But he stayed there too long. He did not perceive the psychological moment when it was possible for him to withdraw with substantial victory won and with his fame assured only a little less than that of Garibaldi. Pettishness and pique usurped the place of valor, and he disappeared from the scene amid jeers instead of cheers, and with the pity instead of the plaudits of the world. It was a sorry ending of a once superb career.

The disastrous fire in the Census Office at Washington, which inflicted simply irreparable loss upon the nation, and which gave the disquieting suggestion of the possibility of other similar but still more grave catastrophes, should serve to teach a two-fold lesson. One is, obviously, the need of storing valuable books and

papers in really fireproof—also damp-proof and vermin-proof—places; the impossibility of which it would be absurd to deny. The other is the desirability of having printed copies made of all statistical and historical documents, partly for convenience of reference, and partly in order to assure the existence of copies if ever the originals should be destroyed or should fade into illegibility or crumble into dust through the slow processes of time. Doubtless it would be an enormous task to do this, even if it were confined to the really valuable documents and the great mass of indifferent and practically useless stuff were sent to the paper-mills. Yet it would not be so great a task as that which has been performed in printing voluminous editions of reports and what not which were of not the slightest value. "The art preservative of arts" should surely be employed to secure the treasures of the past against the vicissitudes of time.

Hopeful progress seems to be made toward the reconstitution of the union of Central American Republics; a movement which it is impossible to regard without sympathy, and also without a certain self-reproach for the unfortunate course of the United States in recent years toward that most desirable consummation. For while it was under the auspices of the United States fourteen years ago that there was taken the most auspicious and practical step toward reunion since Carrera's dissolution of the old Republic in 1840, it was also the United States, a few years later, that sordidly and short-sightedly compelled that step to be abandoned, and it is to-day this country that presents the only considerable obstacle to perfect union of the five States. The fault lay in our negotiation of a treaty with Nicaragua without paying any attention to the other States whose vital interests were directly affected by it. We surely should have realized, ever since the days of Hise, Squier, and the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, that a Nicaragua Canal by way of the San Juan River would be on Costa Rican almost as much as on Nicaraguan territory, and that Costa Rica was entitled to be consulted in the matter and to be a party to the treaty which might be made. Since those same strenuous days, too, we should have remembered that Honduras and Salvador as well as Nicaragua fronted on the Bay

of Fonseca, and were vitally interested in the control of that water. We have no doubt that the maladroit Bryan-Chamorro treaty, which has caused so much trouble among those States and has been and still is an impediment to their reunion, might have been negotiated with all the States concerned just as well as with Nicaragua alone, and thus have confirmed and promoted the reunion which was then in progress, instead of discouraging and defeating it. It should be possible now, by sympathetic and tactful diplomacy, to atone for that error and thus to promote our own good as well as that of the Central American States.

One of the most interesting and significant incidents in the scholastic world is the announcement of Princeton University that it will hereafter limit the number of its students to 2,000; its present undergraduate roll being slightly over 1,800. This action is in striking contrast to the course of other universities which, with several times as many students as Princeton, continue to invite further expansion. It is true that comparison is not entirely just, because some of these other and larger institutions have a multiplicity of departments not found at Princeton; comprising not alone colleges of arts and science, and of law and medicine, but also of pedagogy, journalism, commerce and finance, and what not. Obviously, a university of so vast and varied a range may properly have a larger enrollment than one much more restricted. There is presumably profitable use for both types of institution in this country. The action of Princeton is significant as perhaps the first concrete recognition of that fact, and the first tangible step toward establishing the principle that there shall be colleges and universities of limited size, aiming not at realization of the *studium generale* but rather at the highest attainable standard of scholarship within a restricted curriculum.

Nicolai Lenine's attempt to dictate to the Socialists of the world the terms on which they may be received into the fellowship of his Third Internationale, or Communist party, has met with gratifying lack of success. In fifteen countries, definite action has been taken by the Socialists and Radicals upon the mat-

ter of accepting or rejecting his conditions. Six of them,—namely, the United States, Great Britain, Belgium, Argentina, Switzerland and Austria,—registered emphatic rejection. Four —Germany, Spain, Sweden and Chili—accepted. Three—France, Italy and Norway—split over the question; and two—Holland and Mexico—indefinitely postponed decision. Obviously, the world is very far from being converted to Bolshevism.

The vicissitudes and problems of local passenger transportation in New York City are primarily the concern of that municipality alone. They are, however, so vast as to be, as Governor Miller says, of direct interest to the whole State. We may say more than that. They are generic as well as specific; they are quite typical, in some of the most essential respects, of problems and difficulties elsewhere, all over the land, and in other industries than that of transportation. It is therefore of general interest and, we may say, general encouragement, to find Governor Miller in his suggestions of remedies for the trouble declaring himself unreservedly against municipal or State operation of the car lines. There has too often and too widely been an inclination, whenever things have gone wrong with some "public utility," to turn to municipal or State operation as the only or at least the readiest and surest cure. Governor Miller wisely and resolutely opposes any such counsel of despair, and insists upon private operation, though of course also upon efficient government control. It ought to be obvious to even the most superficial thinker that if the government cannot properly control corporations of its own creation, so as to require them to perform their duties properly, it would not be likely itself to do the work well, if it undertook it.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

VILLIERS: HIS FIVE DECADES OF ADVENTURE. By Frederic Villiers. New York: Harper & Brothers.

As regards the variety and the notability of the events described or touched upon in Mr. Villiers' two-volume autobiography, the reader will find nothing lacking. Here is the record of a life packed with adventures, any one of which would seem enough to season an ordinary life sufficiently with excitement. "There goes a man who has seen more fighting than any soldier in Europe," is a remark more than once made about Mr. Villiers—and with truth.

At the age of twenty-six he had been eye-witness to ten big battles including the second battle of Plevna. He saw fierce and bloody hill-fighting in the campaign of the English against the Afghan tribes in 1878. In 1881 he was in Egypt accompanying the British forces which suppressed the rising of Arabi Pasha; a few years later he was in the Sudan, where he was present at the fight described by Kipling in *The Light that Failed*, and where he saw the "Fuzzies" break an English square. He shared the fortunes of the Gordon Relief Expedition of 1884–85. After returning to England he was soon sent to the Balkans where he observed the Serb-Bulgar fiasco of 1886. The fourth year of his fourth decade saw him tearing across the Canadian Pacific on his way to the Far East, where he beheld the easy triumph of Japan over China. When Greece in 1897 stirred up strife with Turkey, Mr. Villiers arrived promptly on the scene, and was soon, as usual, taking a more than passive part in events.

Having been instrumental, together with the British Consul, in handing over Volo to the Turks—an act which undoubtedly saved the inhabitants of that city from outrage,—he asked for and obtained from the Turkish commander information as to where the next attack would take place, thus winning the palm among war correspondents for successful audacity. Once more in China with the Japanese forces, he described in his journal the hideous slaughter at Port Arthur. Four years later, and just thirteen years after Lord Wolseley's campaign in the Sudan, he was at Omdurman with Kitchener. He saw many of the ups and downs of the Boer War and was in at the relief of Kimberley. Finally, during 1914, he saw as much of the fighting in France as any correspondent was allowed to see.

The stories of campaigns and battles alternate with tales of peace-time experiences no less novel and colorful. A pilgrimage to Palestine, a visit to Australasia, a sojourn in New York in the 'eighties, the spectacle of a Tsar's coronation, a trip to Abyssinia taken at a time when that country was really

primitive—all these are made vivid and informing by the journalist's instinct for truth in its concrete form and by the artist's love of the picturesque; for while too few of Mr. Villiers' sketches are reproduced in these volumes, his style is generally that of one who sees with the discerning eye of the picture-maker.

Artist, journalist, soldier of fortune, worthy associate of such men as Archibald Forbes and Januarius Aloysius McGahan, Mr. Villiers seems to represent the romance of war-correspondence. It is to be hoped that he is not the last of his race! Conditions have changed, and the work of the correspondent changes with them. Chances for individual initiative, adventures that place a man at one moment in imminent danger of being shot as a spy and at the next lead him into the friendliest relations with the commanding general, odd *contretemps* with important or notorious persons, these things are sure to grow less common as war becomes more and more standardized.

Romance, of course, is something more than continuous adventure. It depends in part upon a feeling of strangeness and often upon such a feeling connected with the past. It is for this reason, perhaps, that the most fascinating pages of Mr. Villiers' book are the earliest. The author's account of the battle of Plevna seems somehow richer and in little ways more informing than his description of the taking of Port Arthur. The character sketch of Skobeleff is more interesting than that of Cecil Rhodes. No other description of a country in war-time makes quite so deep an impression as that of Serbia under Milan.

In New York in the 'eighties, Mr. Villiers met General Sherman, Thomas Nast, Joseph Jefferson, Bill Nye, Edwin Booth. He visited Edison when the inventor was struggling with the problem of finding the right filament for the incandescent lamp. The scene at Menlo Park is a vivid mental illustration of history. Is it an illusion on the part of the reader, or does the author write with diminishing zest as he leaves the remoter past behind? Does not the narrative become less mellow in tone, less distinctive in its details as reminiscences give way to jottings?

There is one quality that might make up for any falling-off in purely autobiographical interest—namely, penetration. This, however, is unfortunately lacking. Mr. Villiers hardly attempts to place historical events in any striking light; he is concerned chiefly with details. More than this, his sketches of notable persons seem, though frank and well-observed, somewhat superficial. For example, the following account of Kitchener, as the great soldier was seen in Egypt soon after his final march to victory, is oddly unsatisfactory:

> I hardly knew him; he was so changed. His face suggested a power that was never there in the early days. It seemed as if a new spirit had entered the man. It was a hard, impenetrable face, and the cold gray eyes, by virtue of the defect in one of them, never seemed to fix their gaze. One had the impression, when he spoke, that the eyes were either looking straight over the top of one's head or piercing one below the knees. A most useful defect, I thought, when receiving some of my colleagues bent on extracting precious news; for those eyes could never belie what the lips uttered.

This impression, while certainly not false, is curiously unconvincing. It does not get itself accepted at face value. It is like a snap-shot, in which we recognize photographic verity, but do not perceive a true likeness.

Altogether Mr. Villiers' life-story is a most interesting record; its subject-matter is striking and of no small importance; it is at times fascinating, always worth while. But as autobiography it is not first-rate.

Diplomatic Reminiscences. By A. Nekludoff, formerly Russian Minister at Sofia and at Stockholm and Ambassador at Madrid. Translated from the French by Alexandra Paget. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Like most diplomatic reminiscences, M. Nekludoff's narrative is magnificently clear—a real triumph over the difficulty of dealing with minute details and at the same time keeping larger issues well in view. It is even unusually perspicuous and plausible in its accounts of complex situations. Moreover, like nearly all books of Russian authorship it has a peculiar charm—the charm of intimate psychological analysis conducted in a spirit generally large-minded and humane. The details are never dull, and to the student of history they may prove in certain cases significant. It may be remarked, however, that neither Bulgaria nor Stockholm was very near the center of things during the war. Nor does the narrative make much clearer the general reasons for the unsuccess of Allied diplomacy in the Balkans. No really new cause comes to light. It is interesting to know, for example, that the idea of a Balkan alliance with an anti-Bulgarian foundation "certainly did not emanate from M. Sazonoff, who was unaware of it at the beginning," but from M. Hartwig, M. Nekludoff's colleague in Belgrade—a much less responsible person. But the broad lines of policy—Russian and Austrian—are not seen differently because of this fact. Again the apathy of the Russian Foreign Office in the face of the approaching danger remains unexplained. M. Nekludoff was simply "inordinately astonished" at M. Sazonoff's indifference to his warnings.

These things are said, of course, not as criticisms of M. Nekludoff but rather as indications to the moderately well informed reader as to what he may expect in the book. On one side the reminiscences belong to the infinitely complex diplomatic material of the war history; they need to be sifted through the historian's finest sievs. But in another way they are of immediate interest. Incidentally, the author makes statements of a general character that are extremely illuminating, that curiously correct certain rather widespread notions or add new conceptions to what one supposes himself to know about Russia and the Southern Slav States.

In the first place, the character sketch of Ferdinand of Bulgaria—and it is a sketch to which touches are continually added throughout the narrative—is something of a masterpiece. Nothing else that is nearly so intimate and so convincing has been written about this neuropathic, shrewd, indecisive, but

by no means wholly insignificant ruler. The true nature of Bulgarian politics is made clear, for instance, by the striking statement that "in 1913 there was at one time a Cabinet composed almost entirely of men who had either been sentenced and forgiven, or who were on trial for malpractices and abuse of power." At the same time M. Nekludoff, with a curious but genuine broad-mindedness partly excuses the character of the Bulgarian people (whose conduct he reprobates) on the ground of their antecedents and their national experience—the brutalizing effect, particularly, of their long subjection to the Turks. The argument is sound, but the author does more than demonstrate its soundess: he even succeeds in awakening some sympathy for the Bulgarians without forfeiting sympathy himself.

Here, too, is a really informing statement concerning Russia—a rare thing even before the revolution: "We ought to note that in general during the years preceding the World War and the Revolution, there was a peculiar change in the kind of people who were called upon to govern Russia. Men of no proved political reputation, lacking in experience, with no marked ability, sprang up no one knew whence, and gradually monopolized the power and influence over all state affairs." This certainly reads more like truth than the rather melodramatic reasons often assigned for Russian action. It was quite untrue, moreover, M. Nekludoff declares, that the Empress Alexandra wished to save her former country by bringing about a separate peace beween Russia and Germany, or that Stürmer, who succeeded Sazonoff as Minister for Foreign Affairs, was her agent and accomplice in such treachery to the Allies, or that the notorious Rasputin was in receipt of Boche money to keep up the Empress's pacifist sentiments. Rasputin, who had "the mentality of a Cossack," was quite content, loaded with presents and supported at the expense of the court. Stürmer was corrupt, but, in spite of Teutonic origin, not especially Germanophile. Both these men were evil, but the story of elaborate intrigue was false. All of which has more nearly the air of truth than much that has been written about the personages involved. Indeed, M. Nekludoff's handling of the whole Rasputin matter is commendably sober and seemly; he impresses one as feeling deeply on the subject, not afraid to tell the truth, but unwilling to exaggerate or to deal in sensational rumors.

The part played by M. Kerensky in the early days of the Revolution is described by the author in the same spirit of unsparing criticism and with the same fairness, a disposition to give credit where credit is due, with the result that Kerensky appears as half hero and half puppet of fate—a view that again convinces.

Further, the author gives us a more favorable impression of the Swedes than we have generally received from other sources. Great emphasis has been laid upon German propaganda in Sweden and upon the Swedish fear of Russian aggression in Finland. All this was true; yet the Swedish people were not base, or easily deceived. They were merely very level-headed. For one thing they were better informed about the real strength of Germany than

were most other neutrals. Yet "it was not utilitarian calculations which guided the guardians of Swedish neutrality, but rather the sincere love of peace and the feeling of responsibility towards the people and the country." Thus the "agitating section" of the people was held in check in a manner creditable to the Government.

Whenever M. Nekludoff's narrative is not consciously of a potentially controversial nature or in the nature of mere painstaking historic record, it is generally very affording.

THE VICTORY AT SEA. By Rear-Admiral William Sowden Sims, U. S. Navy, in collaboration with Burton J. Hendrick. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

It is a somewhat curious commentary upon the character of the victory over Germany as an enormous coöperative undertaking that the personal element is almost wholly lacking in Admiral Sims's own story of the operations at sea. This lack, one feels, is not due to the intervention of a collaborator; the nature of the subject simply excludes it. Admiral Dewey's account of our naval fight with Spain might be given, properly, as a part of his personal experiences; Admiral Sims's book about the American part in the work of suppressing the submarines has to be in the nature of a businesslike report. It has to be educative, too; for the public needs to appreciate the fundamentals of warfare as of politics. Admiral Sims is simply the best informed American on the subject. From his headquarters in London he directed the movements of American naval forces and in conjunction with his British colleagues planned the victory. We are probably as proud of him as of any naval hero in our annals; but he is right in thinking that what he ought to give us is the facts in the briefest and clearest form consistent with clearness and readability. The modest but extremely valuable result is a sort of explanatory treatise, its great merit lying in this: that one accurately learns the important facts and the governing ideas in a singularly effortless way while the details fit in without possibility of confusion. One cannot read this book, however cursorily, without feeling that one has obtained a valuable conception of the Allied naval warfare; the precise nature of each problem that came up for solution is really impressed upon the mind, and the facts are striking. The book is a masterly exposition—proportioned to its purpose as few books about the war have been proportioned. There is just enough personality in it to make it thoroughly human. Finally it may be mentioned that it is not, as so many war books almost necessarily are, a book of horrors. One reads it, not "lest we forget," but in order to gain perspective on past events and knowledge useful in understanding the events of the future.

We know now that up to the moment of victory, Germany was never so near the end of her resources as it was natural to suppose. May the great lesson of her malevolent efficiency never be forgotten! "Americans still have

the idea that the German Government adopted the submarine campaign as the last, despairing gambler's chance, and that they only half believed in its success themselves." On the contrary the chance of failure in the German plan was probably not greater than in most business calculations. They did not fear failure. The submarine was in fact the trump card, and it nearly won the game. "Yes," said Admiral Jellicoe, as quietly as if he were discussing the weather and not the future of the British Empire, "it is impossible for us to go on with the war if losses like this continue." That was in April, 1917. By April, 1918, the peril was practically over.

The great enemy of the submarine was the destroyer. It was largely for this reason that the Germans kept their High Seas Fleet intact. "The really fatal effect of a great naval defeat would have been that it would no longer have been necessary for the British to sequestrate a hundred or more destroyers at Scapa Flow." The same fact explains the German attacks upon hospital ships, and what is more significant, the German official announcement of intention to attack them. The Huns were ruthless, but their ruthlessness was far from unreasoning. "Germany attacked these ships in order to make us escort them with destroyers, and thereby compel us to divert these destroyers from the anti-submarine campaign." It is thus a great error to suppose that Germany did not pin her faith to the submarine campaign. She did, and according to the logic of the situation, she was right.

The convoy system was, therefore, the natural and, as it proved, the right "answer." The patrol plan, though operated with admirable skill and far better than nothing, was necessarily ineffective. The simple fact that the submarine could see its adversary long before the destroyer could see it, and could then promptly make itself invisible—this simple fact, which was the key to the whole situation, has often been ignored. Thus the aggressive policy, axiomatic in naval strategy, the policy of seeking out the enemy to destroy him gave, in fact, all the advantage to the under-water boat. The best strategy for the destroyer was to force the submarine, in the pursuit of its mission, to approach its enemy.

Why then was the convoy system not adopted sooner? In the first place, before the arrival of the American ships, the Allies had not a sufficient number of destroyers for the purpose: one hundred British boats of this type were essential to screen the Grand Fleet. In the second place, the masters of merchant vessels were loath to try the experiment; they were not afraid, of course, but their judgment was against it. "They asserted that they could not sail at night without lights, and that an attempt to do so would result in many collisions." One of the strangest psychological facts about the war is that this honest judgment proved to be merely a case of self-delusion. The first experimental convoy reached England safely on May 20, 1917, and the date marks "one of the great turning points in the war." From then on the system worked smoothly and thoroughly; outward bound as well as inward bound ships were escorted, mishaps like that to the *Justicia* notwithstanding.

Even when the situation has been explained clearly and repeatedly, it is difficult for the average person to understand the fundamental strategy of the submarine campaign. It is almost impossible to refrain from imagining that the German subs in the waters around Great Britain were far more numerous than they really were. It is not easy to see, at first, that the main object of the Allies was to restrain the activity of these boats rather than to destroy them. Every destroyer or other craft which kept an undersea boat out of action was doing its full part; every depth bomb that shook the nerves of a German crew helped to win the war though the submarine reached its base in safety. The number of submarines destroyed, bears a small proportion both to the total number of these German craft that were at sea at one time or another during the war and to the total number of the craft employed against them. The figures tell the story. "The Allied destroyers, about 500 in number, sank 34 German submarines with gunfire and depth charges; auxiliary patrol craft, such as trawlers, yachts, and the like, about 3,000 in number, sank 31; while the Allied submarines, which were only about 100 in number, sunk 20."

Every branch of the service, including the air-service, which had the lowest score of all, performed an essential service. The striking fact that the submarines, supposed incapable of fighting their own kind effectively, did best in proportion to their numbers, detracts nothing from the credit of other branches. All were coöperating in ways that in the long run and in the total effect so restrained the German submarines as to drive them eventually to the adoption of tactics that could not win. The fact itself has a simple explanation—so simple, indeed, that few would ever think of it.

One of the most remarkable chapters in the book is that concerning "College Boys and Subchasers." The opinion doubtless has been somewhat widespread that the work of the little chasers amounted to little. This judgment, however, proceeds from the erroneous point of view that some one invention or some one method could and should be found for overcoming the submarine peril immediately. In point of fact the subchasers fully justified themselves. The story of their work is remarkable, but even more remarkable is the enthusiasm of the Admiral which causes him for once to voice an opinion about something not closely connected with naval matters. "If there is any man," he writes, "who still doubts what the American system of higher education is doing for our country, he should have spent a few days at sea with these young men. That they knew nothing at first about navigation and naval technique was not important; the really important fact was that their minds were alert, their hearts filled with a tremendous enthusiasm for the cause, their souls clean, and their bodies ready for the most exhausting tasks." The Admiral even feels inclined to suggest that in future a college education might well be combined with a shorter intensive technical course at the Naval Academy.

While the author does not attempt to emphasize the work of the American

navy as if it were a separate achievement, but rather views that work in its true light as part of a great systematized effort, the plain record shows better than any eulogy that the performance of our navy is something of which we may be justly proud. Nothing can be better than the best possible under the circumstances—and the circumstances did not make the work easy. "I think I am justified in saying," writes Admiral Sims, "that without the coöperation of the American Navy, the Allies could not have won the war." It is to be noted that the Admiral weighs his words, and that what he says could not by any possibility be said by a man of his character of a navy not first-rate in fighting power and in personnel.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

APRIL, 1921

CAN GERMANY PAY?

BY STEPHANE LAUZANNE

Editor-in-Chief of *Le Matin*

WHEN, on January 25th of this year, Mr. Aristide Briand and Mr. Paul Doumer, around the green table of the Quai d'Orsay, met for the first time, Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Curzon, they spoke rather sternly of the reparations due to France by Germany.

"France," they said, "will be obliged to spend this year 16 billions and a half francs for the reconstruction of her devastated departments. According to the Treaty of Versailles these 16 billions and a half should be paid by Germany. We are only advancing the money on behalf of Germany, just as last year we advanced 14 billion francs for the same purpose. . . . Now, there is no taxpayer in the world who would agree to bear such a weight every year in addition to all his other financial burdens, especially when this weight is incumbent upon a vanquished country. We are neither extremists nor utopists. We do not demand the impossible. We do not say, for example, that in 1921 Germany will have to pay us those 16 and a half billions; but we do say that she must at least pay part of them. If Germany shows some good will and pays us in raw materials, in goods or in cash, 6 or 8 billions of francs, then all will be well. We shall acknowledge that effort of honesty and shall prove ourselves conciliatory towards further payments. But if, as in 1920, Germany pays nothing, or offers to pay a ridiculously small sum, then, as there is no reason why France, creditor and victo-

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rious, should become bankrupt, we shall have recourse to force and coercion."

This was very plain language. And it was not the first time that Mr. Lloyd George heard it spoken. In December 1920 around the tea-table of Downing Street, Mr. Georges Leygues, then Prime Minister of France, had said the same things, expressed in the very same words. No French Prime Minister can speak otherwise. It is the language of logic, of common sense, and of justice.

But then a primordial question must be asked: Can Germany Pay? . . . An old French proverb, dating from the time of the Middle Ages, says: "*Where there is nothing, the king himself loses his rights.*" Of course. It is perfectly evident that it would be of no avail to repeat daily: "Germany must pay," if it were materially impossible for Germany to pay anything.

Let us therefore see whether Germany can pay something and, in order to reply to our question: "Can Germany Pay?" let us not lend an ear to the statesmen who are mistaken once in every two cases, nor to the experts who are mistaken nine times out of ten. But let us consult the Germans themselves. They are the best qualified to help us to solve the problem.

In the first place, there is the German budget for 1920–1921, just as it was presented at the Assembly of the Reich by the Minister of Finances, Dr. Wirth. What do we see there? We see that the budget contains very high military expenditures for the Army and Navy,—namely: for the ordinary budget 1 billion 874 million marks; for the extraordinary budget 2 billions 450 million marks, or a total of 4 billions 324 million marks. And this does not include the 600 million marks specially intended for the famous *Sicherheitspolizei*. . . . Well, for a ruined country, for a country pretending to be impoverished, it seems to us that those are very heavy expenses. Four billions 324 million marks is a heavy sum. And since Germany is spending it, she must certainly possess it. Could we not then say to her: "Please, spend a little less, and think a little more of your creditors. Instead of devoting 4 billions and a half in preparing another war, devote to it only 1 billion, and pay the other 3 billions and a half to the victims of the last war you made."

Here again, in that same German budget, are quite extraordinary figures. They are those of the expenditure incurred for the fees of the officials of the Reich. These officials have increased in the most preposterous proportions, whereas the Reich has decreased in population and in territory. In 1914, before the war, there were in the Imperial administrations 5,500 employees; today there are 80,000. And these figures do not include the industrial exploitations of the State, such as Posts and Railroads. If we examine these exploitations we note the same prodigious inflation in them. In 1914, the Post and Telegraph Services employed 168,000 employees; today they number 420,000. Well, for a ruined country, supposed to be up against bankruptcy, this seems to be a great excess of officials and expenditures. Could one not ask Germany: "Why, since you are so poor, do you maintain so many officials? Why, since you complain of having so few railroad cars, have you so many railroad men? Why, since you speak of bankruptcy, do you not try to economize?"

Here, likewise, in the German budget, is a chapter which gives food for reflection. It is the chapter concerning the budget of the Ministry of Labor. It amounts to the handsome sum of *3,940 million marks.* What an expenditure for a country which complains of not working! And on these 3,940 millions of marks, there is one billion of marks intended *to favor the construction of living-houses.* Now, note that the war has not destroyed one single German village, did not demolish a single German house, nor damage a single German house-roof. Therefore, we do not understand very well the haste that the Reich, who has fewer inhabitants than in 1914, can have to construct more houses. And it seems that one might say: "Pardon, but since you are so anxious to construct houses, then reconstruct those which you destroyed in France! Since you possess a billion marks to spend per annum in buildings, spend them in those departments of France where so many human beings, through your fault, are sleeping under cardboard roofs, and behind paper window-panes."

But there is not only the German budget; there is the German debt. This debt, let it be well noted, is entirely an exterior debt. The Germans, who have not yet paid a single cent to

their French, Belgian, American or English creditors, are paying regularly and honestly all they owe to their German creditors. In 1914, the interest of their national interior debt amounted to 250 million marks. In 1920, this interest has risen to 12 and a half billion marks. There again, it seems that one could question whether Germany should first pay revenues to those of her subjects who aided her to make her war, or, whether she should first make good the disasters which her war has caused to innocent victims.

And, finally, there is not only the German budget and the national German debt, there are also the budgets of the large industrial and commercial German companies.

As I write these lines, I have before me the balance sheets of twenty-four of these companies, which rank amongst the most important. In all the countries of the world, the best barometer of an industrial concern is the dividend which it pays to its shareholders. When a company pays a large dividend, it means that its business is in a flourishing condition. Now, what do we see in the balance sheets of the twenty-four companies I mention? We see that every one of them, without exception, distributed, in 1920, dividends running from 15% minimum to 25 and even 30%.

More especially interesting is the balance sheet of the famous Krupp Company. For the first time in its existence, the Krupp Company has not manufactured war material, but has given itself up entirely to peace-time manufactures: ships, agricultural machines, automobile motors, etc., and it does not appear to have suffered from this at all, since its balance sheet for 1920 shows a *net* profit of 78 millions 500,000 marks. The preceding fiscal year had left a loss of 36 millions of marks. . . . Well, for a ruined country, a country that claims to be in poverty, this appears to us to be an industry which is not doing badly. Seventy-eight and a half million marks of net profit, that is something! Could one not then say to these industries: "Since you realize such high profits, you shall hand over a part of them to pay the creditors of Germany. Seven or 8% is quite sufficient for your shareholders. The difference shall be paid into the till of reparations due to the victims of the last war."

One could pursue this little exercise of figures indefinitely. Let us be satisfied, in conclusion, by quoting the two official German statistics, which were issued before Christmas.

The first reveals that the consumption of champagne in Germany has risen from 6,000,000 bottles in 1914 to 10,000,000 in 1920, which, at the low figure of 120 marks a bottle, works out at over one billion marks. The second is that during the 113 racing days of the Berlin racing season of 1920, the totalizator turned over 440,000,000 marks; as compared with 200,000,000 the previous season.

And now let us conclude.

At the beginning of these lines, I asked the question: "Can Germany Pay?" The reply leaves no doubt. Yes. Germany can pay, on condition that she be not allowed to make any *camouflage* in her budget; on condition that she be not permitted to spend 4 billions of marks for her Army and Navy; on condition that she be not allowed to increase tenfold the number of her officials and to double the number of her postmen and of her railroadmen; on condition that she be not allowed to spend 1 billion marks on new constructions, on condition that she be not allowed to let her debts towards her own people pass before her debt to the unfortunate foreigners whom she has robbed, ruined, pillaged and murdered; on condition that the Krupp firm pays a part of its scandalous profits to the victims of the war; on condition that the Germans drink less champagne, bet less at the races and work a little more. Yes, Germany can pay on condition that she be made to pay.

It is not only in the interest of France alone that Germany should pay, it is in the interest of the whole world, because it is the interest of peace. If Germany pays for her war, she will prove once for all that it is not worth while to make war.

STEPHANE LAUZANNE.

Paris, France.

JAPAN AND AMERICA

TALES AND THE INTERPRETATION THEREOF

BY JOHN COLE McKIM, M.A., B.D.

One afternoon in late October, I was standing in the front entry-way of the mission residence, holding a baby and talking to a native woman. A startled look in her eyes caused me to turn quickly. A man was standing five or six feet from me in the doorway leading to the back passage raising a heavy stick for the apparent purpose of felling me from behind. His face wore one of those ludicrously stern grimaces with which the heroes of the Oriental stage are wont to terrify their enemies. He was not noticeably drunk.

His pause at my sudden turn gave me time to hand the baby to the woman and take my own stick from the hatrack nearby; whereupon the fellow lowered his cudgel and, taking from his kimono a greasy pamphlet, pretended that he had entered (by the back door) for the purpose of offering it for sale. A glance at the pamphlet as I escorted him to a side gate showed me the ideographs *Bei-Koku* (America).

Having put the man out of the side gate and closed it after him, I returned through the house, and after a few moments went out through my front gate upon an errand. This gate is perhaps forty feet from the side gate and fronts upon the same street (Americans would probably think of it as an alley). The roadway was blocked by a crowd of perhaps a hundred people, mostly men and boys, and the man whom I had just ejected was making them a grandiloquent speech which turned to violent shrieking and gesticulation when he caught sight of me. I made out such words as *Bei-Koku* (America) and *Tantei* (Spy). The crowd, which was composed mainly of neighbors who had seen me come and go among them for nearly seven years, was amused but not excited, and readily made room for me to pass along the street upon my errand.

After I had walked some yards, a warning shout caused me to turn about. The ruffian had rushed in through the gate which I had just left. No one in the crowd made any effort to stop him but neither was there any attempt to block the lane which they had opened for my passage and through which I hurried back.

Before I could come up with the man (a stranger in the neighborhood), he had rushed through the house, terrified with his cudgel two octogenarian women who had found shelter with me when ejected by their landlord, seized a loaf of bread as he passed through the kitchen, and returned to his heroics outside the side gate. The man-servant who tried to interfere with him would have been roughly handled had I not intervened. This intervention brought another stream of invective from the fellow, who drew a noosed cord from his sleeve (a threat of strangulation). I closed and barred the side gate, did the same to the front gate (it is a peculiarity of the ordinary Japanese gate that it can be fastened only from the inside) and then sent the man by a *back* gate (opening on another "street") to the police box nearby.

Warned by some one in the crowd of the approach of the police, the man left a bicycle upon which he had been riding and made off down the alley. In a few moments two policemen, both well known and friendly to me, arrived on the scene. One remained to take my statement and to keep an eye on the bicycle while the other made after the thief.

They caught the man without much difficulty, slapped his face, took the bicycle saying that they would keep it over night as a punishment, and, writing down his address,—a nearby village,—told him to call in the morning for his bicycle. I got back my bread, also, after it had reposed for some time in the man's bosom.

I asked the police what they intended to do. They said that this would depend upon whether or not the bicycle were a stolen one. So far as his intrusion and misconduct upon the mission premises was concerned, he had already had his face slapped for that; and although he had taken the bread, still the police did not think theft his motive in entering the house. Neither did I. But, I urged, was not such conduct a public menace? Might he not repeat the performance? The policeman said that he would keep an eye on my house for the next few days. I did not mean

my house in particular, I told him, knowing by this time perfectly well what was in the officer's mind but wondering what he would say. He said: "*O so dessu ka?*", which may be freely rendered: "Oh, really?" Later, talking it over with a friend, we decided that it would be unwise to press the matter further. Spectators and police had been, on the whole, inclined to take my side if any. This, we agreed, was very gratifying.

I relate this trivial incident in some detail because it not only illustrates the extent to which the seeds of suspicion against Americans are sown in Japan (an American *stranger* would almost certainly *not* have had the crowd even mildly on his side) but also because it shows the fallacy involved in the statement that unfriendly utterances emanate from irresponsible sources on both sides of the Pacific.

Imagine a Japanese, living on an income derived from sources in his own country, in an American town of corresponding size and importance,—say Binghamton, N. Y. Let us suppose that he has lived on the same street for seven years, well and favorably known to his neighbors. His house is entered by a rough from a neighboring village who makes as if to assault him from behind with a possibly deadly weapon, terrifies aged Americans to whom the Japanese has given shelter, defends his conduct to a crowd of neighbors (some of whom have reason to regard themselves as beneficiaries of the foreigner) by an address on international politics, and is finally dismissed with a box on the ear by the police. To complete the analogy we must suppose that genuinely friendly Americans advise the Japanese resident that to make a formal complaint would antagonize the local sentiment now mildly sympathetic toward the aggrieved foreigner.

The Japanese people at home are gentle, kindly and industrious. *Mutatis mutandis* their domestic morals compare well with those of some western lands. They are not to be judged by the riffraff who flock to foreign ports, the adventurers who make life a burden to Koreans, Manchurians or Siberians, or even by the powerful minority of militarists who, whatever the nominal forms of government, still seem to exercise a governing though diminishing influence in all matters, especially those relating to taxation and foreign relations, which affect their special interests.

The common people of Japan (especially the country people) are, on the whole, naïve, lovable and generous. People who at home are not fretted by children, are almost certain to fall in love with these children of the soil of *Dai Nippon*. "The Japanese," wrote St. Francis Xavier, "are the delight of my heart." It is impossible that they should have this warm generosity of childhood without something of its violences as well. And the violence of childhood, when exercised with the strength of an adult, is not a laughing matter. Its appearance may (like the incident above narrated) suggest opera bouffe. But it may easily develop serious consequences. These consequences we would fain avert without injury to the child, who does not cease to be lovable because strong beyond his years. They are best averted when the adult is stronger still but obviously kindly. For the child will grow up some time and nothing will have been gained if he arrive at man's estate nursing a sense of genuine grievance. It is fortunate indeed if the supposed grievances have little or no foundation of fact but are demonstrably the result of malicious misinformation.

I would not press this analogy too closely. *Childish* is not a complimentary adjective nor one which could be justly applied to the Japanese people as a whole. If the bulk of the country people display something of the limitations of childhood, this is more than offset by simple charm of the sort that opens the gates of the Kingdom of Heaven. Only, unfortunately, it behooves us to consider, in this article, the limitations.

It has become a sort of fashion with certain people to utter vicarious confessions whereby they may claim all the credit which accrues to penitence and humility, without incurring the opprobrium which attaches itself to honest and straightforward sinners. "The church must with shame confess . . ." resolve gatherings of Christians (generally informal), and expect to be hailed as at once humble, frank, courageous and blameless. As for the reputation of the Church, that may take care of itself.

Similar utterances are somewhat in vogue with a few Americans in foreign residence. But true confession is never exculpatory, and this unctuous donning of the garb of penitence in order to disassociate oneself from the sins one wishes to impute to others

is quintessential hypocrisy, as damaging to all but selfish interest as honest denunciation may, at times, prove invigorating.

Writing for an American magazine words primarily intended for American eyes, I have no hesitation in saying that a great deal, not so much of what has been done as of what has been said, in and about California and its immigration problems, is calculated to invite the merited disapproval of judicious observers whether American or foreign. Especially is it true that objections to a foreign race on the alleged ground of the superior virility, fecundity, and industry of that race earn for those who raise them a just contempt. For they imply not only that their own countrymen or country women (in the California matter it is largely a case of the latter) are inferior on some or all of these points, but that this inferiority is so far inherent as to admit of no future improvement.

But when all this has been admitted, the fact remains that anti-American sentiment in Japan gains its strength far more from propaganda carried on within the Empire than from any misdeeds of sections of the American people. If the immigration problem were the real cause of this irritation it would be equally, or to a greater extent, directed against the British Empire because of conditions in Australia and Canada where Japanese are excluded from vastly greater and more sparsely settled areas than is the case in any part of the United States.

This alone is enough to show that the anti-American propaganda is not based merely upon Californian discrimination against Japanese immigrants, but suggests either a special animosity against our country or else a settled intention to deal piecemeal with the countries bordering on the Pacific. Aggression in Siberia and Manchuria (which has been greatly facilitated by the existence of the Anglo-Japanese alliance) seems to suggest the pursuit of a divisive policy directed against those who may be expected to object to such procedure;—a policy as much in keeping with Chinese diplomatic tradition as it serves the purposes of militarist strategy. The combination is dangerous. In old China the policy itself, without the militarism, was employed with a skill which often evoked the admiration of the very peoples whose encroachments upon Chinese territory were checked by it.

If those who wish to excite (and have measurably succeeded in exciting) Japanese animosity against America had a valid and obvious grievance it is not likely that they would risk resort to distortion of fact and invention of falsehood. Yet this is what is done, not merely by a section of journalists corresponding to our "yellow" press, but by or through the greater part of the newspaper world. For example:

(1) When the recently enacted California land legislation was first proposed, the cabled accounts published in practically all of the papers appear to have omitted all mention of the saving clauses whereby it was made clear that no rights guaranteed by treaty were to be infringed upon. It was only after the cabled news had been current for some weeks that the mails brought the full text which was, I think, first published in *The Japan Advertiser*, a paper owned by an American, edited by a Scot, and published in the English language primarily for the benefit of the English-speaking public of Tokyo and Yokohama. This paper deserves high praise for its services to the cause of sound journalism and international comity.

(2) Three charges of espionage directed against officials in the diplomatic and consular services of the United States are recent examples of a recurrent evil.

(a) The papers published reports alleging that the military attaché of the United States' Embassy in Tokyo had been making improper attempts to secure Japanese military maps. This could easily have been corrected by an official statement of Japanese military men who knew the facts, but, so far as I know, the first clear refutation was contained in letters made public by our own Department of State. In point of fact, a Japanese who had accompanied the troops to Siberia as civil engineer had obtained possession of some military maps, originally Russian (not Japanese) property and, taking them to the embassy, offered them for sale and left them for examination. He was notified to call for them as they were not wanted at the embassy, but, before he could do so, was apprehended by the Japanese authorities.

(b) In the fall of 1920, the papers generally published a report accusing the naval attaché of our Embassy of espionage at a

naval station. In point of fact, the attaché had been making a customary tour of inspection at the invitation of the authorities and under the escort of Japanese naval officers. A curious fact in this connection is that the report had a prominent place in the news columns of one paper which was at that time publishing a series of editorial articles in the interest of friendship with America. The honor of the Japanese officials concerned obviously required the official correction which was, in a few days, forthcoming.

(c) A Japanese sergeant major (according to the *Yomiuri* newspaper of Nov. 14) had been for some time in treaty with the American consul at Taihoku, Formosa, for the sale of secret maps and plans of fortifications, but, when returning from a secret visit to the Consulate, was apprehended by the gendarmes "who had posted a cordon in advance."

The facts as given out by the American Embassy are that last April a Japanese called on Mr. H. B. Hitchcock, then American Consul at Taihoku and offered to sell him secret maps and plans. Mr. Hitchcock refused to discuss the matter or to have anything to do with the man. In October Mr. Hitchcock returned to the United States and Mr. Dooman was appointed to the Consulate. He had been but a few weeks at the post when he was visited by a Japanese who made the same proposal. Mr. Dooman asked the man to wait and at once telephoned to the police to inform them that a man offering to sell maps of the fortifications was in his office. Gendarmes were dispatched and as the man left the Consulate he was arrested.

The *Japan Advertiser* (Nov. 16) to whom the statement just cited was given, makes the following comment:

> It is unfortunately characteristic of the Japanese press that the story reaches their readers as a typical "scheme of treason" in which American officials are represented as having dealings with traitors. In reality, as the facts show, the Japanese military authorities are indebted to the American Consul for the prompt information which enabled them to arrest the suspected culprit.

It really does seem as though those responsible for the dissemination of such reports were trading upon the fact that a lie is hard to catch up with.

It is coming to be more and more plain that the militarists are

violently anti-American and incidentally anti-Christian. Reports from Korea alone are enough to suggest this. I suppose that the average Japanese now believes, or is inclined to believe from the inspired reports that he constantly sees in the papers, that American missionaries are largely responsible for the Korean risings and for anti-Japanese sentiment in China. A Kokusai (press service) dispatch dated Seoul, Nov. 17 and translated in the *Japan Advertiser* (Nov. 18, p. 5, col. 4) states that a certain missionary is suspected of anti-Japanese sentiment. The suspicion is grounded, we are naïvely informed, upon the fact that "the Japanese burnt his schools and shot his pupils to death for alleged misdemeanors against the Japanese. The Japanese are watching this missionary with particular care."

The three espionage reports all published in 1920 are interesting and the two involving offers for sale of secret maps are especially significant and typical. Whether cases of genuine treason or not, it is significant that, in all instances, it was American officials who were selected to be the recipients of these advances.

What the American public apparently does not realize is that the masses of the Japanese people, kindly and peaceloving as they are, sincerely think or are coming to think that their preservation as a nation may necessitate war against the United States; and although it may well be that the leaders desire armaments rather than war, the only state of mind in which the heavily over-taxed Japanese will continue to vote supplies for a large army is pregnant with the gravest possibilities of danger.

The effect that this propaganda is likely to have upon uninformed American opinion is not likely to lessen the danger. Educated Americans (as is natural) are much less intimately acquainted with conditions in Japan than Japanese of a corresponding class are *en rapport* with European and American circumstances. Even those Americans who have travelled in the Far East seldom realize the vast difference in degree of modernization as between Tokyo and the great ports on the one hand and large districts of the interior on the other, where those villagers who can read are seldom beyond the "if you see it in the paper it's so" stage of development. The last thing that Americans would desire, could

they but see them, is a war which would bring untold misery to these kindly people.

But since most Americans can take only an exterior view of Japan, the impression gains ground that the Japanese as a whole are assuming a deliberately threatening attitude toward us. This, as the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* recently remarked, is not the most likely way of securing concessions from the United States.

Most Japanese probably think that a duel between the two countries would result in a victory for Japan. Many of them think of Americans and Europeans generally as a rather effeminate race, incapable of enduring hardship, whose men are lovers of luxury and whose women shirk child-bearing. They are convinced that we are making a ruthless use of the power of money and they have no anxiety as to the outcome of a contest between American gold and Japanese valor.

But it is not likely that informed military men are under any such illusion of victory. No doubt they would risk war rather than give up their armaments, but the general sense of danger is worth more to them than war itself would be. If they came to believe war a necessity, they would, of course seek allies. A duel would quickly end were the United States to achieve a signal naval victory or to force the Japanese navy to remain in its home ports leaving its overseas commerce unprotected. This would mean the immediate loss to Japan of all her gains in China and might involve the loss of Korea as well. Every day's delay in suing for peace would hasten the approach of utter economic collapse and starvation. Considering the present relative strength of the two navies, such a decisive victory or such effective "bottling" is a probability to be reckoned with in the event of a duel.

American policy then, should follow three main streams:

(1) Everything possible should be done to bring home to the Japanese people the relatively unaggressive and peaceable character of our intentions and policy. Such unofficial visits as that of Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip are of immense service. Americans should be grateful, also, for the object lesson afforded the Japanese and other Far Eastern peoples by the lives among them of European and American missionaries of Christianity. Many

Japanese, especially, of course, those possessing vested interests in Buddhism, oppose and resent the presence of the Christian priests and religious women. But their life and conversation, year in and year out, go further than any other one factor toward giving the lie to the lurid generalizations about the white races which form part of the anti-American and anti-foreign propaganda. Residents in foreign trading communities in the Far East often voice a not always unintelligible antagonism and irritation against the missionary, but there can be little doubt that these merchants profit greatly by the respect won for their race rather by the missionaries than by themselves.

(2) Everything should be done to confirm militarists in the opinion (which they doubtless already entertain) that a duel between Japan and the United States would probably bring disaster upon them. With the growth of this conviction, the anti-American propaganda would be dropped as unprofitable.

(3) Anglo-American friendship should be the key-note of American policy. The Japanese inspired press gives an amazing amount of space to all news suggesting the growth of friction between the United States and Great Britain. Every English-speaking people in the world should feel moved by both sentiment and interest to remove all outstanding causes of friction as between these peoples and to enter upon such a special understanding (call it arbitration treaty, league, or "association of nations") as will make armed conflict between such peoples impossible. "War is unthinkable" has always been a dangerous bit of sentimentality. After the events of the past five years nothing is more thinkable than war. But if an association of peoples akin in blood and tongue cannot prevent war among those peoples, then leagues which essay a larger content are merely grandiose. If, on the other hand, the attempt within this limited field should prove, as it ought and must, a success, we shall have the nucleus of a valid world association.

If the American people will set themselves to develop a foreign policy following the lines just suggested, war in the Far East will be rendered extremely improbable.

JOHN COLE MCKIM.

Tokyo, Japan.

COMMERCIAL AERONAUTICS

BY LT. CLIFFORD ALBION TINKER, U. S. N. R. F.

It is said that the man who invented spectacles was imprisoned for daring to improve on the eyesight that God had given us. Thus far no one has been imprisoned for saying that flying at one hundred miles an hour is already commercially practicable, although most bankers in this country have maintained a determined skepticism as to the fact. That attitude has retarded the development of commercial aeronautics so that today it is in its infancy, and, in the opinion of some, will never reach the convincingly practical stage until divorced from military considerations.

Yet commercial aeronautics is here, or hereabout, even if the bankers, as a class, will not see it. Perhaps those charged with the responsibility of obtaining these bankers' practical support have not studied sufficiently the bankers' side of the case.

An aviator flying over Washington's tomb on Memorial Day, dropping forget-me-nots, expresses a beautiful sentiment, and incidentally establishes his ability to fly; but he does not interest the financier. Not in the way required. No dividends appear in such an undertaking. Nor is it enough that the banker shall himself have taken a flight over his golf course, or down to the beach.

Again, the banker motors for a week-end in the country. He learns that eight young men in the small town which he visits were aviators during the War. Of these, one was shot down by the enemy, four are home again; and he inquires:

"What of the other three?"

"Oh, they fell, and were killed."

This reply does not make less dormant his enthusiasm for commercial aeronautics.

We are too close to the War to forget the long list of fatal accidents, though the rush of getting ready necessarily produced some defective equipment, and the training of more than 18,000

aviators in eighteen months was bound to result in numerous casualties. The process was expensive in lives as well as money. The same number of machines, the same hours of flight, and the same amount of training in peace-time aeronautics would tell a different story.

Take as an instance the daily flights between London and Paris. The service has recently rounded out its first year with the record that out of 1,535 flights scheduled 1,444 were completed. The director, G. Holt Thomas, though not particularly sanguine in some respects, points out that although the air route between London and the Continent is one of the worst, climatically, in the world, only eighty-three air journeys during 323,355 miles of flying were prevented by weather.

"This should not," Mr. Thomas explains, "be taken to mean that flying was prevented altogether on as many as eighty-three days. Half a dozen machines are often scheduled to depart at various times during the day; and, whereas weather conditions may cause a flight in the morning to be abandoned, it may be found perfectly feasible to get machines away during the afternoon. Thus, even on a day when the weather is very bad, only one, or perhaps two, flights out of, say, six, need to be cancelled."

There were only two deaths during the year on this service. It would be impossible to find any other method of transportation equalling that record for the distance traveled. It is natural to think of the airplane as a frail vehicle, unreliable mechanically, and yet the London-Paris Airco Express has proved that less than six of its 1,535 scheduled flights were prevented by mechanical defect, and only about thirty were interrupted through any forced landing while en route. When Mr. Thomas started the London-Paris service he ventured the prediction that in their first year's flying they would attain about eighty per cent efficiency. Actually, it has worked out, in round figures, to ninety-four per cent.

In this country almost everything necessary to the beginning of a successful era of commercial aeronautics awaits the support of the banking interests. But a banker must be approached for funds for commercial aeronautics in exactly the same way that he is approached for money to establish any other commercial

enterprise, such as cotton mills, railroads, steel mills or shipping. A carefully analyzed bill of particulars must be prepared, detailing the costs and methods of manufacture, the cost and method of operation, the source of revenue and the dividends estimated.

Airplanes must land, and we have no landing fields. Airplanes and airports are more vital to commercial aeronautics than are harbors and docks to a merchant marine. Ships may anchor at will. Airplanes must come down. Even a banker knows this. To be sure, there are a few municipal landing fields scattered throughout this enormous country but they are so few and of such indifferent character that, speaking broadly, every time an aviator takes off the ground he is placing himself in a position analogous to that of the "Flying Dutchman": he must fly on forever. It is not really as bad as this, but many bankers think it is.

One reason—perhaps the chief reason—that we have no prescribed air lanes in this country, and having no air lanes have no landing fields, is that we are still at war with the Central Powers. Because we have not signed the Peace Treaty and the Versailles agreements we have not in this country adopted the aerial rules and regulations of the Allied Powers. Failing to do these things, we also have not formulated or made available or obligatory any corresponding rules of our own.

And yet, even in this country, we are now entering an era of commercial aeronautics. A few financiers are beginning to look with favor on certain commercial features in which aircraft play the leading part. Meantime, military and naval men in England, France, Italy, Germany, Japan and the United States control the design and operation of aircraft. Even the manufacturers are employing engineers whose greatest effort in the field was made in developing war craft. They held important positions in the military and naval forces of the nations enumerated, and they are still thinking along military and naval lines today. The United Air Service of England, France and Italy, with the possible exception of France, are holding back commercial aeronautics in those countries. Aircraft designed to carry protective armor, and equipped with devices for attaching arma-

ment, such as machine guns, small cannon and bombs, is handicapped by the weight of these adjuncts.

The difference between machines with and without these adjuncts is the difference between profit and loss to any concern undertaking commercial work and employing aircraft. Military and naval considerations require planes of peculiar types; the observation plane, the pursuit plane, the attack plane and the bombardment plane, while commercial aeronautics must follow an entirely different line of development. Passenger and freight-carrying capacity are the considerations.

It is not too much to say that at the present time there has been designed only one plane primarily for commercial use: that is, the Giant Caproni, of one hundred passenger capacity, now in a hangar in Italy. It has never been tested. The reason is that the military authorities controlling Italian aviation have never given permission for it to leave the ground because Caproni did not include certain features which would permit his plane to be converted to military use.

Before the World War aeronautics were in the experimental stage. They are still in the experimental stage; but the fundamentals are not only well known, but have been tested in actual practice for a long enough time to establish firmly their truth and reliability. The impetus given aeronautics by the War is equal to what twenty-five years would have shown in any other mode of transportation. But aeronautics are bound up so compactly with military and naval usages that the birth of commercial aeronautics has been temporarily postponed. Yet our aerial mail service is the most extensive in the world and is proving to be the most economical method for transporting our mails. We have largely determined, as stated above, the fundamentals of aeronautical design; what remains is the adaptation of aeronautical design to the requirements for passenger service, and express and freight carrying.

Airships appeal to the general public as a means of travel above any other type of aircraft. Greater personal comfort is found in them than in an airplane. The immense size of an airship gives to the passenger freedom of movement. In the airships of today there are staterooms, lounging rooms, dining

saloons, and sight-seeing compartments. It is not enough to say of airships now under design for transoceanic and transcontinental lines that they will eliminate dust and at least one form of sickness. These airships will have all the luxury of an ocean liner with five times her speed.

Unless experts are dreamers, the traveler by airship from New York to London in the next few years will reach his destination in two days. He will leave New York at an altitude of 2,000 feet and after a last fond glance at the shimmering waters of the bay and the tiny Woolworth tower, will settle himself to enjoy the trip in extremely comfortable and cheerful surroundings. The ship will be electrically lighted. There will be electric stoves in the galley and a searchlight will mark the path of the giant craft as she threads her course between sky and sea.

The passenger list may comprise four hundred persons, some of whom will dance, play games or attend moving picture shows. Others will listen to the opera in New York which will reach them by wireless telephone. Now and then a page will call the name of a passenger wanted on the wireless telephone by his office in New York. The crew will go about their business in uniforms designed to provide warmth and freedom of movement. Their watches will be divided into four hours each with the dog watches intervening.

A writer in the *Air Service News Letter* says that such conditions as described above will prevail in less time than one might imagine. The traveler on such a ship will want, before retiring, to stroll along the keel corridor for nearly eight hundred feet. Above him will be the gas bags, resembling the ghosts of clouds. There will be row after row of gigantic gasoline tanks and oil reservoirs with huge water ballast bags suspended here and there above them. This vast array of supplies will be connected and interconnected so that the trim of the ship may be maintained at all times and the control will be exercised from the navigating compartment.

There is being formed in the United States an organization of recognized mechanical and financial strength to manufacture and operate a fleet of just such gigantic airships for transcon-

tinental air lines, to be employed in passenger, freight, express and mail traffic.

Minor organizations are now under way for operating with airships of the non-rigid or blimp type in this country, and from this country to neighboring ports in the Caribbean. One concern intends to operate between Key West and Havana, and along the coast from Key West to New York; also from New York to Chicago, with intermediate stops at Washington or Pittsburg, or the Lake Ports. Another corporation is embarking on a lighter-than-air enterprise between Detroit and Cleveland.

Other corporations are either operating, or planning to operate in the near future, heavier-than-air traffic lines between Key West and Havana, and along the Atlantic Coast; also across the continent from New York to San Francisco, on the Great Lakes, and on the Atlantic Coast from New York to Boston, and one giant seaplane has recently flown from Key West to New York in less than fifteen hours. These are a few of the indications that we are entering the era of commercial aeronautics.

To enumerate all the uses to which the airplane is adapted, and the uses to which it has been put within the last twelve months, would make an astonishing list. Some of the major achievements during the past year which are contributory to the needs of the public at large are as follows: Forest fire patrols by both airplanes and seaplanes; fish patrol scouting, whereby the catch of certain fish of the gregarious type, given to schooling on the surface of the ocean, has been increased from 100 to 3,000 per cent; coastal survey by photographic methods from airplanes; railroad line location by aerial reconnaissance, cattle ranching, and the detection of lost herds and individual cattle, and great pioneering exploration projects, such as the New York-Nome flight conducted by the Army Air Service. The reliability of planes for all kinds of ferrying and commuting, for carrying funds, precious stones, valuable mail and documents, investigating remote areas, the making of astronomical observations, for aerial advertising, sight-seeing, and last but not least, the aerial ambulance, a twentieth-century-life saving messenger, has been clearly demonstrated.

Adjuncts which are necessary to aerial navigation must be supplied by the Government in exactly the same way as are lighthouses, coast guards, radio compass and other aids to mariners. In addition, there must be an expansion of Government meteorological observation, with the accompanying dissemination of data. These are governmental functions, and are not within the province of State or community undertakings. There must be created by law a bureau or commission of aeronautics, having the control of commercial activities, insofar as the public safety and welfare are concerned. This means not only the licensing of the manufacture of aerial machines and equipment, but the licensing of pilots and the laying down of rules and regulations for day and night traffic, to safeguard the interests of the population at large.

Great distances are so speedily covered through the air that forty-eight separate controlling bodies or State Commissions would be a nuisance or a liability rather than an assistance to commercial activities. It is plainly the duty of the Government to establish aerial lighthouses along the major air lines, fog gongs or other auditory signals in those sections of the country where fogs are prevalent; landing fields with repair base facilities; in fact, before commercial aeronautics can be anything but sporadic, the Government must give full and complete assistance along these several lines.

But it should not go further. In other words, the adjuncts to aerial navigation are governmental, while the manufacture and operation of the machines themselves belong to the realm of finance, as in the case of any other means of transportation or communication.

Commercial aeronautics is a matter of common sense, like any other business having to do with the welfare of the people at large. Navigating through the air is similar to navigating the sea, and aircraft must be supplied with meteorological information, not only in their immediate vicinity, but along the route well in advance of the schedule of any particular flight, because of the great speed attained by all types of aircraft.

This is fundamental. However, the common thought that aircraft can fly only in pleasant weather is entirely erroneous.

A squadron of six airboats attached to the Atlantic Fleet last winter and spring cruised for nine months, covering thirteen thousand miles in weather which at times forced surface craft to seek the shelters of harbors or put to sea for safety. Machines capable of attaining a speed of one hundred miles an hour and upward will be able to gain ground in any wind except a typhoon. Likewise, they will be able to navigate either around or above local disturbances. They are doing it every day. Only the most violent meteorological disturbances delay aerial activities, and then only for a short period.

Considering the comfort of passengers in aerial transportation, it may be said that where passenger space is enclosed in heavier-than-air machines, electrically heated, luxuriously upholstered and furnished with oxygen apparatus for high altitudes, flying over mountain territories or to escape local storms, the discomfort can only be one of monotony of position, which in the large types, sure to be developed in the near future, will be removed.

Air sickness will probably always trouble certain individuals, but so few are thus affected that the matter has no bearing on the future development of aerial transportation on a grand scale. Reliability of machines and equipment is not well understood, but it may be said with absolute truth that the all-metal planes are nearly fool-proof with respect to the machine itself, the great danger being in connection with the use of gasoline as a fuel. Probably ninety-five per cent of all the accidents where fire occurs are due to defective supply systems from the fuel tanks to the motors. It would appear that insufficient thought has been given to this part of the mechanical equipment of airplanes.

In the case of airships, helium will replace hydrogen, but that is not so necessary as the control of the gasoline supply. In airships and in heavier-than-air machines sprinkling systems can and will be installed, which will reduce the danger of fire in the same manner as is done by sprinkling systems in factories.

And then there are the crews. Relief pilots must be carried, so that the fatigue of long sustained flights shall not incapacitate the pilot to such an extent as to make landings dangerous.

The multiple power plant is receiving the best attention of designers. The planes depending on a single engine, or even

two engines, for sustained flight, are more likely to meet trouble than is a plane provided with three or four motors. The extra motors provide a factor of safety.

To sum up: Commercial aeronautics on a large scale, particularly in this country, on account of its area, should have no terrors for financiers. It can be nothing less than a paying proposition. Of first importance in the field of commercial aeronautics is the airship for long distance traffic, passenger or freight. Next come the airplane and seaplane, for distances up to three or four hundred miles, and relays of any distances, to include the circumnavigation of the globe.

Designs must break away from military and naval considerations. The Government must establish laws and regulations for safety's sake, and to avoid confusion with respect to responsibility, and must further provide all the aids for navigation which the peculiarities of aeronautics require; must provide public landing fields and supply bases, regulated and controlled by Government agencies; must materially extend the functions and activities of the meteorological service, and thus indirectly subsidize commercial aeronautics in the same manner in which merchant shipping is subsidized, not by cash bonuses and direct cash payments to concerns and individuals, but by the establishment of a public service having cognizance of aeronautical matters.

Finally, bankers must come to the aid of the aeronautical industry, and to the aid of corporations undertaking the operation of aircraft for commercial uses. It goes without saying that any exploitation of transportational facilities must be founded on a solid financial basis. Otherwise, its economic life will be short. Aeronautics is here—and will be to the end of the world; and the bankers are here. The problem is to bring them together.

CLIFFORD ALBION TINKER.

THE USELESS LEAGUE

BY AN EYE WITNESS, GEORGES LECHARTIER

If we leave aside the conferences—of a special and technical interest—in Brussels, we find that the League of Nations had two momentous experiences, one which took the well intentioned and vagrant Council of the League from Paris to London and back to Paris, then after a short trip to Rome, back to London, and finally, after a delightful week spent in the picturesque and fashionable San Sebastien, back to Paris again. The second experience was the first session of the League itself, which held the assizes in Geneva from the fifteenth of November to December 18, 1920.

Let us now open the record of both sessions. And let us allow the facts to speak for themselves.

During its first and wandering experience, the Council of the League had four objectives to attain: I) The organization of the League; II) Political duties of the League; III) Action of the League in the general interests of humanity; IV) Help given by the League to Associations for the development of international coöperation. Of these four objectives the most important was, of course, the political one, since it had to deal with the determination of cities, regions and peoples. There the Council would show what it meant and what its might really was. The second objective was indeed the touchstone of the League. It included in its first and urgent work: 1) the determination of the Free City of Danzig; 2) the question of the Saar Basin; 3) the determination of the circles of Eupen and Malmedy; 4) the protection of Armenia; 5) the protection of the minorities in the Ottoman Empire; 6) the protection of the minorities in Poland, Austria and Bulgaria; 7) the reciprocal emigration of minorities in Greece and in Bulgaria; 8) the appeal of Persia to the League; 9) the dispute between Sweden and Finland concerning the Aland Islands; 10) the dispute between Poland

and Lithuania; 11) the appeal of the king of Hedjaz to the League; 12) the Commission of Inquiry to Russia; 13) the International Financial Conference.

Of all those important questions the Council is so eager to obtain a satisfactory and decisive solution that it begins as soon as its second session is opened in London. The official record shows us that, between the eleventh and the thirteenth of February 1920, the Council proceeds to the appointment of the Governing Commission of the territory of the Saar and to the appointment of a High Commissioner of the League of Nations at Danzig. And then, after such a mighty effort, it rests until the 12th of March when, having reconvened in Paris, it settles down to deal with such urgent business as the protection of minorities in Turkey, and the possible appointment of a commission of inquiry into the conditions then prevailing in Russia. The Council goes so far as "to decide to ask the Government of Soviets whether they were prepared to give to the proposed commission of inquiry the necessary facilities for their work": but, evidently satisfied that they are agreed on such a vital point, they postpone the asking.

In the same overloaded session the Council, conscious of its responsibilities and resolutely neglecting the appeal of nature to obey the order of duty, adopts a resolution asking the International Health Conference "to submit to it, towards the end of April, plans of united official action for the protection of Poland and of other countries lying to the west of Russia from the epidemic of typhus." Then, of course, it breathes: it adjourns.

During its fourth session, the Council listens to the request of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg and of the Republic of Latvia for admission to the League. Then somebody speaks about the registration of Treaties. All at once the Council, "interpreting in the widest practicable manner the obligations of Article XVIII of the Covenant in this connection" (Document 37 of the Assembly), authorizes the Secretariat "to register all treaties, engagements or acts establishing obligations between states, whether concluded before or after the Covenant": and it expresses the hope that "even treaties concluded between parties neither of which is a member of the League will be voluntarily

presented for registration." A member of the Council rises to insist on the wide scope of the authorization given which is to ensure publicity for international engagements so as to provide in future for a system of open diplomacy, "according to the very spirit of the League." This high achievement being obtained, the Council indulges in some conversations about financial matters concerning the League, authorization to be given to organize at Danzig the elections for the Constituent Assembly, protection of Armenia, again the protection of minorities in Turkey, the repatriation of war prisoners. At the closing, a member, yielding suddenly to a generous inspiration, proposes to send a message of sympathy from the Council to the national Associations in support of the League. The Chairman of the Council, after consultation with the members, praises the said member for his motion, well worthy of the Council, and proposes the adoption of the motion. The motion is unanimously adopted. The Council feels gratified and adjourns.

The Council has been until now so busy with the affairs of the world that it has somewhat forgotten to settle its own rules and internal administration. So, when it reconvenes for its fifth session, during the lovely month of May in Rome, it resolves to take up first the most urgent. It considers some rules of procedure for itself; it examines a plan of budget for the League and of allocations of expenses between members of the League. It argues about the convenings of the Assembly, speaks of the staff of the Secretariat, then concentrates its attention on the big questions. It proceeds to nominate a permanent armament committee, under Article IX of the Covenant, "to advise the Council on the execution of Articles I and VIII and on military, naval and air questions generally." It elects members for an International Statistical Committee, and settles the relations that will exist in the future between the Council and the Assembly on one hand and the Permanent Technical Organization of the League on the other. It decides, in principle, that the League should coöperate in the repression of the traffic in women and children. It gives some consideration to a protest concerning the status of the Saar officials in the administration of the Saar Basin. It becomes interested in the question of the circles of

Eupen and Malmedy and listens to the reading of a protest of Germany concerning the said regions. It has good words for the Armenians. With much satisfaction it learns that the Soviet Government, in a wireless message in date of May 10, has agreed in principle to the admission into Russia of a delegation of the League but has alleged that "it could not, for military reasons, admit, at that time, any delegation among the members of which there were representatives of nations actively supporting Poland or the Ukraine." It feels inclined at first to defer to what seems to be a legitimate demand. But coming to think more of it, it realizes that all the nations represented in the Council are, more or less actively, supporting either Poland or the Ukraine. It decides accordingly to postpone the appointment of the Commission of Inquiry to Russia. It adopts by unanimous vote the principle of the preparation of an International Finance Conference. Then it gives consideration to a report of the Health Conference which recommends that "the Council of the League should appoint an Executive Commission to work in coöperation with the Polish authorities and the Countries likely to possess surplus materials, and the League of Red Cross Societies to fight efficiently the typhus in Poland." Acting on these recommendations, the Council appoints two Commissioners. Moreover, the Secretary General is authorized to make any nomination which might be necessary to complete the Executive Committee. And the Council adjourns.

During its sixth session in June at London (short because of the heat) the Council examines once more the question of the convening of the Assembly but still makes no decision. It considers arrangements for the appointment of the members for the International Committee of Jurists, is astonished at the great number of the candidates who judge themselves fit for such appointment, and makes no decision. It listens to an appeal of Persia to the League, decides nothing and wants to see the affair of the Commission of Inquiry to Russia through. But . . . it learns that, in a further telegram despatched from Moscow, on May 25, Mr. Tchitcherin has accused the League of having allowed full liberty to one of its members, namely Poland, to attack Russia in the Ukraine. He further has drawn attention

to the attitude of other members of the League who were assisting Poland by sending war material and military instructors. His message (which has been incompletely transmitted) has concluded, as far as could be ascertained, that, for reasons of national security, it was impossible for the Government of the Soviets to send a favorable answer to the request of the Council. The question being thus presented, the Council of the League suspects and finally decides that the communication of Mr. Tchitcherin amounts to a refusal, on the part of the Soviet Government, to receive the Commission of Inquiry, and that the project is to be abandoned. To get some comfort, the Council listens to an interesting report on the repatriation of war prisoners, and adjourns.

The seventh session takes place again in London during the very hot days of mid-July. Again the Council debates about the convening of the Assembly, but no decision is reached. A report is read on the expenses of the High Court of Justice of the territory of the Saar. The question of the Aland Islands is for the first time called for. It is obvious that the Council cannot at first sight express a solid opinion on the rights of Sweden or Denmark on the islands and must know more before considering whether the insulars should or should not have a right in themselves. It proposes therefore to nominate a commission which should make an enquiry and produce a report on the islands and the dispute concerning the said islands. This proposition being favorably received, the Council turns to the preparations for the International Conference and is anew interested in the campaign against typhus in Poland. It is informed that, after an investigation made on the spot by Dr. Norman White, the League Commissioners have drafted a plan of coöperation, as instructed, with the Polish Ministry of Health and with the Red Cross Societies. The London Conference has endorsed the idea and agreed that the campaign would have to be financed by the Governments or by the Council, and not by the Red Cross Societies, whose means were limited.

Mr. Balfour appeals thereupon to the Governments of France, Italy, Japan, Spain and the Netherlands. France replies that she will contribute on the same conditions as Great Britain.

Italy, Japan, Spain and the Netherlands delay their answer. The Council adjourns.

The eighth session takes place from July 30 to August 5 in the picturesque little town of San Sebastien, notorious all over the world for its bull-fights, attractive scenery and lovely climate. The Council gets quickly through with the internal questions: finance of the League, approval of the second budget, relations between the Council and the Assembly, acceptance of new responsibilities by the League, report of the committee of jurists at the Hague, preliminary measures necessary to give effect to Article XVI of the Covenant, eventual transfer of the Secretariat to Geneva, passports for Officials of the League, Staff of the Secretariat, etc. It takes some interest in the report on the Permanent Armaments Commission which holds meetings at the same time. The Commission had been asked to advise the Council on the use of poisonous gas in warfare. At the question the prudent Commission answers that "the use of gas is a fundamentally cruel method of carrying on war, but that it would be useless to seek to restrict the use of gas in war by prohibiting or limiting its manufacture in peace time, or to prohibit laboratory experiments." On questions concerning the military, naval and air conditions to be accepted by states seeking admission to the League; the control of the traffic in arms and munitions; the constitution and composition of the organization to be placed at the disposal of the League for the exercise of the right of investigation to be conducted under Article 213 of the Treaty of Versailles and some other articles of some other treaties . . . the Commission gives no answer whatever. But on the question which deals with "the preliminary inquiries to serve as a basis for proposals for the execution of Article VIII of the Covenant," the Commission informs the Council that it has decided "to examine the practical methods for obtaining rapidly, when the Council should decide to do so, all necessary information regarding the mentioned question." The Council notes this declaration and asks that it might at once be informed when the Commission desires to report any further progress (official Record of the Council).

The Council hears some further reports, including: an opinion

on the question of the Aland islands; on the appeal of the King of Hedjaz to the League; on the preparations for the international financial conference; then again, and with an unshakable good will, on the campaign against typhus in Poland.

On that question, the Council is informed with sorrow that neither Italy, Japan, Spain nor the Netherlands had so far made any answer to the proposal of Mr. Balfour, but the commissioner, having resigned his post in the absence of the funds necessary to start the campaign, Mr. Balfour promises to undertake to make a further appeal. And the Council adjourns.

The ninth session of the Council, which took place in Paris (September 16 to 20) was particularly inspiring and efficient. Not only was the preceding work of the Council revised but some real and definitive business was accomplished. The questions considered were:

(a) The finances of the League: a very satisfactory report was read by Mr. Quinones de Leon (Spanish), and approved by the Council unanimously.

(b) The contracts about the establishment of the League at Geneva were read and approved.

(c) So was the report on the passports for officials of the League.

(d) His Excellency Mr. Caclamanos read a report which dealt with the position of the commissioners of the League in the Saar region and declared "The position of the officials, which had, during the month of April, dominated the whole political life of the territory, has been provisionally solved; this constitutes an undeniable success for the Governing Commission." In the same report, His Excellency had the regret to announce the resignation of Mr. de Boch giving the reason for his decision that "his position had become untenable and that he was unable to accept responsibility, in view of the attitude of the population." Dr. Hector, ex-mayor of Saarlouis was then proposed as a successor to the late member. The chairman assumed that he might suggest that the Council was much gratified by the clear *exposé* of the honorable member; he presented the thanks of the Council to the member; he had no doubt that the Council had heard with deep concern of the resignation of the High Commis-

sioner and that it would ratify gladly the appointment of Dr. Hector as his successor.

This affair being thus satisfactorily settled, the Council was ready to hear the report of His Excellency Mr. Castao da Cunha, representative of Brazil, on the circles of Eupen and Malmedy. After hearing the report the Council declared itself in favor of the transfer of the circles of Eupen and Malmedy to the sovereignty of Belgium.

A report was read by the French Representative on the Greco-Bulgarian intermigration treaty: and two commissioners were appointed to inquire. A report was read by the British Representative on the Aland islands question, who announced, at the request of Denmark, that whatever the final decision of the League on the question might be, it must be admitted that this decision would have no binding effect on Denmark if, by misfortune, it were to oppose the views and best interests of Denmark.

Earnestly considering the Danish motion, the Council decided that it was wholly legitimate, declared that the Council had never any intention to assume any power but consultative, and that its final decision should be taken only as recommendations but in no way binding on Denmark, and proceeded to nominate two Commissioners to study on the spot the real feeling of the insulars of the Aland islands and report to the League.

Then was read the report of the representative of Belgium on the dispute between Poland and Lithuania. And, as soon as the reader was through, occurred the most dramatic and inspiring event of the nine sessions of the Council. But here all comments are needless: let the official record speak.

The representative of Belgium had just concluded his report, when the representative of Lithuania rose and emphatically declared:

> Mr. President, kindly allow me, in the name of my Government, to express the most hearty thanks to the League of Nations for the eager interest it has given to the settlement of the dispute between Poland and Lithuania.
>
> At the very moment when the difference was laid before you, war seemed unavoidable. Now, after your pressing exhortations, I carry away with me the strong hope that the Government of Poland and mine will avoid all hostile demonstrations, waiting for the enforcement of the present rule. I can assure you that my Government will spare nothing to attain that end. . . .

I should fail in my duty if I did not address myself to the reporter (*sic*), and say that the whole nation of Lithuania, who desires peace, will consider as a good omen that the representative of heroic Belgium has been the reporter (*sic*) in her cause; for Lithuania, too, has written in the first international treaty which she has concluded, after her revival, to a new and free life, her aspiration to a lasting neutrality.

As soon as Mr. Voldemar had finished, the illustrious representative of Poland, Mr. Paderewski, rose and vehemently said:

You will certainly allow me, gentlemen, to associate myself with the words that have just been spoken by my colleague—I do not say my opponent—for the conflict exists no more, I hope.

I ask your leave to say immediately a few words of a rather explanatory interest.

Amongst the fine and noble tasks which the League of Nations has imposed upon itself, the task of giving to the small nations the security against the aggression of the powerful States is one of the finest and noblest. Poland may be too small for a big State, but she is much too big for a small nation.

Her case is peculiar. Because of events to be regretted, she came into conflict with Lithuania, a sister nation. Then Poland has considered her duty not only to avoid war but to give a good example. Therefore the Polish Government has decided to apply to the League of Nations to solicit its interference and arbitration. She is gratified and happy to-day to ascertain that you have so gracefully acquiesced to her demand and that you proposed to her such a quick and equitable settlement. . . .

The President of the Council, Mr. Leon Bourgeois, replied, in part:

I trust that the remembrance of these two resolutions just taken, the first one with the collaboration and in the presence of the representatives of Sweden and Finland, the second with the collaboration and in the presence of the representatives of Poland and Lithuania, will show clearly to the public opinion the increasing moral authority of the Council of the League of Nations and how it becomes quite possible to surmise that in the future this authority will become daily stronger, more important, more useful for each of the countries which come to us and for humanity itself [cheers].

What a fine scenario for a drama! The scenery? The opulent, severe, solemn, official hall of the Petit Luxembourg. The cast? All stars of statesmanship, all men of large reputation, the political conscience of the world in frock coats! Did we say drama? No! It is History, History standing and watching for the greater lessons to be taught to Mankind!

Unfortunately, History, just as Humanity itself, sometimes goes astray. Too often the farce follows the drama, when it does not go cheek by jowl with it.

Exactly four days after the resolution had been adopted, after the mutual congratulations had been exchanged and the comforting assurances of self sacrifice and public usefulness declared by the delegates, just when the Council was ready to leave for Brussels and pursue its noble task relative to the financial destinies of the League, the following despatches from Warsaw and Kovno reached Paris and were published by the press:

Warsaw, September 25, 1920.

The representatives of Lithuania have refused to order the evacuation by the Lithuanian troops of the territories they unlawfully occupy. The minister of foreign affairs in Poland, Prince Sapieha, has just wired to his colleague in Lithuania. Mr. Purick is drawing the attention of the Government of Kovno to the aggressive attitude of the Lithuanian troops which repeatedly attack the Polish patrols. The fact that, against the engagements taken before the Council of the League of Nations, the Lithuanian army covers the concentration of the Bolshevik forces, obliges the high commandment of Poland to take all measures dictated by the strategic situation to assure the security of its army.

Kovno, September 25.

The chargé d'affaires of Lithuania, considering the aggressive attitude of the Polish troops, which constitutes a break of the engagements taken at the session of the Council of the League of Nations, sees himself, in spite of his earnest desire to avoid a grave conflict, in the obligation of taking all measures dictated by the actual situation to protect the Lithuanian army and the Lithuanian territory.

Shall we say now that, after this ruthless denial given by the facts and events to the announcements, assurances, and hopes of the Council of the League, shall we say that the Council loses somewhat of its dignity and prestige? Shall we suggest that the ninth session in Paris appears no more to be impregnated with the solemnity and the high encouragement which had been noticed at first account? Shall we intimate at last that, after this striking experience of eight months, the noble Council hardly calls before us the perfect image of a Society intrusted by the world to settle amicably its affairs and differences, but that it reminds us of some good-natured and good-willed men ap-

pointed by themselves and a few others to achieve a work that is altogether much beyond their capacities and powers? Shall we timidly and in connection with these nine meetings of the Council speak of some extended Pickwick Club? No.

The tenth, chiefly financial, meeting of the Council takes place in Brussels from October 20 to October 28. Many reports are read. Representatives of all nations in Europe come and tell of the pitiful state of the finances in their respective countries. True to its former attitude, the Council promulgates recommendations, nominates commissions, congratulates reporters, councillors, itself and . . . adjourns.

Of course it must be borne in mind that all the work of these nine months is only preliminary to the great work of the League itself. Let us attend the solemn and historic sessions of the League of Nations, in Geneva. We shall undoubtedly witness some marvelous results accomplished, some grand end attained.

Answering the convocation of President Wilson, the League of Nations convened in its palace at Geneva on the 15th of November, at 11 a. m.

In the big, cold Reformation Hall where the sittings took place, there are no hangings, no decoration whatever. Only the ushers, clad in red and yellow of the city of Geneva, give a clear, pleasant note to the austere walls. As the desks in a schoolroom, some long benches are set in double lines, one behind the other. Between those benches, the various delegates take their places. At the end of the room, in the very place where the reverend preachers deliver their sermons on Sunday, two armchairs are waiting, one for Mr. Motta, President of Switzerland, the other for Mr. Hymans, temporary Chairman of the Assembly.

The delegates and representatives begin to arrive. Mr. Quinones de Leon speaks to Mr. Tittoni. Mr. Branting, delegate from Sweden, converses with Mr. Hanotaux. Mr. Leon Bourgeois, one of the fathers of the League, is well surrounded in a group. Mr. Viviani is alone, and dreams. A band is heard outside. Mr. Hymans, Belgian delegate, comes in. He is preceded by some ushers, clad in red and white, colors of the

canton of Berne. He announces that the session is opened. Mr. Motta is the first speaker.

Mr. Motta greets the Assembly, to which he expresses the gratitude of Switzerland. He greets and congratulates the Council of the League and praises its work. He sends greetings to President Wilson and expresses his faith that the League will work for the peace, general welfare and happiness of mankind. Mr. Motta bows with respect and gratitude to the noble men who "helped the noble idea to descend from the regions of dreams to those of living reality."

It seemed likely to members of the League, and to the numerous representatives of the press and the public, that the Assembly would do real business at the second sitting on the afternoon of the same day.

There is discussion about provisional, internal rules and by-laws. And all at once everybody has something to say. When time has passed and order is restored, the President reads the agenda and proposes "that some four of the questions on this agenda, which have been already examined by the Council and sent back by it to the League of Nations, and some new questions proposed by Government members of the League, should be, because of the important work ahead of the Assembly, divided amongst six committees, it being understood that all the states are entitled to be represented on every one of those committees."

The end of this second sitting is entirely devoted to explanations, and to delimitations of each of the six committees, and then to the questioning, answering, objecting, or simply talking of every and all members of the League, each and all appearing to have an idea of his own on every detail and on the ensemble of the question, and being firmly resolute not to keep a single word of it to himself.

At last the proposition of nominating six committees is adopted. And immediately Mr. Tittoni proposes to name a seventh Committee to help the other six to get through with their work. Some other suggestions on the attributions of the committees are made and objected to. Finally, the President proposes that the elected commissions name their board, and then, "considering that it is late and everybody is tired, asks if

every member agrees on the idea that the Assembly separate now and meet again tomorrow" which is agreed to. And so ends the second sitting.

It might be waste of time to follow step by step, sitting after sitting, the next meetings of the Assembly. We see that the third and fourth gives occasion only to pursue discussion and talk about the constitution of the committees until, during the course of the fifth meeting, the immense work of the League being as much advanced as at the first, Mr. Tittoni, and after him Mr. Viviani, emphasize the necessity and urgence for the Assembly to hurry to work and to adopt a sensible and efficient method of working.

The sixth meeting is almost entirely devoted to the hearing of the report of Mr. Nansen on his work, undertaken in connection with the repatriation of prisoners of war from the various parts of Europe and Russia.

At the opening of the seventh meeting a telegram from President Wilson congratulating the Assembly on their work is read. Then the Assembly proceeds with the discussion of the report of the work of the Council, which discussion continues during the eighth meeting.

We may be excused if we insist on the real importance of the ninth meeting, as, at some moments, it seemed that a decisive step would be taken and efficient work accomplished. This meeting was given to the discussion of the proposition of Lord Robert Cecil concerning Armenia. Of course nobody paid much or any attention to a preliminary statement of Dr. Spalaikovitch (Serbo-Croate) reminding the Assembly that from their first convening to the present day, they had discussed many things but passed only two resolutions, chiefly of a sentimental nature: one to address a telegram to President Wilson, the second to place a wreath at the foot of the statue of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The interest of his address began for the Assembly, when he spoke of Armenia, which during the time the Assembly was arguing, was slowly dying. The interest, thus raised, was carried to a pinnacle when first Mr. Balfour, then Mr. Viviani, speaking on the distress of Armenia, almost brought tears in the eyes of every member of the League.

Shall we still follow day by day the meetings of the Assembly? Will it still appear useful to analyze the addresses, to listen to the praises by the members of the Assembly of the works either of the Council of the League or of the League itself?

Or shall we offer some serious reflections on the following passages of the letter of Mr. Puyrreydon, head of the Argentine delegation to the President of the League, when he decided to quit:

The Members of this Assembly will separate in a few days without having discussed the great constitutional questions which would have offered the best guarantees to public opinion of the breadth of view and organic vigor of the League. It was especially towards these points that the eyes of Governments and men were directed, and it was on their solution that the highest hopes were founded.

The chief aim of the Argentine Government in sending the Delegation, of which I have the honor to be Head, was to coöperate in the work of drawing up the Charter by means of Amendments to the Covenant, in which we hoped that it would be possible to embody the ideals and principles which Argentina has always upheld in international affairs, and from which she will never deviate.

When once this aim has disappeared, owing to the postponement of the Amendments, to delays and waste of time, the moment has arrived for Argentina's coöperation in the work to cease.

For the above reasons, and in accordance with the instructions received from my Government, I have the honor to inform the President, and through him the Assembly, that the Argentine Delegation considers its mission at an end.

Postponements, delays, waste of time: is not that an admirable formula? And where is to be found a more adequate one to define the work of the League?

The day after the closing of the Assembly, one of the most prominent publicists of France, certainly the greatest authority on international matters and one who had at first strongly supported the League of Nations when it came on the *George Washington* on the 15th of December, 1918, with President Wilson, wrote in the *Journal des Débats:*

The plenary Assembly of the League of Nations closed yesterday its first session. Much talk has been going on in Geneva but little work was done. The clearest result which has been obtained is the organization of a formidable bureaucratic machine. The super-state, which a few wished to possess and which others feared to have, does not yet exist. The new Court of Justice, of

which the foundations have been laid, does not seem to differ essentially from the International Court of The Hague. There is no army, no general staff, no police, to enforce the decisions of the League. But there is, under the name of General Secretariat, a *super-bureaucratie*, which, by the number of its members and by the high salaries allowed them, dominates all the existing *bureaucraties* of the world. . . . The League and the Secretariat and the sub-Secretariat of the League are busy buying huge buildings wherein to install themselves. But several States do not pay their dues, and the United States, promoter of the great Work, remains absent. On the other hand, a few States have been admitted to the League which have still neither border nor a settled Government. Prizes of encouragement and of consolation have been bestowed upon them. Yet, as, after the terms of the Covenant, all the members of the League agree to keep their actual borders, what State, what man will come to execute the clause for the benefit of the embryonic States? . . . After the debauch of eloquence in Geneva, it remains to face practically the questions which demand an urgent solution.

What could be added either to the facts or to this comment? In spite of the repeated and not exactly disinterested statements profusely published by the members or the officials or the presidents of the Council of the League, who have every reason to be satisfied with their office, the League, during these twelve months of activity, has proved to be merely a costly, useless, and wholly inefficient machine.

GEORGES LECHARTIER.

IS THERE ENOUGH BANKING?

BY SAMUEL SPRING

CRITICISMS of banking have been so constant of late years that they have grown monotonous. Among the poor the word finance has come almost to have a sinister implication. Ponzi, embarking on his amusing yet sordid adventure of doubling the people's money in thirty days, used as his most telling argument a diatribe against the bankers who, he said, were making profits of several thousand per cent a year in international exchange and were determined to destroy Ponzi, the people's friend, because Ponzi shared his profits with the poor. Since the collection and allotment of capital—the function of banking—is the controlling aspect of our capitalistic system, it is but natural that those radicals who abhor capitalism should assail banking. Even some who accept the basis of our society have a scorn of accumulated wealth. Henry Adams found that part of the Adams's tradition in New England was to be at sword's points with State Street. Yet the distrust of banking in America, it would seem, involves causes deeper and more significant than mere attacks upon capitalism or the intellectual scorn of wealth.

There appears, indeed, to be something rasping and irritating to the poor about our banking system. A politician finds the horror of both Socialism and Wall Street bankers a sturdy dependable stepladder to office. The Farmer-Labor Congress, recently held in Chicago, decided that credit and banking were the greatest need today of farmers and labor, and then quickly followed with a caustic attack upon the so-called banking despots of America. Banking is an ancient, an honorable, an indispensable business. The basis of banking is confidence. Anything that impairs confidence is an obvious menace. Ponzi disturbed the Boston public's confidence in banking and at once six Boston banks closed their doors. What is the cause of this too widespread irritation and hostility? Is it that the farmer and the

worker, particularly those of immigrant stock, accept the cynic's monotonous creed and feel that American Banking, even under the Federal Reserve System, represents an improper concentration of power in the hands of the few? Perhaps the chief fault with American Banking is that there is not enough of it, that it is propped up too high, and does not reach down below the middle class to the workers. Men are always hostile to institutions which are closed to them.

Oddly enough, the many indications of this lack of sufficient banking in America are commonly viewed as haphazard, unrelated accidents.

Everyone abhors the usurer. When a newspaper prints a story of a "loan-shark" exacting two hundred per cent compound interest from a widow or a desperate wage-earner, all of us instantly have a yearning to boil the Shylock in oil. The law should forbid usury, we immediately conclude, without determining where a worker today can get fifty or a hundred dollars during sickness and unemployment, on his character alone, if not from the usurer.

When a tinseled, brazen fraud like the Ponzi scheme surges through the press, the public half pities, half scorns the immigrants who proclaimed Ponzi the greatest Italian since Columbus while they poured their savings into his facile hands. The law should prohibit such frauds, the public concludes—if any law can succeed in keeping a fool and his money together. Few recognize any basic relation between usury and fraudulent promotions.

And thrift! Out of the wreckage of the war's propaganda efforts are now being made to rescue the movement to encourage thrift—but without noticeable success. We find that with the American desire for an active, adventurous life there has not been evident in the past a great impulse to save. The immigrant is more thrifty than the native American. Somehow, beating the tom-toms now that the war is over and crying "Save, that America may be great!" does not seem to excite the people. Drives have become unbearable. Yet saving is the source of all capital. Where can the incentive to thrift be found?

A lack of desire to save with a stifling shortage of money and capital; the perplexing success of fraudulent promoters robbing

American workers of a third to a half a billion of dollars annually; the complete absence of credit facilities for the poor (what bank will lend a worker in distress fifty dollars on his unsecured note?) resulting in the maleficent power of the usurer: are these merely isolated disorders? Rather, do they not indicate, when considered in the light of the popular distrust of banking, a gap in our financial system? For these incidents are all aspects of banking operations—or rather of the lack of banking facilities.

The situation has ceased to be a problem; it has become a field of action. The workers themselves are moving forward. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, finding their efforts to control the railroads under the Plumb Plan frustrated, have started their own Coöperative National Bank with a paid-in capital of a million dollars—an opening move in a policy which unquestionably will be of greater significance and more lasting influence in America than the entire ill-starred Plumb Carnival.

Consider credit. Modern business would perish without the free use of credit. No one today would say even to the small business man: "Neither a borrower nor a lender he." Yet when it is said that the worker or farmer needs a small loan on his unsecured note and is forced to go to the loan-shark because no bank will accommodate him, most bankers conclude that a thrifty worker does not need to borrow. It serves him right, is the verdict, if he has to pay a grotesque rate of interest; the lesson will teach him thrift. Yet how shallow such a conclusion is! Misfortune, unemployment, sickness, the needs of a large family—these setbacks every year reduce great numbers of thrifty and steady workmen to conditions of piercing need. When a workman does prosper it is natural for him to plunge—not in the stockmarket, but by buying a piano, a home, or insurance on the installment plan. Anything bought on the installment plan, from a home to furniture, is not acceptable collateral for a loan; never an asset, but a distinct liability, until fully paid. Coöperative Land Banks and Building and Loan Associations have made it easier for the worker to buy his home, but not to such an extent as to solve the problem. Many a worker, moreover, who is paid at the end of the month, or twice a month, finds it a tremendous task to accumulate enough so that he can meet both

last and next months' bills. Numberless American families, in truth, never do get a pay-day ahead, as is shown by the fact that most retail grocers catering to the working classes are forced to do business on the wasteful credit basis. The success and prevalence of installment houses in America indicate the existence of unhealthy credit conditions among the working classes which can be remedied only by the encouragement of thrift and by credit facilities for the unusual case. Cash payments are the only sound basis for small business. Moreover, there are seasonal demands upon the worker just as there are upon the farmer or the business man. The autumn, with the need of storing up coal, clothing the children for school, and preparing for the winter, represents a genuine strain in the great bulk of American homes. In brief, we have here a repetition of the familiar credit needs of modern economic life—only on a Lilliputian scale.

With the farmer, the situation is much more acute than with the industrial worker. For many decades the banker smiled when the farmer complained bitterly of the lack of credit facilities with which to buy land for farming. "Don't buy your farm until you have saved enough to pay for it," was the solution proposed by the banker. But is credit the divine right of the industrial entrepreneur? The Federal Farm Loan Act has furnished credit to the farmer for the purchase of land; yet the farmer, since as a rule he can collect on his labor only once a year, still needs credit facilities for the purchase of stock, tools, and supplies. One of the sombre aspects of our farm life today is the Shylock system of merchant advances to the farmer. The merchant in the cotton belt, who is also usually a small cotton broker, finances the farmer in his district at a rate of interest, it is estimated, from thirty to fifty per cent per annum, and gambles, at the farmer's expense, with the farmer's cotton. The same is true to a less degree in the fruit lands of California and in the grain fields of the Middle West. The remarkable, the menacing feature of our farm life is the increase of tenantry and the decrease of farm owners. The causes of this deterioration in American agriculture are many—but usurious rates of interest, obviously, are having a baleful influence upon our farming population.

The perplexing aspect of the activities of money lenders is that credit can be extended by them in small amounts only at a tremendous rate of interest. The Russell Sage Foundation, after an examination of the books of various money-lenders, concluded that from thirty to forty-two per cent interest per year was needed in order to afford the money-lender a reasonable profit. Some organizations advertise six or seven per cent per annum as their charge, but greatly increase that rate by various devices. The smallness of the individual operation, the difficulty of ascertaining the character of the borrower so that loss may be avoided, the heavy overhead and book-keeping costs involved, all prohibit the ordinary banker from considering such loans, and require a tremendous interest charge by the small money-lender.

Indeed, the banker today is not equipped for such business either in training or in point of view. Most loans of discount bankers are on unsecured paper; that is, they are purely loans of character. A banker will lend ten thousand dollars on character where he would refuse to lend the same man one hundred dollars. Small loans under our present banking system are unprofitable. More than that, successful banks always grow larger, and as they grow larger they have less interest in the smaller business men. One of the acute Americanization problems in our industrial cities is the lack of safe banking accommodations for the immigrant merchant. The banker, coming usually of native stock, is unable to understand the perplexed and emotional immigrant business men. Knowing that confidence is the basis of banking, and determining that like Caesar's wife they must be above suspicion, bankers generally seek refuge from suspicion by turning their banks into Greek mausoleums and conducting their business with sepulchral coldness of manner and thought. Thus the small, timid borrower, as well as the small depositor, is chilled at the threshold. The wide and unfortunate prevalence of private banking in our industrial centers is largely a result of this coldness in banking. But aside from the problem of small banks, the fact remains that existing banks, both urban and rural, cannot handle small loans at a profit, and that as a result there is a gap in the present banking structure.

The Farmer-Labor movement to start small coöperative banks

unquestionably fills this gap by creating economically sound and safe banking units. The small sums of money involved in popular banking make low overhead and operating charges imperative. Coöperative banking alone can meet this paramount condition. There is indeed nothing novel or surprising about such coöperative banking units except the fact that there are so few of them in America and that our established banks and the Government have been so inactive in encouraging their organization. Since there is no Federal legislation making it possible to create interstate Coöperative Banks, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was forced to use the unsuited machinery of a national bank. Massachusetts has been a pioneer in establishing people's banks or credit unions, as they are called, and in 1909 placed favoring legislation on its statute banks. So have five other States. There are in Massachusetts over thirty-five thousand shareholders of credit unions; seventy credit unions have assets of over three millions of dollars, and last year made almost fourteen thousand provident loans. The number of loan-sharks in Boston in the nine years of credit union activity has declined from three hundred to forty. In the province of Quebec, Canada, the *Caisses Populaires* or People's Banks number almost two hundred, with assets of over twelve millions. Coöperative banks have for generations been extremely successful in Europe. In 1919 there were approximately sixty-five thousand of these people's banks in Europe with an annual overturn of the staggering sum of seven billions of dollars. Italy has been exceptionally fortunate in establishing such organizations. Thus the Locomotive Engineers, the Telephone Workers, the Garment Makers, and other trade groups in starting such banks are not blazing new trails but following in beaten though neglected paths.

The organization of people's banks, as established under Massachusetts or Texas or New York laws, is simple. A banking corporation is organized with the consent and under the guidance of the Bank Commissioner. Shares of small par value —for example, ten dollars,—are sold on the installment plan. The shareholders are limited to one vote each in electing directors, regardless of the number of shares held, in accord with the

Rochedale principle of coöperation of one man, one vote. Loans are made out of capital and deposits and to shareholders only; when a loan is over fifty dollars, security in the form of an endorsement or collateral is required. All interest on loans is distributed to shareholders in the form of dividends. Since these banks can be organized in small units and are mobile and facile, they can be started among natural social groups—workers in one factory, the residents of a neighborhood, or the members of a lodge or society.

The outstanding weakness of such organizations, as is true in the case of all coöperative movements, is the lack of vigorous control and direction arising from the absence of personal interest. Credit unions are seldom organized spontaneously; propaganda and education are necessary and to a considerable degree. Moreover, the direction and assistance of established credit unions by some outside interest seems necessary. Bookkeeping difficulties, lax methods, extreme attitudes toward loans often appear. One credit union may operate as a philanthropic organization and lend without discretion; another may be unusually bold and hoist interest rates in order to pay non-borrowing, investing members handsome returns. Thus the uncertainty of popular banking must not be ignored, although it must be said that existing credit unions have shown surprisingly few losses. Again it must be recognized that a small, unsocial part of our public desires to obtain its loans secretly. The sensitiveness and pride of some borrowers may be unfortunate yet it must not be overlooked. Small money lenders must be dealt with intelligently, and encouraged to put their business on a tolerable basis, instead of suppressed by unreasoning prohibition.

The vast growth of fraternal orders in America, the instinctive skill of the American in creating unofficial organizations—trade unions, chambers of commerce, vigorous societies to protect everything from animals to moribund traditions—show that the weakness in coöperative banking is not fatal. Much of New England's wealth has been accumulated in mutual savings banks controlled by public spirited trustees with the depositors acting as stockholders. In the case of our railroads and large industrial corporations the stockholders are always absentee

owners and delegate the management of the enterprise to a small group of bold men in whom they have confidence or whom they are unwilling to depose. Only those large private corporations having intelligent and public spirited directors are successful. Thus people's banks are run by a small group of the more forceful shareholders who make mistakes but who devote a great deal of time and energy to the work. The need of intelligent and public spirited directors is not greater here than in the case of big business. Outside aid can be given to existing credit unions by the State, or by a council or clearing-house including the more vigorous credit unions. The German method of corporate management, adopted in England in the case of coöperative organizations, of putting a check upon improper corporate action by creating in addition to a board of directors a board of supervisors, consisting of shareholders who are not directors, empowered to audit, supervise and to prevent fraud, seems a desirable though unlikely addition to coöperative banking in America. The outstanding feature of credit unions, it must be remembered, is that by their very nature they are exceptionally qualified to pass upon the risk involved in a small loan. A credit committee composed of laborers or farmers who work or live near the applicant for a loan can ascertain his character and habits readily. A worker with a good character is respected by his associates and finds that his character, in times of distress, is a banking asset. Intelligent industrial managers are encouraging the growth of credit unions by contributing free rent and bookkeeping guidance. Much, indeed, can be said about the workings of people's banks. The essential facts involved are, however, that credit facilities at a reasonable interest charge for the working and farming classes must be applied as the basic support of our credit and capitalistic system, and that coöperative banking, as is clearly shown by European experience, alone can meet the need and function in this vast yet restricted field. If the State and the banking world would show a more intelligent appreciation of the credit difficulties with which farmers and laborers are struggling, the problem would be less embittered. The gap in our banking system must and will be filled; if it is filled soon, questions of finance will not be enshrouded in so lurid a mist of class hatred.

Thrift involves a problem not only of the desire to save, but of creating a machinery for saving. The accumulation of money by the saving of pennies and other small coins carries with it the underlying mechanical difficulty of providing a place where the saver can deposit his daily or weekly savings. Penny and five cent banks have been started in America, but they have soon ceased to be more than an ordinary savings bank. It is impossible for the ordinary bank, because of the clerical and overhead expense involved, to receive deposits of less than a dollar, or indeed of less than five dollars. Children's banks have been distributed by some banks as a convenient device, but with scant success. How can the worker's pennies and nickles be handled in a manner that will encourage him to save?

For saving involves a marked though subtle psychological impulse. The boy accumulating marbles and his grandmother saving trading stamps; the clerk struggling to get his first thousand dollars and his employer gloating over the number of his art treasures—all are yielding to an underlying prehensile instinct deeper even than selfishness. For the gratification of this instinct demands not only accumulation, but visible proof or symbols of accumulation. The Treasury Department in starting its thrift campaign quickly perceived this fact, and issued attractive Savings and Thrift Stamps. The scope of this plan is now being extended by the issuance of dollar and twenty-five dollar stamps. The accumulation of twenty-five cent thrift stamps, however, still remains the basis of this system. The entries on Savings Bank books have somewhat the same gratification. Procrastination is both the thief of time and the assassin of thrift. So long as banks are open only during working hours, so long as workers are expected to go out of their way to deposit savings or wait until they have accumulated a large sum before depositing, the majority will procrastinate. Many industrial managers have tried to meet this difficulty by deducting, with each worker's consent, a certain amount weekly from the pay envelopes for deposit in a Savings Bank. Many Liberty Bonds were bought by this method. Some industrial managers allow their workers to purchase stock representing an interest in the factory on the installment plan, deducting weekly payments

thereon from pay envelopes. The ownership of stock by wage-earners of our industrial corporations has been advocated by some as a solution of the labor problem. Some of our most powerful and aggressive industrial managers have adopted this plan as a fighting weapon against the closed shop. Unquestionably the approach to coöperation in industry by this method of thrift has great possibilities. Workers, however, frequently object to a plan whereby the employer saves for them as limiting their independence. The impulse to save, indeed, is checked where the individual depends upon others to do the saving for him.

Credit unions partly fill this gap. The treasurer of a credit union composed of workers in a factory or residents in a neighborhood can gather in the small deposits and deposit the gross amount. This method was adopted by the Federal Government during the Thrift Campaign by the organization of War Savings Clubs. Yet constant education and attractive reminders must be utilized to keep alive the desire to save.

But above all else, the impulse to save can be kept active and compelling only by the hope and opportunity of accumulating riches. The fascination of building up wealth which will enable a worker in his old age to survive, and before then to enjoy some of the ease and comforts of life, is the only genuine impulse to thrift. Today the only opportunity the poor have to save is that offered by installment houses and savings banks. Money saved and hoarded is more useless to a nation than money squandered. Over three billions of dollars of currency, it is estimated, is hidden in America and thus unused. Our Federal Government has established a Postal Savings System paying around one per cent per annum interest to depositors—a dismal contribution, as Mr. Herbert Hoover has pointed out, to the movement for thrift! The three to four per cent paid by savings banks is all that is consistent with mobility of investment; but the American laboring classes, living in a land of high opportunity, with fairyland fortunes flaunted by obese millionaires, cannot be stirred to thrift without an opportunity to participate in the honest speculative and investment chances open to the upper classes. Savings banks can pay only low rates of interest because their invest-

ments must be not only absolutely safe but fluid. Savings deposits lent out by Savings Banks to entrepreneurs pay the user fascinating returns without fatal risk. The poorer classes are entitled to an opportunity of risking part of their savings in order to gain the full return. The participation of the working classes of Japan in investment and speculation, though overdone, is significant. Give the man who saves in pennies and nickels a chance to take honest investment chances, and the impulse to thrift will flourish even as the modern baytree, America's taxes, are flourishing today.

From a third to a half billion of dollars is stolen annually from the American public through the sale of fraudulent securities. Surely this is an encouraging sign so far as thrift is concerned! If the American people can save that amount of money each year to lose gamely in frauds, and in addition can hoard away three billions of dollars returning no profit, is it not evident that they would save much more if encouraged by an opportunity to invest wisely and safely?

SAMUEL SPRING.

THE TRUTH ABOUT BASEBALL

BY WALTER CAMP

BASEBALL is the true National Game of America. It is a game for the people, played by them and understood by them. The materials are inexpensive and the sand lot or pasture, or even the street, is a good enough field, in spite of the police, for Young America to use for his baseball. And because the youth grows up in the game it follows that when he reaches manhood's estate, and the grind of making a living becomes too great to admit of further personal achievement in the sport, these men of the country flock to the great grandstands to see baseball played by the "professional." Is it any wonder, then, that the public feels a vested interest in this game, and that they are inexpressibly shocked to discover that these players whom they had admired and in whom they had implicit confidence, have been betraying them by selling games?

The history of the sport has been checkered, and the game has gone through vicissitudes of a similar nature before. Away back in the early 'fifties it was assuming its first stage as an organized sport, growing out of indiscriminate play with bat and ball. Still, it was a local game with local rules. There were sporadic outbursts of it in colleges, but no schedules, and there were no professional nines. In the 'sixties it had developed into a semblance of organization, and there were some professional or semi-professional nines; but there were no men who played for a living, because they could not make money enough to last them through the winter. But as the game grew in popular favor, it became possible to make money out of it, and men did not hesitate to exploit such possibilities. Soon betting and pool selling began to have an inevitable effect. Sold games became a common thing and many of the journals of the time predicted its speedy downfall. Then in 1867 a great convention was held in Philadelphia in the hope of reinstating baseball in popular favor

and confidence. Five hundred clubs were represented. Some good was accomplished, but it was not until nine years later that the National League of eight clubs was formed, and to this may be attributed the real rise into confidence of the professional side of the game. In 1881 the American Association was organized and, soon after, the National Agreement united the two in respectful and harmonious tolerance, and established the sport in good repute with the interested public.

The present scandal in the baseball world began when the result of the World Series games of 1919 became known, and it caused great surprise in the public mind. This surprise was colored by various rumors which aroused suspicion, and finally culminated in a sworn confession by Claude Williams that he had received $10,000 to help "throw" the series, of which he gave Jackson $5000. He said that arrangements to accomplish this betrayal were made in a conference between himself, Jackson, Weaver, Risberg, Felsch, Gandil, Cicotte and McMullin, and two gamblers, named Brown and Sullivan. This meeting was held in a South Side hotel in Chicago previous to the series. Upon this information the Grand Jury indicted, and the trial is on at the present time. The defense now asks a bill of particulars along the following lines: What control had the White Sox owners over players after expiration of the regular playing season September 28, 1919? When and where the conspiracy occurred to destroy the business of the White Sox Club? What bribe was offered, and given by whom and to whom and how and why? When and where and how the players failed to execute their plays with their best skill and in what particular plays they failed? And finally how the games alleged to have been "thrown" could have been won by these players?

It will be seen that there may be some difficulties in proving all this in court. But so far as the public is concerned, the game of Baseball has been called before the bar of the people and already convicted of a laxity of morals which has shaken the people's confidence. Whether all the indicted players are acquitted or convicted in a court of law, is not a matter of moment except as a deterrent to future players. As a matter of fact, the trial will probably have for its effect the arousing of still further sus-

picion on the part of the public, rather than the allaying of their fears and anxiety. There is a story that a small boy, an embryo "sand lot's player," was, shortly after the scandal, found out in the yard breaking his bat into kindling wood and crying silently. This, perhaps better than anything else, describes the attitude of the "fans" of the country when this disclosure burst upon them. They felt that the props of a pleasure that they had enjoyed with a supreme confidence in the integrity of the game, had been suddenly knocked out from the foundations, and their depression was great. But gradually that confidence was partially restored during the season following, and if it were not for the coming trial, a large proportion of the followers of the game would have been unable to remember in another year even the names of all the indicted players, and affairs would have been running once more almost as smoothly as before.

Forty-four years ago, four men—Nichols, Craver, Hall and Devlin—were expelled from the Louisville Baseball Club for crooked work in selling games. So strong was the evidence against these men, that when confronted with it, two of them confessed and implicated the other two. All four were then summoned before the Directors of the Club, and all but one of them signed orders on the telegraph company for copies of telegrams alleged to have passed between them and the gamblers. The one who did not sign this order, Graver, was immediately expelled. The copies of the dispatches proved conclusively the guilt of all, and the other three were dismissed in disgrace from professional baseball and were never reinstated, although many appeals in various forms were presented, backed by petitions and sometimes accompanied by threats.

In 1911, three men were arrested by the police in San Francisco, charged with gambling on the grounds of a local club. The prosecution failed to make out a case, but Judge Weller, in releasing them, said, "I am dismissing these men because there is no proof here that they were gambling on the result of that game. But I will do all that is within the power of this Court to keep the game of baseball free from the stain of gambling. If the officers will bring to me men who have been caught 'red-handed' at this thing, I will see that they are properly attended to."

In reviewing the early days of baseball, Mr. A. G. Spalding says, "Another class to be dealt with was the gambling element, and this opposition (to properly organized control) was not to be lightly considered. They had so long been the controlling influence that anything threatening their ascendency was sure to meet with resistance."

Even in the early days of the National League, they forbade pool making or liquor selling on any League Ball Grounds. Furthermore, they provided that players were subject to expulsion for being interested in any side bet or for purchasing pools on any game.

Many years ago, when horse racing had begun to decline, and when the betting and gambling fraternity seemed to have secured a firm hold upon all sporting events, a prominent periodical published an article consigning baseball to the ranks of a rowdyism characteristic of the race-track and concluded with these words, "Meantime one sport has been steadily gaining ground and promises to become the true and National Sport of America: Croquet!" It seems astounding to think now that such a statement was made in good faith, and that the writer of it really believed that the tame sport of croquet would be the great survivor. And yet, for a time, croquet did have a remarkable vogue. Incidentally, there is evidence that at the time this game extended throughout every city and village in the country, there were more cheating and bitter quarrels than had ever racked families or friends in the history of any game. Even the most straitlaced and precise of our forebears seemed not to be above a gentle moving of the ball with the foot when no one was looking, and many a lawn saw the beginnings of quarrels that sundered relatives and even disrupted church entertainments.

Before taking up the possibility of cleaning up the evil of baseball, it is well worth while to show a phase of its professional aspect that has entirely escaped the attention of the thousands who follow this sport. Baseball differs and must always differ from amateur sport in its ethics. These players are paid players, their salaries depend upon the quality of their play, and their ability to win in a contest of skill. It is their livelihood. The source from which these salaries come is the pocket of the spec-

tator, the man who pays his money at the gate. Some of these spectators come simply to see the skill of the player; but by far the larger part come for the excitement of the competition between skilled players all striving to excel in a team game, and any particular contest gives satisfaction to the greatest number of those in the stands when the home team wins. Now this leads us directly to the point. These players are not born and raised in the town whose name they bear. They are hired to play under that uniform, and there are constant annual shifts of players. Hence the public must believe in the good faith of each player—his loyalty to his uniform. The player must at least seem to *want* to win. Most of those familiar personally with the professional players are confident of their honesty of purpose and their single-heartedness in the struggle to win. The great bulk of the profession is conscientious, loves the game, and plays to win at all times. This should be remembered when any judgment is passed upon professional baseball. It is the suspicion that players were not so actuated that made the selling of a single series such a serious menace to the game of professional baseball in its entirety.

And just a word as to why this exhibition of skilled and salaried players on the baseball field differs from a theatrical entertainment or a "movie" show or any other similar form of amusement for which the public pays the box office price: These other entertainments by skilled professionals may possibly, in isolated cases, arouse a desire on the part of the spectator to imitate the performer, to become one of these professionals. But the number affected in this way is so insignificant as to be almost negligible, whereas in the case of baseball, the exhibition of the skilled professional is always encouraging almost every small boy to play ball, to get out of doors and indulge in the sport. This goes on up through our schools and colleges and athletic clubs, so that we do have an exceedingly strong reason for the continuance of these public exhibitions of skill beside that of the amusement and entertainment provided for the spectators. And in this, after all, lies the greatest reason for encouraging the game, and therefore for allaying the suspicions that have recently surrounded it.

In many States there are laws on the statute books that are dead letters, never enforced and practically forgotten, simply because they do not accord with public sentiment. So in this present baseball upheaval, not the constitutions of the Leagues, nor agreements among the owners, nor even the employing at an extraordinary salary of Judge Landis, will prevent similar cases of crooked dealing unless the baseball public uses the only means at its command to enforce integrity. It is upon the gate receipts that all this structure depends, and upon which it must stand or fall. A restored confidence will swell these receipts, and the game will prosper.

The various laws proposed, and in some instances already enacted, will help; a conviction of indicted players may help if it does not make martyrs of them with a certain class, or if in the progress of the trial, further suspicion of a more widespread character does not arise. But after all, gambling is at the root of the trouble, and unless the pasture of the gambler is rendered unproductive, he will be found cultivating his fields again, and once more he will find a crop for his grazing. He depends not upon the small wager, nor even upon small bookmaking or pool-selling, but upon the aggregration of the larger betters. The dollar or the ten dollar bet, even though there be many of them, was not the stake in the selling of that series of 1919. It was the large bets—of a thousand dollars, five thousand, ten thousand—that made it interesting for the big gamblers, the ones who make a business of it, and whose payroll, even of assistants and the expense of carrying, amounts to a huge sum annually. And a majority of these large bets come from the best and straightest sportsmen in the country. If these sportsmen the country over would for a year limit their wagers to not over ten dollars on any single sporting event, the gamblers, having to prey upon themselves, would be forced to eat one another, and that they will not do for any protracted length of time. If they were thus deprived of the big betters, there would be no longer any interest for them to "buy" players. We should have a safe situation, and the public could be assured of straight games.

WALTER CAMP.

WOMAN ON THE WITNESS-STAND

BY MARGARET PINCKNEY ALLEN

In the early 'eighties, a certain Marie Bashkirtseff invited inspection of her soul. Up to that time the inmost recesses of the female soul were, like the female ankle, more a discreet and delightful suspicion than a stark reality. The little Bashkirtseff unlocked the doors and hung all her reactions, murky, tawdry, pathetic, futile, and inspiring out upon the line for a good airing.

Certainly the process must have been of enormous benefit to her. The ink-stained pages of the Journal made a channel into which the thwartings of circumstance, the inhibitions of character, the turgid emotionalism of the senses all found an outlet in surcease and publicity. And pioneer in this outspoken field, she cleared a path for other women to display frankly and without shame the processes of their hearts and minds.

But the 'eighties are a long, long time ago. Veritably an aeon in the life of woman. The general conception of her, even then, was that of a creature of emotion, a stranger to logic, sterile in the creative arts, incapable of any real concentration except in the rôle of mother. Her chief function from the man's point of view was to perform household tasks and furnish him at his need with the stimulus and the relaxation of the senses.

Since then women have gained several epochal rights; the right to vote; to reveal, without stopping traffic, the fact that they are bifurcated animals; to work side by side with men in war; to hold a job after marriage without disgrace to themselves or their husbands. In short, one had supposed that the air of the modern world gave such opportunity for full, deep breaths of freedom, for lives tuned to healthy interests and occupations, that they had passed forever away from their stifled selves, their morbid emotionalism.

Yet in this world of 1921, femininely dominated in all sorts of ways, woman takes the stand again and again and testifies.

And the frank, untrammelled outpourings of her spirit must make the shade of Marie Bashkirtseff long to get into touch with a Ouija board and explain herself further.

For she was behind our times in these particulars. She did have her reticencies. She did not claim to speak for all women. And she did have a very definite objective longing to work, to perfect herself in her talent, to attain to some expression of her personality through the arts and not through some intense emotional experience.

Let us take some recent instances. They must be recent probably to command attention, although there is continuity of evidence, if anyone demands it to show that the barriers have been down for some time and that the flood has been gaining in strength for a decade. Consider *Mary Olivier, Open the Door* by Catharine Carswell, *Woman* by Magdeleine Marx, *Kobiety*, (Women), by Rygier-Nalkowska, and the "Autobiography" of Margot Asquith. These are soul-studies, or soul-spasms, or soul-quests, as you prefer, of a distinguished order which insist on being taken seriously.

They disturb, they disquiet. For they all show an intensely emotional attitude toward life. Woman has for many generations endured both open and covert sneers that she is solely a creature of emotion and instinct. And openly and covertly she has blamed her fellow-creature, man, for it, because, said she, he liked those qualities in her, and she had developed them to please him. A specious plea. A weak defense, showing a dangerous pliability of character, a lack of personal ideal. Now we are getting at the truth, it seems, for of her own free will she is analyzing herself. She is all instinct and emotion. "An instinct that we find equally developed in the most refined inamorata with her deep emotions and in the average middle-class woman, all given up to passivity and routine."

She testifies further: "All women are at their heart's core exactly alike; during all their life they follow one thing alone and perish in pursuit of it." "You mean love?" I questioned. "Yes. That is the one thing. It is our fate; if not the first thing we pursue, it is always the last we give up. There is no help for it—none. Though we may be all our lives forcing upon

ourselves the conviction that we have the same rights as men and are capable of bearing the same amount of liberty as they."

Was this what the strange soul of Mary Olivier was seeking in the name of religion, of philosophy? Certainly there is no quiet in her, no sense of fulfillment until she found a lover. And with that experience to hold in memory life had apparently acquired a sufficiently satisfactory meaning. There is much the same quest in *Open the Door*. Joanna is intellectually lighter weight, she is not so neurotic as Mary Olivier, but much more erotic. She has the same torturing, exquisite sensitiveness to the physical world, but is a healthier animal both in body and mind. Yet they are all sisters apparently, these two moderns, and those remote genteel females who used to faint with sensibility in Jane Austen's time at the mere proximity of a male person.

The frank way in which Joanna and Mary tell you all about how they feel is now sufficiently the mode not to shock anyone, even the *jeune fille* who must, by the way, very soon be replaced by some other symbol of an organism capable of shock. One may wonder with some envy why one does not oneself pulsate, palpitate, tremble and soar with every sight and sound and smell of this varied world, why one does not feel with Janka that one "could fall upon the neck of the first man I met in the street."

Mary Olivier and Joanna are of course middle-class and therefore bound to be less haughtily "refined" in the expression of their egos. Yet here, arm in arm with them, comes Margot Asquith, a dame of high degree, in her own person on the stand to bear witness that all the outlets of a distinguished position, a happy marriage, an outdoor life and infinite distractions have no weight in the balance with the emotional absorption and satisfaction of her love-affairs. She did not have time for the sickliness of emotional introspection which a less crowded life affords. England and the great of England are, to her, only a blurred and faded tapestry background for the soul of Margot.

Yet these are all Anglo-Saxon women, of a race notoriously and notably awkward and reserved in its powers of expression, and withal still in the tradition that it's rather rotten form to show emotion. They are getting over it, that is clear. But

there is a long way to go to attain the skill and frankness in revelation of the more emotionally expressive races. With *Woman*, by a Frenchwoman, the self-revelation is tinged by a sort of unwillingness, as if possessed by a spirit beyond her control. And here too is heard, though very feebly, the longing to be freed from this suffocating preoccupation with sex, to be more a human comrade and friend of man.

The apotheosis, the distilled quintessence of emotionalism is reached however in *Kobiety*. This means "women" and the sub-title is "A Novel of Polish Life." In defence of Poland it should be hastily added that there is practically nothing of external life in the novel at all. It is all about souls. Women shed tears, tearing at their handkerchiefs with their teeth. In these busy days with so much necessary work lying around and nobody to do it, that seems like wasted energy. A wife and mother with a somewhat discursive husband discourses thus: "Looked at through the spasm of Pain," she continued, "the sun itself is black, the most superb flowers in the Red Garden turn to tongues of flame, and the cistern filled with flowers of bliss changes into an infinite, infinite ocean of blood."

Of course Zola and de Maupassant went off like that in their more unbridled moments. But women seem to keep at it longer. The Martha quoted above might be described as a complex of complexes, with complicating subsidiary obsessions, one of the most painful pathological studies in literature, painful to realize, most painful in the realism of the description of her emotional states. Janka herself who tells the story, or rather, describes the feelings of the book, is a less concentrated example of the erotomaniac than Martha or the strange and morbid Gina. But existence for her too is a search for someone to love her. Her love-experiences are like ill-assorted, defective pearls strung along the string of her days. Even in her so-called discussions of philosophy, which she evidently feels are very high-class, she never gets away from herself, her ego and its hunger. Her work in life is that of an accountant in an office. It is to be hoped that her demeanor was fairly restrained during office-hours, because out of them she was indeed a creature of feeling. She has "fevered lips," "an ice-cold heart," "a brain on fire

with excitement," and "eyebrows and lids twitching as if agitated by some witch's spell."

One might go on with examples like this forever. Janka very nearly does. She spares us not one sensation. It is like being in Heaven seeing the fulfillment of the prophecy that the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. She makes the former literary masters of these secrets of the hearts of women look like bungling, dilettante vivisectionists. One asks bewildered questions. Is it true then that women live only for their moment, brief or long, of love? Is the soul only a function of the body? Is all this monstrous egotism, vibrant and greedy beneath its concealing veils of so many different textures only "a case of design in nature," as Schopenauer says? Is some such canticle as this the authoritative utterance of the soul of woman:

> Oh, how I love myself in all my manifestations! In all my loves and abhorrences; in all my dreamings and scornings; in all those most mournful victories of my own unconquerable strength!

If it is a really representative voice, a League for the Anti-Feminization of the World should be started to-morrow.

It is difficult to recall in masculine self-revelation anything even remotely approaching these maunderings. Amiel was fearfully and wonderfully interested in himself; Barbellion, in these later days, put himself under the microscope of analysis. But these are isolated instances, sick men and sick souls. No one thinks either of them is speaking for men as men. And for all the crassness of their egotism, it is entirely free from perfervid emotionalism or any hint of eroticism.

Where man has testified against woman, one only half believes him. But when woman insists on taking the stand against herself, one is forced to believe. Must the final classification be the Fallen, the Forsaken, and the Frustrated? It would seem so.

But with one paragraph there can be entire agreement. "Owinski, looking down the long vista of the street, took not the slightest interest in what she was saying. Gina became silent; it may be that a feeling of shame had come upon her."

MARGARET PINCKNEY ALLEN.

THE TREND OF CHILD WELFARE WORK

BY HELEN V. BARY

The greatest enemy of childhood has been the fatalistic complacency with which every phase of child life has been regarded. The coming of children into the world, their adjustment or lack of adjustment to physical, social and educational conditions, have all been taken for granted. The diseases of childhood, with their great toll of deaths, have been considered unavoidable. Infant mortality, until recently, had scarcely been computed; the very suggestion that these deaths were largely preventable would have been regarded as little short of blasphemous.

The general awakening of the nineteenth century to the wrongs of various classes of society brought with it the discovery of the abnormal child,—the orphan, the delinquent, the cripple and the child laborer. The past generation offered its solutions to these problems, solutions which to a large extent have become the problems of today. However, the definition of the wrongs of special classes of children has brought in its wake the definition of the rights of all children. This is the signal contribution of the twentieth century.

If all the work in behalf of children could be recorded the account of the past century would be illumined by the portraits of unnumbered men and women who renounced the peaceful ways of life to devote themselves to the hopelessly crippled, the hopelessly feeble-minded, the hopelessly defective children. It was a sacrifice of the normal in the interests of the abnormal, in many instances an apparent waste of the finest of our people to prolong lives which in themselves were hardly worth continuing. But the concrete justification of the sacrifice has now been shown. Out of the work for the abnormal minority has come the knowledge upon which preventive work for the vast majority is built today.

In 1909 President Roosevelt summoned the White House Conference to consider the needs of dependent children, those most obviously requiring the special protection of the State. The Conference passed various recommendations, the most far-seeing of which was that there should be established in the Government itself a bureau charged with the sole duty of considering the interests of all children in the United States. In 1918, in the midst of the turmoil of the Great War, the Children's Bureau called an International Conference to consider and enunciate standards for the well-being of all children. The significance of these two conferences has not yet been fully comprehended. They record a tremendous broadening of viewpoint. They established solid ground upon which a connected structure of child welfare work could be erected.

The Conference of 1918 created a charter for all children. In terms as definite as possible it outlined minimum standards of health, of education, of recreation, and of social decency. Physicians and nurses had worked in the fields of child hygiene; industrial investigators had studied the child in industry, and social workers had labored to correct and abolish specific social wrongs. With a breadth of vision which the next generation will credit more justly than we can possibly today, the Conference linked together all the phases of work for the well-being of children and brought out the essential unity of physical, educational and social standards of child life. The establishment of standards has given the nation definite goals to attain and definite paths by which to attain those goals. Work for children has passed from the stage of personal kindness and sentimentality, to the stage—no less kind—where we ask to be definitely assured that what we are doing is for the ultimate good of the child.

The alarming evidence of the poor physical condition of the young men of this country, made public by the examinations under the draft law, has greatly stimulated the fundamental health work being done by the schools. In this matter our experience is similar to that of the British in connection with their findings of poor physique during the Boer War. Progressive educators have long recognized the relation between physical fitness and mental capacity, but the public which prided

itself upon free compulsory education had not yet deemed health a part of the preparation for life. Today we have preventive health work in a large number of our schools. The figures of these school examinations, read in connection with the figures shown by the draft examinations, furnish material for fundamental thinking and action. For example, Los Angeles reports on the testing of 86,731 school children. Among these children there were reported 36,222 physical defects, of which defective teeth, eyesight, tonsils, adenoids, poor posture, and malnutrition were numerically the most important. Of this 36,222, only 348 were classed as irremediable. This represents less than one-half of one per cent of the children examined. The draft figures showed physical defects among over 29 per cent of the young men of the country sufficient to cause their rejection from the army. In many cases, of course, the defects were still remediable, but their continuance indicates an unnecessary handicap to the individual, and an economic loss to the nation.

All these examinations of children bring out the prevalence of malnutrition, a subject which is now receiving the careful attention of scientific investigators. Between the theory, on the one hand, that malnutrition is due solely to ignorance of the laws of dietetics, and the opposing theory which interprets the dangerous prevalence of malnutrition only in terms of the high cost of food, the truth probably is that malnutrition is due to the combination of poverty, ignorance, and lack of civic responsibility which are the root evils of most of our social ills.

In a recent investigation of nearly 200,000 school children in New York City, 17.3 per cent were graded as in excellent condition regarding nutrition; 61.1 per cent passable; 18.5 per cent poor, and 3.1 very poor. The two lowest grades were considered in need of medical care, or at least careful supervision. This figure of 21.6 per cent of the children as suffering from malnutrition is not considered by Dr. S. Josephine Baker, Director of Child Hygiene in New York City, as higher than the figures for the city as a whole. She estimates that malnutrition among children increased from 5 per cent in 1914, to 21 per cent in 1917. Dr. Royal S. Copeland, Commissioner of Health for New York City, gives the figures of 3.1 per cent in 1909 and 19.9

per cent in 1919. Dr. Thomas D. Wood estimates that for the whole country, between 15 and 25 per cent of the school children (from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 children) are undernourished.

The extent of malnutrition among school children has led many educational authorities to attempt to alleviate the condition. Some interesting experiments in school lunches were made in Los Angeles nearly fifteen years ago under the direction of Miss Norah Sterry. Other experiments have been carried on in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and other cities. The United States Bureau of Education has given much intelligent stimulus to this work, but we cannot be considered to have done much more in this country than pathfinding. England has developed the school lunch to a much wider extent than we, due mainly to the fact that the extent and consequences of malnutrition were brought home to the British authorities nearly twenty years ago.

The scientific studies of malnutrition now being made include not only a study of the physical condition of the children under observation, but also an investigation of all the factors responsible for producing this condition. Ignorance of the laws of hygiene must be met by sound public health instruction presented in clear, understandable, interesting, and even dramatic ways. Inferior milk, water and food supplies must be improved by arousing community interest and responsibility in these problems of community housekeeping. This education in hygiene and sanitation is vital, but its scope will be limited and its influence superficial until the root problem of poverty is attacked in a systematic manner. Thus, little by little, the field of social work is being extended to touch that of scientific agriculture, scientific management, and other scientific branches of investigation engaged in working towards the abolition of poverty.

In the Children's Year campaign of 1918, over seven million young children were weighed and measured. This was done in nearly every hamlet and corner of the country, and few were the babies whose parents failed to be introduced to the idea that there were recognized standards for the normal development and growth of children. The testing of the children was conducted in a simple fashion, but each child's measurements were recorded

on a card which also gave the normal height and weight of a child at the various stages of his development.

Out of this campaign to interest the mass of the people in the care of children came the widespread recognition of the public character of child hygiene. Eight State Governments had previously organized child-hygiene divisions. Since the Children's Year campaign, twenty-seven more States have added such divisions to their functions.

In the public support of this work, New Jersey heads the list with an annual appropriation of $150,000. Idaho, by contrast, has but $1,900 a year. In Minnesota the legislature created such a division but failed to make any appropriation. In this emergency the State Public Health Association secured the coöperation of various medical and health organizations and succeeded in carrying on a most effective educational campaign for child health without a cent of public appropriation.

The work of the State Child Hygiene Divisions is still in a pathfinding stage, their scope varying widely according to local needs and the existence and development of child welfare activities by private organizations.

Their methods are distinctly educational, conducted through the channels of exhibits, health centers, classes, campaigns and general publicity. The health center, as usually developed, is a community-educational center whose functions are not only to advise on the hygiene of the child, but to conduct, as well, classes for the systematic teaching of mothers.

Normal schools, teachers' institutes, and other institutions for the training of teachers, are emphasizing their instruction in hygiene. Several States have prepared courses in hygiene for the elementary schools. Particularly where other health machinery has not been developed, the education given in the public schools becomes increasingly important.

The broadened viewpoint in the field of social welfare has shown a development fully equal to that in the field of health. Among the most active charities of the past generation was the erection of institutions for dependent children, institutions which the social worker of today is endeavoring to curtail, if not abolish. Practically all of the States have now adopted the

policy of meeting the problem of dependency by granting allowances to the mothers of such children so that families may not be broken up because of poverty alone. The very rapid growth of the Mothers' Pension Movement indicates the widespread belief that normal family life is a right which should be given to every child whenever possible.

The recognition of the necessity for thorough and coördinated work for children is strikingly shown by the widespread movement for the unifying and codifying of legislation affecting children. In most of our States child welfare legislation has grown up piecemeal—the laws have been amended and re-amended, gradually broadening the essential "charity" angle to meet the more modern viewpoint. The results of this patchwork are characteristic of the method, and many of the laws affecting children permit various anomalous conditions.

In the majority of the States today, active work is being conducted along the lines of codifying and unifying child welfare legislation. In seventeen States, official bodies have been appointed to carry out this work. The distinction of having adopted the first children's code in the United States belongs to Ohio, where a Children's Code Commission was appointed in 1911.

The task of these Code Commissions is not merely to straighten out the codes from a technical standpoint. It is to write a code which shall express in laws the modern viewpoint of the relation of the State to all children. Its programme of work usually consists of intensive study into all the agencies and institutions affecting children—education, health, recreation, industry, charities, corrections, juvenile courts, etc.—before any direct work upon the codes is begun. The success of a given commission depends largely upon the degree to which the commission educates the people of the State so that there may be built up an extensive body of intelligent public opinion and civic responsibility.

It is ordinarily true that the evils which are generally denounced are by that very fact on the road to remedy, and the most serious ills are those to which we are as yet blind. No exception to this rule need be made in the matter of child labor.

As we have been educated to visualize the problem, the term "child labor" calls up a mental picture of the child in the Southern cotton mill or the New York sweat-shop. It is consequently rather startling to have the evidence of investigators in the mill towns of Georgia and the Carolinas who report on the greatly improved standard of living of the mountain folk who have come down to work in the mills.

Undoubtedly the most serious problem of child labor today is that of agricultural work. The evil of a situation is not only positive, but negative—not only the conditions which it creates, but also the conditions which it denies. Rural child labor in vast areas of the United States today carries with it the virtual denial of education. In this country, which has proclaimed free and compulsory education to be the cornerstone and safeguard of democracy, *one child out of every eight between the ages of 10 and 15 is gainfully employed in occupations entirely unregulated by State or Federal law.* The vast majority of these children are engaged in some form of farm labor. The occupations in which they are working are not in themselves necessarily harmful, but the prohibitive cost of education which isolation implies, entails a rate of illiteracy which is a distinct social menace.

There are in the United States, according to the last decennial census, over 5,000,000 illiterate persons. Some 35 per cent of this total may be charged to the foreign-born, but for nearly 65 per cent of this illiteracy we must shoulder the responsibility and the consequences. At a time when all the institutions of society are being called into question, we are confronted with the fact that millions of our people cannot be reached by any of the customary channels of intelligence.

The direct relation between rural child labor and a high rate of illiteracy becomes immediately obvious when the two rates are indicated on a map. The vicious circle of unintelligent and consequently unprofitable farming, poverty, and ignorance must somehow be broken for the safety of the nation as well as in the interest of the child.

The problems of children are not problems to be studied apart from other social phenomena. The child must be considered in relation to his family. The educational, physical and social

condition of the children of the country is the clearest index we have to our national life. The infant mortality rate of cities is used by more than one commercial institution as a general index to the prosperity, civic responsibility and general well being of the community. The searching questions that are being asked today in regard to children reach to the very foundations of our national life. They call into question every institution of society and every relation of human beings. That these questions are being asked earnestly and seriously by great numbers of people is one of the most hopeful indications of the present day.

HELEN V. BARY.

AN AMERICAN POET: LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

BY ALICE BROWN

Louise Imogen Guiney, poet, essayist and scholar, was born in Boston on January 17, 1861, and died at Chipping Campden, England, on November 2, 1920. She was of Irish stock, with a strain of English, Scots and French, a quick-silver blend of buoyancy and wit, duly tempered by a special potency of Gallic grace with its apprehension of the *mot juste* and its infallible divination in forms of art. As a girl, she was uniquely dear to men and women pleasurably stirred by the literary wonder of her early blossoming into essays and verse, and charmed anew, when they invaded her shy fastnesses, by the unstudied simplicities of her modest behavior. Tremendously believed in, she carried her full cup with steady hand. No taint of ambition was in her. She had seen the "cloud-capp'd towers" of the halls of light where the blessed everlastingly dwell, she had guessed at green valleys, the refuge of those "ordained to fail," and she knew thus early, through her reverent intuition, that "it has become almost an honor not to be crowned." Even at the beginning, when chaplets were being woven for her, she might have written that later recital of her secular creed:

> To fear not possible failure
> Nor covet the game at all.

Her first book was *Songs at the Start* (1884) and the first collected essays *Goose-Quill Papers* (1885). The essays, despite a wilful archaism, an armored stiffness of light attack learned out of library shelves, are astonishingly mature for a pen so young. The little book is a jovial self-betraying one, spiced with a learned playfulness. When she has mounted her gaily caparisoned jennet of unforced humor, she takes the world by inversion; you shall follow her circumspectly, or her steed will throw up his heels in your face and gallop off in the dust of his own making. "My novitiate page," she ruefully confesses, invoking the influ-

ence of Hazlitt, "smelled hard of that dear name, likewise of Browne, Taylor, and Cowley, and Lamb, and of one R. L. S., a Romany chal then utterly unknown, whom I had found in secret and in secret worshipped." It was a brave beginning, this slender book of little essays, and it was dedicated to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. How charmingly, with what an engaging gallantry he must have taken it!

To leap the fecund years to the *Patrins* of her later youth is to follow the continuity of the same whimsical and reflective vein. This book, deriving its fortunate title from patrin, "a Gypsy trail: handfuls of leaves or grass cast by the Gypsies on the road, to denote to those behind the way which they have taken," is primarily for him whom reading "maketh a full man." The style, with a scholarship better tempered and easier to carry, being, as it were, not the armor of her earliest adventuring but woven into chain mail, is the despair of the less agile and instructed mind. It is tinctured with her personal quality, and is incredibly rich, the richer when you return to it after intercourse with more immediate things, to find such fruits of her commerce with far-off civilizations and loving sentience to the "hills of home." Like the buyer in Goblin Market, she drips with juices from the very fruits of life, antidote for our dull ambitions: the years "wasted in prison on casuist industries." It is full of a not too quaint and bookish but an altogether delicious persiflage. She upholds the scholar's right to "fall back with delight upon a choice assortment of ignorances." Most of all does she advertise the great narcotic of out-of-doors. She betrays an unimpeachable bodily sanity. Though urban by birth, she was also, through adoptive kinship of Pan and all the nymphs, a sylvan, to her "a dear Elizabethan word." She sings a remorseful dirge over the "defeated days" of captive animals. She quickens her pace at moments to the measures of a hilarious mind. Throughout that mischievous "encourager of hesitancy," the Harmless Scholar, she all but dances.

"The main business of the scholar," she informs you, with a wicked twinkle behind her spectacles, "is to live gracefully, without mental passion, and to get off alone into a corner for an affectionate view of creation."

She knows, by mischievous instinct, just what your idea of the scholar is: the conserver of chronologies and sapient conclusions fit chiefly to be waved in pedagogical celebrations or trumpeted at authors' readings. No such sterile destiny as this for her, as she shall presently "fructify unto you."

"Few can be trusted with an education." This she tells you with a prodigious lightness of self-assurance:

> The true scholar's sign-manual is not the midnight lamp on a folio. He knows; he is baked through; all superfluous effort and energy are over for him. To converse consumedly upon the weather, and compare notes as to "whether it is likely to hold up tomorrow,"—this, says Hazlitt, "is the end and privilege of a life of study."

Mark you how humbly she proceeds, this multi-millionaire of the mind. Her intellectual barns are bursting with fatness, her cattle are on a thousand hills; yet she spares you not only the inventory of her acquisitions but any hint of her respect for them. One is smilingly glad to note that sometimes the challenge of the world's intellectual penury is really too much for her, and she cannot help rushing to the rescue with armies of notable names and historic data.

As the tree of her mental life broadened into wider air, it cast a shade not even her votaries were always zealous to penetrate. She tended more and more to the obscure, the far-off and dimly seen. In her biographical work she was the champion of lost causes, the restorer of names dropped out of rubricated calendars through sheer inattention of an unlearned world, or rusted by time in chantries no longer visited. She would sail, not for those known islands on every map where harbors are charted and the smallest craft can coal and water, but some lost Atlantis, even if she might only moor in its guessed neighborhood and hear, at least, the plash of ripples over it. She was always listening, the generous hand to the responsive ear, to echoes from "forgotten or infrequent lyres." She says:

> Apollo has a class of might-have-beens whom he loves: poets bred in melancholy places, under disabilities, with thwarted growth and thinned voices; poets compounded of everything magical and fair, like an elixir which is the outcome of knowledge and patience, and which wants, in the end, even as common water would, the essence of immortality.

She had an inextinguishable love for the souls "ordained to fail." As it made no difference to her whether a lasting line of verse were hers or another's, so she had the patience of the born annalist in picking up and conserving every least coin of the realm of letters or of manly and romantic deeds.

From *Songs at the Start* to *Happy Ending* (1909), this last bearing her stamp as comprising "the less faulty half of all the author's published verse," her work hardly varies in a certain cool, limpid, sometimes austere content. *Songs at the Start* is no perfervid twittering from the nest. The gusts of a too tempestuous heart, the revolt of youth against a world ready made for it, are foreign to her. She might be the child of a pagan ardency of simple joy, singing to the echo in some waking spring. These are the dewy recognitions of a world "not realized." Their faults, from a standpoint purely technical, are the ones that plagued her throughout, though she recognized them with a rueful self-dispraise and mock extravagance of remorse. They are the infrequent lapses of a not invariably musical ear. To the end, she would unjustifiably change her cadence. It might be a fault for her to redress: but who among her lovers would complain of it now? It was an individual flaw, a little human imperfection like the mole on beauty's cheek.

The White Sail, part legend and part lyric, sang out in fuller tone, though with no less individual a measure. The legends sound curiously academic in these days when the industrious versifier celebrates the small beer of his own "home town" in untrained eccentricities all too faithful to his villageous mood. They were the tall pines of the fairy wood she wandered in. There were pillared aisles and porticos, not New England dooryards, tapestries shaken by winds of the past, not leaves, red and gold, blown her from the swamps and hills she knew. And as you are about to close the door on this virginal chamber of April airs and cloistral moonlight, of ordered books breathing not leather only but the scent of "daffodilean days," your heart rises up, for here is *The Wild Ride*, that first beat out its galloping measure in a dream, and continued, with the consent of her own critical mind, to the last book of all. It was, one may guess, her first lyric

runaway, the first time she lost herself in the galloping rush of a stanza's trampling feet.

> I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses
> All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses,
> All night, from their stalls, the importunate pawing and neighing.
>
> We spur to a land of no name, out-racing the storm-wind;
> We leap to the infinite dark like sparks from the anvil.
> Thou leadest, O God! All's well with Thy troopers that follow.

In *The Roadside Harp* (1893) (and this she calls, as late as 1911, "my best book") she is in full swing of that individual hue and form of verse to be hers henceforth, hall-marked, inimitable, of an imperishable fragility of loveliness, unique as the hand they were written in. Here sounds her own true note. Here were more plainly distinguishable the defined colors of the braided strand of destiny that made her so rare a nature and were perhaps—it is well to put it softly, this question—to hinder her in robustness and variety of performance. Irish by birth, she had not to the full, what she finds in Mangan, that "racial luxuriance and fluency." And, like him, her "genius is happier on Saxon than on Celtic ground." She was too subject to varied impulses to be the exponent of one. Her love in letters ran passionately to the Anglo-Saxon; the seventeenth century was her home. She was devoutly Catholic, yet living fibres in her knew the earth as it was in its unconsecrated freshness before the Great Deliverer came.

"You are a natural Christian," she said once to a friend poor in the consolations of belief, "with a birthright of gladness and peace, whether you seize it or not; whereas I am the other fellow, a bed-rock pagan, never able to live up to the inestimable spiritual conditions to which I was born."

This was humility only, no wavering from her transcending faith. Yet the wholesome natural man in her was acutely sensitive to that earth which saw the immortal gods. You find her listening, responsive, to the far heard echoes of Greek harmony. She was ready with her cock to Æsculapius, the tribute of her gentle allegiance to these kingly pagans who loved the light of the sun and shrank from the "dishonor of the grave," who knew

the face of Nemesis and were, above all, disciples of the law of *aidos*, the negation of excess. Louise Guiney went pace by pace with the Greeks. It is not merely her choice of Attic subjects, like Simoisius, or the Alexandriana that are so faithful in spirit, though she had no Greek. It is that in this book we are renewedly conscious of the oneness of mortal longing and earth loveliness. Here is a sentience to the throes of that earth which is not solely the earth set to man's uses, but mysteriously made and mysteriously continued, with its uncomprehended language of light and dark and its ebb and flux eternally in sway. All Christian in belief, she was pagan in the listening nerves of her. And her harp, hung in the window opening on what we call eternity, thrilled to many breezes. Being Christian, she was, as in her life, all devotion, all pure obedience, rapt celebrant of the story of the Birth and the Cross, a vowed Eremite to the belief that counts all things loss, save One. Hands of diverse angels reached out of the sky and touched her harp to song or litany. There was the spirit of an assured immortality. There was, too, the voice of Erda, the Earth, crooning from the root caverns in the abysses of time past.

Some of the verse from this middle period is so fragile and austerely tremulous, like bare boughs moved by a not unkindly wind, that you are aware of what has, in another sense, been called "scantness." Not only does she adventure delicately in her shallop, she is fain of archaic brevity and pauses that do unquestionably halt the accompanying voyager to his discomfiture. In *The Roadside Harp*, though her metres were sometimes inhospitable to the ear unprepared, she did attain the very topmost reaches on the hills of words' delight. The two Irish Peasant Songs ran with a light step, and a breath as sweet as the whispers over Ireland's harp. Here also is an imperishable beauty of a lyric, fit for some ecstatic anthology, so rare in form and color that the listening ear scarce cares for the meaning, so its music may go on and on:

> When on the marge of evening the last blue light is broken,
> And winds of dreamy odor are loosened from afar,
> Or when my lattice opens, before the lark hath spoken,
> On dim laburnum-blossoms, and morning's dying star,

I think of thee, (O mine the more if other eyes be sleeping!)
Whose great and noonday splendor the many share and see,
While sacred and forever, some perfect law is keeping
The late, the early twilight, alone and sweet for me.

There are those for whom the conduct of life, either a passion or a malaise, according to individual temperament, transcends even the magic of pure fancy. For them there are trumpet calls, perhaps the most widely known and praised, *The Kings*, its last stanza the battle cry of the faint and brave:

To fear not possible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall.

This is metal for sounding clarions. And so too is *The Knight Errant*: the second stanza an epitome of grand quotable abstractions:

Let claws of lightning clutch me
From summer's groaning cloud,
Or ever malice touch me,
And glory make me proud.
Oh, give my youth, my faith, my sword,
Choice of the heart's desire:
A short life in the saddle, Lord!
Not long life by the fire!

As she grew in spiritual aspiration, her music attuned itself more and more to the echoes of a harmony heavenly if austere. Some of these devout lyrics are so individual her very personality flashes out before you, and you hear her own lips chanting her own song. She is the figure in the stained glass window, saint or warrior, dimming the outer light to woo the eye to the ecclesiastical richness of the surrounding red and gold. Or she is a young knight riding at twilight to service in the chantry you have never sought, and you look up from your table spread with meat and wines and watch him in bewilderment of spirit; and the figures on the arras tremble, as it might be from the wind of his passing. And once having seen the erect slender body of him riding to his passion of prayer, you turn to the moving figures of the arras with new eyes, wondering if, begot of earthly looms,

they are as beautiful as you had thought. Here is no passion but the unfed passion of the soul, the life sustained not through plethora but negation, the everlasting verity of renunciation which is the pale reflex of the face of Christ. Her later work, the greater part of it, is again like the trembling of bare exquisite branches against a sunset sky, the sky of a gold and green limpidity a world away from roseate dawns. She was a spirit withdrawn from a turmoil she would neither recognize nor enter, sitting in her tower above the world, spinning flowers out of frost.

The *Martyr's Idyl* (1899) she wrote with some haste of devotional conviction, and in the same volume, a fringe upon the hem of its brocaded stateliness, is the Outdoor Litany, a cry, full of earth's blood and tears.

> The spur is red upon the briar,
> The sea-kelp whips the wave ashore;
> The wind shakes out the colored fire
> From lamps a-row on the sycamore;
> The bluebird, with his flitting note,
> Shows to wild heaven his wedding-coat;
> The mink is busy; herds again
> Go hillward in the honeyed rain;
> The midges meet. I cry to Thee
> Whose heart
> Remembers each of these. Thou art
> My God who has forgotten me!

Here are beauties dear to the mortal mind to which an anguish of discontent is comprehensible because "it is common." Here is the sum and circle of nature, tagged with the everlasting paradox: the mindlessness and indifference of the beauty wherewith we are surrounded and our anguish to which it will not, because it cannot, minister. This is great writing: for here the soul walks unabashed, articulate, impassioned, the finite crying to the infinite, the perishing atom appealing to the sky of the universal over him. Perhaps there can be nothing greater in a dramatic sense, in our prison-house under the encircling sky, than the accusatory or the challenging voice of the creature, through the unanswering framework of his mortal destiny, to the God Who created both him and it. But the actual crown of the book is in the two stanzas called "Borderlands." Within the small circle of

recurrent rhyme this poem holds the ineffable. It is a softly drawn and haunting melody on the night wind of our thoughts, it hints at the nameless ecstasies that may be of the rhythm of the body or the soul—but we know not!—it is of the texture of the veil between sense and the unapprehended spirit.

> Through all the evening,
> All the virginal long evening,
> Down the blossomed aisle of April it is dread to walk alone;
> For there the intangible is nigh, the lost is ever-during;
> And who would suffer again beneath a too-divine alluring,
> Keen as the ancient drift of sleep on dying faces blown?
>
> Yet in the valley,
> At a turn of the orchard alley,
> When a wild aroma touched me in the moist and moveless air,
> Like breath indeed from out Thee, or as airy vesture round Thee,
> Then was it I went faintly, for fear I had nearly found Thee,
> O Hidden, O Perfect, O Desired! first and final Fair!

The line:

> Keen as the ancient drift of sleep on dying faces blown,

is one of those pervasive beauties which recall the universal that is beauty's self. You see in it—or you feel, for it falls on the sensitive plate of emotion that far outranks your intellect—all the faces of all the dead from the first slain after Eden past the Pharaohs and queens that "died young and fair" to him "that died o' Wednesday."

Happy Ending is her renewed hail and her farewell. Here are some of the old beauties and, gathered up with them, the later buds of a more sparsely blossoming fancy. The additions of this later period are slightly more involved, much more austere. The world does not call to her now in the manifold voices of that vernal time when she and her dog went field-faring. It is a spot, though still dearly loved, to leave. In *Beati Mortui*, she celebrates the "dead in spirit" who, having renounced the trappings of a delusive day, are henceforth like angel visitants in a world where they hold no foot of vain desire. The sonnet *Astraea*, her actual farewell, has the poignant sestette:

> Are ye unwise who would not let me love you?
> Or must too bold desires be quieted?

Only to ease you, never to reprove you,
I will go back to heaven with heart unfed:
Yet sisterly I turn, I bend above you,
To kiss (ah, with what sorrow!) all my dead.

Next to the Golden City of belief she had, as she began, continued to serve poetry, the "love of lovely words." And though an initiate world had hailed her, when, like a young shepherd wandered into town, a bewildering "strayed reveller" she came "singing along the way," man had been finding out many inventions and kept no ear for strains out of Arcady or long notes prophetically echoed from the New Jerusalem. He was laying the foundations of a taste which was to flower in jazz and the movies and the whirling of wheels on great white ways. She had her own small public always. To these, her books were cool colonnades with the sea at the end. But she had learned, now with no shadow of doubt, that there would never be any wider response to her from the world of the printed word. She was not "magazinable" in the modern sense. If she had kept on singing, it would have been into that silence whence the poet's voice echoes back to him with a loneliness terrifying to hear. Need that dull his fancy and mute his tongue? Not in youth, perhaps. When the blood flows boundingly, you write your verses on green leaves, so they are written, and if nobody wants the woven chaplet of them, you laugh and cast it in the stream. Through the middle years it is different. You must be either quickened by an unquenchable self-belief or warmed at the fire of men's responsive sympathy to write at all. There is something in the hurt an unheeding world can deal you that, besides draining the wounded heart, stiffens the brain and hand. And Atalanta's pace may be slackened by the misadventures of the way. Her sandal may come loose, or she slips on a pebble and strains the tendon of that flying foot.

The only verse Louise Guiney prized, was the verse with wings, spontaneous as the gestures of childhood or the oriole's song. She could knock her lines into a wild ruin and rebuild, but that was after the first swift assembling of stone on stone. Any idea of verse soberly and slowly evolved as an intellectual feat was afar from her. "Our best things," she said, "are the easiest.

They're no trouble." They did cost, in the last sweet pangs of intent consideration, of rearranging, polishing and hunting down the best and only word. When the poetic impulse seized her, she bent to it in obedient delight. She never coaxed or beckoned. Only into the living spring did she dip her cup: no thrifty piping it to the house in forethought of the day when the frost creeps and "no birds sing!" The greatest beauties in her verse were as spontaneous as they dropped from the skies and she set them in their chaste enduring gold. Though she was so unwearied in polishing and changing, in their general scope and temper they came as from the hand of God, and when her own hand fell too laxly to receive them, they did not come. These last were the less robust years of her middle age: for as to the intellectual life, she had no waning. She died young. And though the heart that is the bravado of sheer courage was never allowed to fail her, the bodily heart did fail. Those who had walked with her knew its weakness, and that, a race-horse on the road, she was speedily exhausted in a climb. One day, lost on Exmoor, her walking mate, looking back for her, would find the world empty of her altogether. Knowing the sort of spirit she was, it was easy to guess the Little People had kidnapped her or an archangel hidden her in the brightness of his wings while they discoursed together on topics of the upper sky. But the heather had simply closed over her; she had lain down to rest her tired heart. And as the physical world, out of the strange jealousy of its predestined enmities, is forever fighting the spirit, so the feebler action of a flagging heart might dull those swift spontaneities that are man's paean to the beauty of things—his answer to the earth that cajoles and challenges the while it fulfils its mysterious hostility and overthrows us in the end. Her mind was no less keen in these last years, nor, except in the sudden exhaustion of a tragic illness, were her activities dulled. In her prose work of editing and reviewing, the blade was sharper as time wore upon it and she grew more recondite in knowledge and more desperately exact, omitting no extreme of patient scrutiny. But poetry was her youth, and youth was gone. And youth is not a matter of years. It is what the years have done to us. If we may borrow a tag of appreciation for her poems we could hardly do better than

quote her resumé of Hurrell Froude's, the "clearness, simplicity, orderly thought and noble severity" she found in him.

> They have a strong singleness and sad transparency, the tone of them a little chilly, yet almost Virgilian, and arrestingly beautiful; . . . abstinent, concentrated, true.

Now primarily Froude's verse is not in the least like Louise Guiney's. It is scarcely more than the first note leading up the scale. In the amazed apprehension of beauty, he is leagues behind her. Yet the "almost Virgilian" of her comment fits her to perfection. And if she is not always "clear" she is, marvelously again, "a little chilly," with the chill of spring twilights when earth scents are in the air, the lily-of-the-valley just bloomed out of the cold, or the damp richness of the April woods.

Two little volumes, *Monsieur Henri*, the story of the Count of La Rochejaquelein (1892) and *A Little English Gallery* (1894) are of the essence of the exhaustive research and fine rehabilitation that were the fruit of her later years. The war of the Vendée, with its religious appeal, its romance of feudal catchwords, took irresistible hold on her, and the young Count of La Rochejaquelein, blazoned in youthful ardor, shone as the sun.

The *Little English Gallery*, six biographical essays in her individual manner of a condensed bewilderment of research, holds the seed of what might be accounted her life work. For not only does her portrait pen paint you a fine enduring picture of Lady Danvers, Farquhar, Beauclerk, Langton and Hazlitt, but here also is the preface, as it might be called of her Henry Vaughan, to whose gentle service she bent the intermittent work of later years. In the summer of 1895, she went on pilgrimage to the grave of Vaughan, at Llansaintffread. This was a part of Wales hardly touched by tourists, for the ubiquitous motor car had not begun its devil's business of shedding profanation over silent ways. To walk here was to withdraw as deeply as you would into the fragrance of past simplicities. Louise Guiney was reft away into a trance of inward peace. She trod the paths her poet had loved, and she was, also with him, where her mind would ever be, in the seventeenth century. This was one of her ardent quests, her passionate rescues: for Vaughan was forgotten on his own familiar ground. Literally the places that had known him

knew him no more. Even his grave had been desecrated by the slow attrition of neglect. A coal shed had encroached on it, coal had fallen on his stone, cans and broken glass littered the sacred spot. The two Americans, in a haste of ruth, cleared the stone with hands and walking sticks, and Louise Guiney drew to her a pair of bent and blear-eyed Hodges working near and preached to them Vaughan, the good physician, and his right to the seemliness of an ordered resting-place. And she stayed not in her doing, but called later upon England and America for a fund to put the grave in order and suitably to commemorate the poet. The Vaughan essay in her own copy of the *Little English Gallery* grew thick with notes, confirmatory or expanded, in this browsing over Welsh ground, and the Vaughan editing ran on and on through following years into what must be the authoritative edition of his work.

The complete bibliography of her prose would include introductions, studies, notes, all characterized by her unhastened scrutiny of "passionate yesterdays": Matthew Arnold, Robert Emmett, Catherine Phillips, Thomas Stanley, Lionel Johnson, Edmund Campion,—these were a few of those whose memory she illuminated and clarified. No estimate could overrate her continuing and exhaustless patience; she was content with nothing less than living within arm's length of all the centuries. Poet first, poet in feeling always, even after the rude circumstances of life had closed her singing lips, she was an undaunted craftsman at prose. It is true she did expect too much of us. She did, even in those later days, more than half believe we could delight in pouncing, with her own triumphing agility, on discoveries of remote relationships and evasive dates. Her multiplicity of detail had become so minute and comprehensive, especially as touching the Restoration, that the merely literary journal could seldom print her with any chance of backing from the average reader. It was inevitable to her to run on into the merely accurate data prized by the historian and genealogist alone. Who can expect the modern mind, prey to one sociological germ after another, to find antidote in the obscurities of seventeenth century English? Yet she never veered from the natal bent of her trained intelligence. She was the indomitable knight errant of letters.

Like Mr. Henry James, she was an expatriate, the last third of her life spent in England, though not even under the argument of our aloofness from Europe between 1914 and 1917 did she, like him, bear testimony to her love for England by becoming naturalized. Still an ardent American, her answering love flowed back to us as in 1898, when she dedicated one of the most breathlessly beautiful of her poems to The Outbound Republic. There had come the challenge to enter world counsels and world clashes.

> As the clear mid-channel wave,
> That under a Lammas dawn
> Her orient lanthorn held
> Steady and beautiful,
> Through the trance of the sunken tide,
> Sudden leaps up and spreads
> Her signal round the sea:
> *Time, time!*
> *Time to awake; to arm;*
> *To scale the difficult shore!*

And if we think her heart, in its love for England, ever grew alien to us, we may go back to the last of the twelve stately London Sonnets: *In the Docks*. What a banner she waved here of an implied creed, a passionate belief!

Our inherited traditions were like wine to her, our lapses drained her soul; and as it was in 1890, when that sonnet was written, so it continued to be through the years when our star sank in 1914, to be so long in rising.

Though so ardent an American, England was her spirit's home. The odor of musty archives was as delicious in her nostrils as "hawthorn buds in May." Half effaced inscriptions were dearer to her than whole broadsides of modern paeans to success. A crusader knight on his back in some immemorial dimness, was as immediate to her soul as Apollo walking down the aisles of song. London, when she was away from it, haunted her "like a passion." To come upon her great little picture of pre-war London makes a blessed interlude in the shrieking present. For we have gained the motor car, and the price the smiling gods exacted is that we have lost the broodingness of cities—their murmurous tranquillity. That essay, *Quiet London*, dated 1890,

has heart-break in it, as well as beauty, for those who knew the London of old and who will see it no more. Here are the very lineaments of that great fog-soaked, rain-darkened beneficence and terror which once was London. You walk in it with her and are at home in an inherited peace.

> There is no congestion of the populace; yet the creeks and coves of that ancient sea remain brimmed with mortality, hour after hour, century after century, as if in subjection to a fixed moon. It is the very poise of energy, the aggregation of so much force that all force is at a standstill; the miraculous moment, indefinitely prolonged, when achieved fruition becalms itself at the full, and satiety hesitates to set in.

To speak of her letters, those floating immortalities she cast about with so prodigal a hand, is to wonder anew at an imaginative brilliancy even beyond what she put into her considered work. To open one was an event. Almost you were miserly over the envelope itself, and treasured it, the script on it was of so rare a beauty. For her handwriting has an individual distinction. Done in haste or at leisure, it was the same. Her tumultuous jottings on margins of print or bits of scribbling paper kept the line of grace. And the subject matter! it was as varied as flowers and jewels and shells. In some cases, her books may have suffered from too anxious a care. Her affluent learning, deeply as it enriched her poetic gift, may have done something toward choking it, burying it under the drift of yesterdays. For having at her memory's call the immortalities of our English tongue, a despair may well have overtaken her with the impulse to enter that great company. She lacked the crude yet wholesome audacity of those to whom the world is young. But if her considered work may possibly have suffered from "much cherishing," her letters made their bright advent unhindered. In them she lost her sense of studious responsibilities and—strange paradox of time!—it is they who may go farthest toward making her immortal. The haste with which they left her hand for the post was what saved them in their living delightfulness. And they were plentiful as leaves in Arden. Never did she let her correspondence "come tardy off." Courteous, good-natured, sympathetic listener to requests and comment, she wrote you without delay and with the most engaging personal touch. If

you sent her your book, she read it with a painstaking intentness and returned you, not a formal note of thanks but a full and rich review wherein you were praised to the top of your deserts, your failings touched lightly but honestly and your errors spotted with the scholar's acumen. There was no smallest trace in her of carping for the satisfaction of showing how brave a critic she could be, no sense of blustering privilege. But the letters! written in an onrush of mental exuberance, sometimes the faster the better, a tumultuous beauty of diction,—you shook the tree and you got such fruit; the wind of your favor blew her way and unloosed on you that petalled shower. Those were the spontaneities of her life; they, in their lasting evanescence, are what she has now to bequeath us, a priceless legacy.

In what niche shall we set her statue of renown? She has done the most authentic and exquisite verse America has yet produced. Is it not rather to its honor and our defeated fame that no widespread recognition of it could have been predicted? Is Hazlitt largely read? Does Charles Lamb sell by the million or the seventeenth century lyrists by the hundred thousand? Louise Guiney was, like so much that is austerely beautiful in the modern world, a victim of majorities. The democracy of taste and intellect is perhaps the master, perhaps the puppet, of this ironic time. But the time itself has its martyrs in these children of illustrious line who cannot, sadly willing as they may be, quite speak the common tongue. It is the suffrages of the buying public that determine what publishers shall print. And for that public—Diana's chariot in the heavens means less than a limousine on earth. But the gods, who endowed Louise Guiney with something ineffable out of their treasury, alone know about these things. Under their eyes stands her slender last collection among its peers. And the book itself says:

> Unto the One aware from everlasting
> Dear are the winners: thou art more than they.

ALICE BROWN.

GOOD FRIDAY AND CLASSICAL PROFESSORS

BY STARK YOUNG

I ARRIVED at Girgenti early in the morning of Good Friday and went straight from the hotel to the cathedral for the ceremonies.

All Girgenti is tawny-colored and dull rose and white. It is a stern, dry city, lying on the sunbaked hill like a lion. The streets are steep and winding in every direction, deep as caverns and full of stairs. Rising up in these streets are the church fronts, full of Spanish and Arabic memories, rich, baroque, heavy, barbaric, half cruel like so much of the town. Many of the streets look down on the sea below. And at night through the columns of the temples outside the walls I have seen the sea shining in the starlight.

This city was the Acragas of the Greeks, the Agrigentum of the Romans, and has been Carthaginian, Saracen, Spanish, as well as Italian. All that is left of its larger glories is the cathedral, for the temples lie now in the country. The cathedral is a huge thing on twenty feet of stairs, faded golden stone, honey-colored in the light, and falling away here and there into ruin. The vast doorway opens into an interior still more ruined. Enormous columns lead up to the broken vaulting and make an aisle between the high altar of the choir at one end and at the other to the great crucifix with the life-sized figure of Christ. In many places underfoot the pavement has come away and the bare earth appears.

There was a throng of people, standing praying, talking, quietly watching each other, and looking on at the mass. From behind a column somewhere an organ was playing. Clouds of incense hung about and there was a smell of spring flowers. A procession of priests, acolytes, seminarians and choir-boys came from the sacristy and moved slowly to the choir, toward which

ran a long strip of brocade leading to the altar itself. Two of the priests in the procession came up before the steps, putting their palms together in front of them, and knelt down on their knees and kissed the earth, then passed on up and took their places. Then another two of them came, knelt down and kissed the earth. And so on, all the procession, two by two, slowly, all kneeling to kiss the earth before they went up the steps. A bell rang and the people dropped to their knees. Meanwhile far down in the cathedral you could hear the organ playing; and in the choir, where the candles burned against the dim stone and the faint mist of old frescoes and the old blackened canvasses of saints, the priests chanted.

That night before midnight I was awakened by a music of trumpets and cornets and pipes, a dirge, in a strange mode something like the music I had heard once among the Arabs. I went to the balcony and saw in the deep and narrow streets below, against the tawny stone and wild heavy shadows, a procession of people streaming past. They carried every one some sort of light, lanterns made of paper on staffs, and candles and torches; and they chanted as they marched. Their lights were not carried overhead or on the shoulders, as our processions do, but down at the waist; and so made a marvellous effect: they did not make a mere glitter of lights and sparks above darkened figures, but a throng of glowing shapes, lighted forms and faces, in the darkness, moving along and casting incredible shadows on the steep walls and houses.

At the head of the procession they had carried past the Virgin, wreathed with flowers and standing on a kind of platform surrounded by lamps; the stiff image under its velvet canopy contrasted strangely with the human forms moving below. Afterward there were people for a long time making the procession, and presently they brought the figure of the dead Christ, taken down from the crucifix in the cathedral and laid on a bier in a glass coffin, with lamps burning around Him, moving slowly, with the dirge playing and the people chanting it: the pallid figure with its bleeding side and its crown of thorns, and the strange hypnotism again of the still form above the motion of the figures below. Then the endless procession again, filing

past, with more music, the lighted bodies in the old streets, their shadows, the dirge playing on the horns, in the darkness.

I stood on the balcony long after the last of the people were gone and the music had died away in the far-off streets. The stars were shining; they were near the earth and golden-colored. It was all beautiful and strange and pagan; it was barbaric, ancient. It had the sense in it of passionate continuity, of the unbroken relation to the old life of the earth, to the soil, to light, to motion and things. It brought to my mind the memory of those early dark races, half unknown to history, whose strains made a part of the ancient blood, and spoke in the shadowy omens and cults and secret rites. Demeter the Earth Mother, Mary the Mother of God, the strange music on the horns, the torches, the mourning for Adonis, the dead god carried on the shoulders of his mourners, the flowers, the old city and the spring night. The life of the Mediterranean, ancient, continuous, unbroken! Moments like this have in them the quality of the life of men and the life of the earth become one; the body becomes one with the things of the world; the uplifted hand lifts up the heart with it; the lanterns and shadows are not only in the street but shine and darken in the soul.

From all this strange wild beauty and poetry I subsided next morning with coffee and rolls to thoughts of our professors of the classics.

Classical professors! I thought of their plaster casts white as chalk and dry as ashes. Of their Ciceronian jargon and Roman platitudes. Of their dens and studies full of weak watercolors of Roman ruins and spotted with brown prints of the Parthenon and Apollo and the Forum, and a higgledypiggledy of tiny reproductions from Pompeii. I thought of their modest exhortations and mottoes and their chaste renderings of ancient authors into English. Of their fig-leaf editions of the poets!

How much do they know of all this that I saw, with the kissing of the ground before the altar candles and the host in the tabernacle, the pale god and his mother and the music and torches through the old streets? Do the professors really believe that the temples had yellow capitals, or red columns with blue capitals and gilded acanthus leaves? Do their eyes remember that

sometimes beyond the rocks and oleanders you saw at the head of a valley a vermillion shrine? Why then the casts? Or do they remember, when they make their little axiomatic sermonettes so full of exalted sentiments, that the Greeks included all things that are actually a part of us in their scheme of living, however regrettable these things were then, though not unmentionable, as the professor would have them now? One professor of Greek told me that he considered the Greeks the most immoral race that ever lived. A professor of Latin that I know has spent much of his life on the theology of Milton taken seriously and in comparison with Homer, a heathen with a very poor theological showing. How far do these good men, when they are sorting out of Plato and Hesiod the desired order and discretion, conceive at all those other forces also working in these ancient minds: beauty and madness, fierce changes, barbaric blood, sudden earthly poetry, and darkness; so much of all which was here in Girgenti still, though the wider intellectual aspects had dropped away from it.

After all, of course, we are not Greek and must make Greek things over for ourselves somewhat before we can use them, give them our own image; though we may at least remember that we have done so. And certainly a good deal of the ethical and the institutional the professors bring over, or at least illuminate, by means of the classics; though this is done better perhaps by the special departments in these subjects. But as for all this social and ethical thinking of the professors, usually apprehended by the students only from the agonies of getting through one book of Plato perhaps or a few of Aeschylus' choruses, and then understood largely with the help of translations; and as for all the talked-of character-building of our fathers' time; I doubt if much of it is very true to the classics. I am not sure how much it is tinged with Mediaeval theology; or how much the Romans would recognize it, not to speak of the Greeks. And the fact remains that these classroom conclusions are extracted not from philosophy but mainly from literature, whose very truth consists of infinite living elements blended together, and rests always on a foundation of a life of the senses, of natural experience.

But the professors have at least done well with Roman maxims suited to empire building and limited suffrage. They can lash the new time with their bull-headed old Cato and his supposedly pristine virtues; how much better can they give off those gaseous Roman morals than Greek light! Musty Oxford clergymen mincing fine old phrases, with the English system of pronouncing, over walnuts and wine, or in their leisurely debates! Or translating Aeschylus with majestical sleepy imitations of Shakespeare; or filling Euripides with a sighing Tennysonian bliss. Dr. Jowett giving Plato a pious flavor unknown to the Greek mind by translating him, as a friend of mine said, not into the English language but into the Christian language.

I sat there in Girgenti that morning with my coffee, which was very bad, looking down into the daylight street where the procession had passed the night before. I was thinking now of those classical exhibitions I had seen in young ladies' academies at home, the young ladies going through soft Delsarte movements, dressed in white, with white fillets and Psyche knots, and girdles crossing over their breasts; posturing with their lovely arms and looking through hoops, very nice and proper surely with nothing demonstrative about them. I thought of that dirge in the harsh stone city and then of Dante, mediaeval but the son of the ancient passionate art; and then of the dullness and grey wash of Professor Norton's translation, commended in Boston. Then the picture came to me of a professor reading Theodore Martin's translation of Catullus to the class in college. We came to the Lesbia poem:

> soles occidere et redire possunt:
> nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
> nox est perpetua una dormienda.

I heard the pitiful necessity of that gerundive in *dormienda*, and the cadence of it, the poetry of lament, full of incantation and despair; and then I listened while the professor gave us Martin's rendering:

> Suns go down but 'tis to rise
> Brighter in the morning skies;
> But, when sets our little light,
> We must sleep in endless night.

Or, as Touchstone puts it, "Rum ti tum ti tum ti tum, rum ti tum ti tum ti tum!"

Unbelievable jiggly rot! Sitting there in Girgenti it seemed to me impossible that any one could ever have thought that a rendering of Catullus. But many professors have thought so. If one of them accepts that translation of Catullus, does he ever see the point of Greek culture at all? I asked myself.

I sat there in Girgenti and wondered just what many of these classical professors would have thought of Acragas, Pindar's most beautiful city. And what sweeping judgments would they have passed on those ceremonies by night at Eleusis, those rites, those processions in the darkness, those orgies, which their admired Sophocles and Plato took so seriously: we know already how the early Christian fathers shuddered at them. And if the professors should come from those studies with their high moral tone and plaster casts and should see this Good Friday at Girgenti, see something of the reality of the thing they have so innocently been professoring about, see so much of the old life and the passionate soul of the Mediterranean lasting on here, what would they think of it? They can take quite seriously the procession at the inauguration of a college president. But this matter of Girgenti and the ceremonies—? Well, it's most interesting, these Italians are like children—perhaps a colored postal card of this can be found for the alumnus who gave the plaster Cicero to the Classics Room. Or at best they might think it picturesque, a pretty piece of paganism, crude, and, to say the least, unsanitary.

STARK YOUNG.

THE WATCHERS

BY MARJORIE MEEKER

The old, stern years stand spectral, row by row,
The gray, grave years, the years that used to know
My waiting heart and anxious, eager eyes,
Asking forever the unanswering skies
For strange delights and dreams and breathless fears,
And finding still the same unchanging years.

The old years watch—And do they disapprove
Of this young, radiant year I live and love?
Must not their sober, withdrawn majesty
Thrill to the leaping, lifting song in me,
Even their awful melancholy bless
The rush of such a swift, white happiness?—

A little while to love, to laugh, to plan
All of the joy that comes to any man,
A little while to say, "Heaven is this,"
And stop the saying with a wondering kiss,
And watch the day grow dim, the rose-leaf fall,
The strong tide ebb, and never grieve at all—

It is not much, for all the griefs and tears
Of all your days, O old, harsh, useless years!
And yet, for such a precious offering,
What prayer, what praise, what pity I would bring,
What votive incense raise at your chill shrine,
What penance will, what fiery pledge assign!

O still, strange years! Does your gray peace proclaim
That this, this too, will end and be the same?

. . . . . .

A space the flame must burn, the altar keep
Its happy wreaths, before the warm love sleep
Never to wake . . . Then through the blinding tears
What shall we know, what care for any years?

WHEN THE WORLD GOES HOME

BY HENRY BELLAMANN

The sky remembers when a bird has passed
And little wing-shaped waves forever flow
Both east and west; as when the great sails go
To Spain, the foam along their track is cast
On shores most far away. Then when at last
The world, like bird, like ship, goes home, and slow
Tides sink, will rest above the air, below
The sea, a wave of wing, of sail-bent mast.

And shall I think your last frail breath can be
More frail, more lost than these by air and sea?
I wait to hear your last unfinished words
There at the haven of immortal birds,
There at the harbor of immortal ships,
Your quick warm breath again upon my lips.

WINTER BURIAL

Earth, will you be kind to her?
I give her back . . .

Will your clumsy rocks and clay
Break her silk and pearl and ivory
To trash? . . .

. . . or shall I see a little creeping flush
of first flowers along that slope
next Spring?

AGAIN?

To my Home on Lake Champlain

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

Shall I come again?
Again to see the reeds,
Yellowing now?
"Bye and bye!
Bye and bye!"
Lake rushes cry.

Shall I come again
To these willow leaves
Falling now?
Their joy was brief!
The willow leaf
Knows grief.

Shall I breathe again
Gray balsam dripping amber
On the mould?
What knows the year
Of any fear,—
Of any amber tear!

TALK AND TALKERS

BY J. B. YEATS

I ONCE asked a great scholar of a famous University his idea of happiness. He answered: "A good read." But scholars are like the stars, lonely and inscrutable, and in God's holy keeping. I myself like best those rare moments when congenial people meet and there is good conversation, each man doing his best to say exactly what he thinks. Is there anything so delightful, and at times so beautiful, and at all times so beguiling, as good conversation? Talk is man's sowing-time, and as he sows, so shall he reap. Literature is the harvest of talk. If Elizabethan literature is the best in the world, it is because conversation at the Court of Elizabeth and in the London cafés was the best in the world. Elizabethan literature is nobly extravagant and musical, scarcely touched at all with the spirit of contention; and so, no doubt, was their talk. If Ben Jonson, who was a Scotchman, had had his way, no doubt, the conversation would have been as contentious as the speeches of lawyers or the sermons of theologians or the talk of a man out of Belfast. You can't read Shakespeare without feeling that he was shy of contention, disliking to contradict or be contradicted. Images to him were dear for their own sake, as one loves little children or pretty girls, without vexing ourselves as to whether they are good little children or good girls.

Conversation has as many enemies as Mother Church, and chief of these is card playing. I have been told that in Pittsburgh the ladies entertain distinguished strangers by inviting them to luncheon parties where there are no men. The husbands can get themselves up in immaculate evening clothes, but only to play cards, except when they talk business among themselves. Had the Athenians acquired the habit, it is very doubtful whether we should have had an Aeschylus or a Sophocles or an Aristotle. Another enemy is story-telling.

In any company, let there be one brilliant teller of good stories, and all the company become tellers of "good stories," and the wonderful thing is that no one listens, except long enough to know the nature of the story that is being presented, upon which each one searches in his memory for another story that may cap it. I have sometimes watched a company thus engaged, and it was easy to see that while apparently they listened politely and waited to applaud, their minds were far away, and the man telling the story knew it, and was depressed, and the sense of inattention grew with each talker, so that, though they applauded ever so much, everyone was increasingly bored. There is another enemy always lying in wait ready to pounce, and, like a mad dog, bite and infect the company with its madness. I mean the American passion for turning every kind of conversation into an impromptu argument. The French people perhaps have leanings that way. I have seen them with flashing eyes gesticulating and shouting at each other, and all their literature, in poetry as well as in prose, shows it, being pervaded with a logic of contention; but there is French ceremony, and above all, French politeness,—the spirit of Society, which regards as a crime everything that is tiresome. In American argumentativeness, there is not this restraint. I know all about it, for I have endured it many times. It is a debating society without a chairman and without rules. Sometimes you will see five men talking at once. It is not talk; it is not discussion; it is a mere riot of discord, and as unamiable as any riot in the street; and though the feeling lasts for but a moment, it must have an estranging effect; whereas real conversation brings people together in the holiday spirit of a common enjoyment.

Outside Belfast there is good conversation all over Ireland. Belfast itself is furiously Protestant, and protestantism means the missionary spirit. Every man wants to convert his neighbor; your conduct, your morals, your opinions, are all fuel, to feed his controversial fire. He can't let you alone. In Belfast, conversation is always argument. They also have their taste for jocularity and story-telling. I suppose it relieves the strain among these foolishly intense people. Indeed, more than once I've noticed in a contentious company one silent man aloof from

it all, and have been relieved and delighted when he produced his long meditated joke or pun, setting the table in a roar; even though I knew that after him would come the inevitable succession of bad jokes and stories, the roar of laughter, though it be false laughter, being better any day than the clamor of argument.

What is good conversation? When in love with a pretty girl, we find everything she says to be as exquisite as herself, and we don't care a straw whether we agree or disagree with her opinions. When we no longer love her, we are capable of thinking her tiresome or stupid if she is not as wise as Solomon. The chatter of a pretty girl in whom we are interested is as delightful as the song of the lark, even though, like the bird, she has no ideas; while there is nothing less attractive than the chatter of an ungainly woman. It has indeed sometimes happened that an ungainly woman who knows herself to be ungainly has cultivated wisdom and thereby kept her lover. In other words, talk with a pretty girl or with one of these wise Sibyls never becomes argument. Men argue sometimes with their wives, never with their sweethearts. English people do not argue. It is the habit of the nation not to argue. Although Protestants, they have somehow escaped the missionary spirit, saved, perhaps, by their incomparable spirit of personal independence. With them, an opinion is regarded as a personal property in which no man has any right to meddle. They do not converse much. It is a common sight to see a company of Englishmen sitting together, drinking, enjoying each other's society, and yet not talking; each man is immersed in his own thoughts. Yet, if they do meet for the purpose of conversation, they produce amongst them the best kind of conversation, and for this reason: that no one wants to argue.

For over twenty years, when I lived in London, I belonged to a Conversation Club, which had been founded by Moncure Conway and had taken, at his suggestion, the name of "The Calumets." Our club consisted of about a dozen members. We lived within easy reach, and met at each other's houses every other Sunday evening at nine o'clock. The talk was so interesting that we sometimes sat on till three or four o'clock. I do not remember that in all those twenty years, we ever had

an argument or the beginning of an argument. There was, I remember, one member who was a politician and a Right Honorable, a clever and successful man who would sometimes try to inject politics, which would have meant argument, yet no one ever disputed with him. We talked of other things and forgot him. I think he must have found us dull. You will ask what we talked about. Anything and Everything. We had Professors and Artists, Doctors and Writers and Russian Nihilists, and we often invited guests. Kropotkin was among them. We had one rule, which we never forgot: that no one should be a Calumet who had not an interesting mind. A man might believe that the moon was made of green cheese or that twice two were five, or that Bacon wrote Shakespeare; what matter, if he had an interesting mind? Socrates on one occasion said of himself that he did not argue, that his only object was to help a man to be safely delivered of his thoughts, and that it was an art derived from his Mother, who was a mid-wife. It is the mark of a well-educated Englishman, and to my mind of the educated man everywhere, that he follows this Socratic plan. If one of our members said something that we thought strange, did we feel hostility? No—we welcomed him; being one of us, he must have an interesting mind, and we would know his reasons. If his reasons seemed to us weak, we had such friendship for him that we would help him, being convinced that he was not a man to entertain a mental folly. Whether we hated or loved him, it entered into no man's thoughts to convert him. I lived for over thirty years in England. Until I was fourteen, I had lived in Ulster, besides constantly meeting with Ulster men, and nothing seems to me more pleasant to remember than the quiet mind of the Englishman, or less attractive than the contentiousness of the Ulster mind. There are no beliefs in Ulster, only opinions. In England are a few beliefs, deep as the well in which truth is said to hide herself; and as for opinions, they are only flurries of air that come from time to time to disturb a little the surface of the Englishman's far-extending mental tranquillity.

How well I remember those evenings with the Calumets! I wonder if the Society is still in existence, and whether they have the men, for it was not easy to get together twelve or thirteen

men with interesting minds who lived in a small district and within easy reach. Chief amongst these, an inspiration to the whole society, was York Powell, who succeeded Froude as Regius Professor of History at Oxford; and yet he was mostly a silent man, rather what Goethe praised: A talker who did not seem to talk; but then, he was that rarest and most social of all men, a listener—his presence amongst us cheered everyone with the thought that now had come an opportunity when each might do his best, for with such a listener, his energy would not of course be wasted. He was very much more than a listener. After his own fashion, he also talked. I used, however, to tell him that he talked telepathically, because as soon as he appeared, we all began to talk his ideas. Surely this was telepathy.

Good talk is the talk of an interesting mind, as good pictures are the pictures that come from an interesting mind. Art is good where the artist himself is interesting, if he have the technique and can evoke the music. Powell had the most interesting mind I ever knew.

There are other men, of whom I've known several, who are destructive critics. They come around you with their terrible logic, and all for your good,—or at least they think so,—and they are so skilled that for the moment you agree with them. These men leave you desolate. One of these was my friend Edwin Ellis, who was joined with my son in writing their book on Blake. Ellis, at eighteen, was as brilliant as if he'd been a society veteran of sixty. Never did I meet anyone with such alacrity of mental attention. While talking with you, he would think out into impeccable verse a whole page of Dante that had caught his fancy—but he was a destructive critic and the worst of the species. If you showed him a picture which was perhaps the pride of your studio, by some twist in his brain he would think it all wrong, and immediately set out to convince you.

Ellis was a prince amongst talkers, although his enthusiasm was for destruction; and the worst of it was that his enthusiasm was infectious, so that sometimes, with a passionate delight, a man subjected to it would destroy his most cherished poem or picture, like a lunatic burning down his own house. I have suffered, and have seen others suffer.

Another good talker was my friend and Ellis' friend, J. T. Nettleship. If there was a touch of the school-master in Ellis, as surely there is in all destructive critics, Nettleship had nothing of it. I could not conceive him under any circumstances giving an order to anyone. Had he been the commander of a regiment or a frigate, or a band of banditti, he would have led the way, like the born leader he was, but if the others did not follow, that would have been their business. He was a man of imagination all compact, yet essentially a man of action. Ellis and myself talked of theories and ideas and philosophy,—he of people and their doings and whether these were right. Demosthenes said that in eloquence the first thing was action, the second was action, the third was action: by which he meant that behind the orator, the audience must see the man, ready to carry out everything he says. Nettleship would say the wildest things, and we were dazzled because we knew that if the occasion arose, he would do them. He was an intrepid man, with arched eyebrows and calm eyes. We always felt that had not his pride kept him silent, he could have told us of many surprising adventures, several of which we indeed knew, his friends having told us. He had not much real education, although two of his brothers were distinguished University dons, and he had few ideas, but he had a passionate nature and intrepidity. It is a great advantage to be slow of speech, and Nettleship, though not exactly of slow speech, talked in broken sentences, with a watchful eye, stopping occasionally to find out whether any one was being bored, so that our attention was always on the alert. I think also that he had a nervous fear of being made ridiculous, though he was so intrepid. When I first made his acquaintance, he showed me a letter from D. G. Rossetti, in which was this sentence: "I know nothing in ancient or modern art so sublime as your design of God Creating Evil." Nettleship ought to have been a great artist, yet missed it by a wide interval.

People who waste their time in contradicting each other are intellectually frivolous, shallow, and a nuisance. They are empty-headed, and time lies heavy on their hands. My friends and I did not argue, because we had so much to tell. We left

theory to our betters, and yet as artists we maintained a detachment as genuine as though we were men of science.

Nettleship saw a great deal of Rossetti and his friends, and might have told us much, yet refrained. I think it was because he would not be thought a gossip. I learned from him, however, that Rossetti would never admit Swinburne to his circle unless Whistler came with him, since Whistler was the only one who could keep the poet from drinking. This view of Whistler as the solicitous guardian of a refractory poet does not convey the ordinary idea of him. Nettleship also sometimes saw Browning. I often asked him about the poet. But he never told me anything except that he could not conceive him without a clean shirt. I know he considered that Browning's having married an ugly woman was something that needed a great deal of explanation. Surely poets married to ugly women and faithful to their vows must content themselves ever after with the worship of moral beauty. Was it so with Browning? Was he ever in love? Was his feeling for his wife an intellectual friendship, which became afterwards an affection, but never the tender passion; and escaping the tender passion, did he not lose mightily? Was there ever so great a poet with so little poetical genius? Here and there is doubtless some music, but it is as if he pressed the keys with his left hand, and that a little maimed.

Let me say something of Irish conversation. First of all, we are a talking people, and have always talked, just as if we lived in polite society and had nothing else to do, or were French poets finding their best inspiration in French conversation; and though it be a strange thing to say, it may be that our best conversation is that of the unlettered peasants. They do talk well, and, as Synge has testified, have a poetical and many-colored vocabulary. A priest once told me that on his return from a long absence, the servant girl said to him that she was glad he was back; for, said she, "the color of loneliness was in the air." My daughters have a coöperative society employing about fifteen girls, who say that what they most enjoy are the long winter evenings when the men gather for talk beside the turf fire. Arthur Symons spent some time in a poor man's cottage on the West Coast, and he said to my daughter that he did not believe the

village ever went to bed, spending all their time in talk. It was of these peasants that Oscar Wilde was thinking when he said to my son: "We are the best talkers since the Greeks." Synge stayed among them for many months, living in the same cottage, treated as one of themselves and speaking their language. And this man who was most fastidious, morally and intellectually, told me that he would rather stay with them than in the best hotel.

But we must not forget the conditions under which we now live. We all believe in progress, about which the Irish peasants don't care at all; and progress means commerce, for dullness is necessary to commerce. The Athenians in the time of Pericles spent all their time in going to see plays, in listening to orators, and in conversation, and had such interesting minds that they did not know that they were poor men living in cold houses. And is it not a fact that at the present moment the poorest kind of company are, as a rule, city people?

When I was a young artist living in London, I used on Sunday evenings to go to Madox Brown's house in Fitzroy Square, where would be a gathering of pleasant talkers. And one of these, Miss Blind, daughter of Karl Blind, told me that for a time these gatherings had been given up, and were in fact only just being revived, because, she said, city men had come and spoiled them so that the wits and the poets stayed away. And when I say that the Irish peasant has an interesting mind, I mean that he has a bright mentality functioning freely. Standish O'Grady, scholar, Irish historian, and man of insight, once said to me that no country in the world has such freedom of thought as Ireland. Nor do these people argue; unlettered as they are, all have the social instinct, and know that conversation is one of the arts, and that the end of art is intellectual pleasure—besides, they are reared on Catholicism, which is a poetical religion, as Protestantism is a logical one.

I take Synge and Stevens for my witnesses that Irish peasant conversation is wild and free, and sometimes as capricious and dangerous as the sea (out of which Synge's peasants got their living), or, for that matter, as wild and free as some of the dialogues of Plato.

I wish it were possible to build up a new Ireland on the basis of the peasant mind—enlarged, of course with knowledge and philosophy, yet keeping faithful to itself: to that self which is imaginative, and haunted by the wonderful and the fearsome and the magnificent and the beautiful. At any rate, it could be a civilization without ennui. According to old religious ideas, it is a folly to concern ourselves about this life, which is only a preparation for the judgment after death. We have changed all that, for now we look for a Paradise on this side of the grave. For that purpose let us cultivate the interesting mind, and let every man cultivate the kind of mind which is in harmony with itself; for that is something different from happiness, and it is independent of circumstance—a poor poet in a garret will have it, or a martyr in prison.

There is another kind of talker, who has no affinity with the dreamers and poets who sit beside the turf fire. He is very different, for he is sophisticated, and has a great deal of what is called education. By certain signs within myself, I know him when I meet him. If, talking with an Irishman, I feel myself at once irritated and fatigued and humiliated, then I know my enemy; and yet he is the politest of men. In fact, if he be of a true breed, he is a courtier and pays compliments. All the same, he is a weariness; and for many reasons. For all his pleasant looks, he doesn't listen, and he does not believe a word you say. Of course, he does not tell you openly that you're a liar and a bore. On the contrary, he will show you every mark of friendship, and indeed he is glad of your company, for he likes to feel rising up within him a certain mocking conversational antagonism, which is his chief pleasure in life. And because of that antagonism, he has a purpose in which he never slackens: to wound your self-love. Let anyone spend an evening with one of these perverse artists in conversation, and he will go away perhaps a wiser, but certainly a sadder man. If he is a painter, he will get the notion that he is only a duffer; if an eloquent speaker, that he is either a demagogue or a twaddler; if a poet, that his work won't endure. And this is his triumph: that he won't have said a word that is not, according to all appearance, a compliment, so that if you go away humiliated, no less are you

convinced that you have spent a pleasant evening with a most appreciative and indeed affectionate friend. And it is only after many such meetings that you learn that his company is sterilizing, and that you must shun him as a pestilence. It was Blake who made the distinction between the "confident friend" and the "political friend." He is to be found everywhere in Ireland, but mostly he comes from the South, though he makes Dublin and especially Trinity College his headquarters. It is a fact that while everyone respects Trinity College, it has not won anyone's affection. Is it because there are too many of these perverse men within its ancient walls?

In my time in college there was a very clever fellow of a County Cork family. Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* was one of the books in the curriculum, and when he came to that passage in which Locke says that if you ask the first man in the street whether two things could be in the same place at the same time he would say no, he at once hurried out of college and asked the first person he met, and was delighted when by some accident the man answered that it was possible. He was a good deal of a dandy, and one afternoon at a fashionable hour this well-dressed man flung himself down in the mud and pretended to have a fit, and when a crowd had gathered in a sort of amazed silence, he got up and gravely thanked them for their sympathy. Here is but another instance of that queer gratuitous antagonism that possesses this kind of mind, so that they want to see people humiliated and abashed. Is it because they have lost their own *armour propre* that they want to make everyone else seem small in her own eyes?

This kind of talker is clever and amusing and witty, but without philosophy and without creed, and if he pays compliments it is in the hope that you will repay him tenfold. And although he reads poetry and takes pleasure in the mechanism of verse, he is without poetry. Where his own pleasure or self-interest are concerned he is hard as nails. The type is not known in England or America. Why he should appear in Ireland I don't know. I may add that he is always a Protestant, a genteel, cynical Protestant. His lot is a sad one; he hates his Irish fellow-citizens because they are poor and the English because

they are rich, and he despises himself. Had he any sense of dignity, he might systematize his thoughts and become a thinker and proclaim himself a pessimist. He is like that undying worm in hell which is to gnaw away everyone's happiness.

The Ulster man has many opinions, but no power of belief. His so-called convictions are quite unreal, or, if I must call them convictions, there is in them no power of belief. That is why he is so passionate and furious and flamboyant in speech and action, so impressive to the stranger, and so little impressive to us who know him. In conversation he is an intellectual brute. Nevertheless, he fights fair, weapon against weapon, and the best man wins. And he listens well, because, like Cicero, he studies his adversary's case and is too good a sport and too much interested in the reality of the argument to belittle his opponent by berating him as a liar. He is doing his best, and wants you to do your best, and you find him so stimulating that you put forth all your strength; and when you separate, it is with mutual respect. You have probably wasted your time, but you are not downhearted.

And now let me add a caution. If the desire be for conversation, the room in which the talkers assemble must be well-lighted. Men will not talk and they cannot properly listen where they do not clearly see each others' faces, and this fact, true of all men, is especially so of the shy and diffident talker, unless his attention be fully occupied in watching the changing expression on the face of the man with whom he talks—he listens to his own voice, his voice comes back upon him, and he is embarrassed.

Why is it that modern ladies, especially in New York, like to show themselves in darkened drawing-rooms and at darkened dinner-tables, so that they seem as phantoms prettily appareled and no longer as real women? My old friend York Powell used to say that the only education proper to a woman was to know French and how to dance. The fact is that education is a good thing, but it is carried too far if the real woman—or for that matter the real man—is submerged in any kind of intellectualism. The grandmothers of these phantom ladies were women first and last. One of them might be only an old maid or a happy wife, or one unhappy, or, best of all, a pretty girl, filled with the poetry

of her own happiness, but she had a self, and out of that self she talked, when she did talk. She is no longer a self: she has become a student of this or that idealism imparted to her by some professor or lecturer, or by her college. She has become unreal, and her one idea is to shine like an ambitious young university undergraduate who has not yet acquired his sense of life. Is it wonderful, therefore, that she is content to be merely a decorative phantom at dinner parties or drawing-rooms? It was not so with the women of my youth. These women meant every word they said; and, that they might say it effectively, they desired that there should be plenty of lamplight (for in those days we had only lamps), shining upon all the faces in the company. I think that this suspension or abeyance of the self distinguishes American literature as well as the talk. Was Walt Whitman a real self? Was he not rather a great democratic bard and preacher? The charm of Shakespeare's sonnets is that they embody a real self—a most profound and complicated self, for which the world has never found the key; and in this respect, Keats comes nearest of all to Shakespeare. And why are Shelley's long poems so tedious? Is it not because in them his most radiant and exquisite self is submerged?

J. B. Yeats.

PROLETKULT: ITS PRETENSIONS AND FALLACIES

BY LEO PASVOLSKY

One of the most interesting by-products of the Russian experiment in Communism has been the rise of a movement for the creation of a proletarian culture. The movement has taken the name of *Proletkult*, which is, obviously, a contraction of the words "proletarian culture." As the name itself indicates, it is a movement designed to create a culture that would have a strictly class basis and would be the expression of the thoughts and the emotions of a class, viz., the proletariat.

For purposes of the present, this class culture is opposed by its prophets and inspirers to what the world has become accustomed to regarding as universal or human culture, which has mankind as a whole for its basis and serves as an expression of the thoughts and the emotions of man as such, not primarily or exclusively as a unit of a more or less homogeneous social class. Eventually, the prophets of the Proletkult assure us, the proletarian culture would become non-class or super-class, i.e. again universal, human. But this new culture of the future will be fundamentally different from what is called culture today.

Up to several months ago, the Proletkult movement remained strictly Russian, a by-play of the Russian Communist experiment. But last August it became invested with the dignity of a world movement. At the time when the Second Congress of the Third or Communist International had its sessions in Moscow, a group of delegates to the Congress met at the invitation of the Central Committee of the All-Russian Proletkult for the purpose of organizing a world Proletkult movement. At this conference, a temporary International Bureau of the Proletkult was created, consisting of fifteen members. An appeal to the workmen of all countries was worked out by this International Bureau and plans were laid for an active development of the

movement, the objects of which were announced as follows: The dissemination of the principles of the Proletkult; the organization of the Proletkult movement in all countries; and extended preparations for a World Congress of the Proletkult. In the terms of this announcement, the proletarian culture is regarded primarily as another weapon in the hands of the proletariat for its class struggle against the bourgeoisie, in addition to the weapons heretofore used on a world-wide scale in the fields of political and economic activity.

The most authoritative spokesman of the movement for a proletarian culture is, beyond any doubt, A. Lunacharsky. He is the Commissary of Education in the Soviet Government, therefore in charge of all the educational and artistic work of the Russian Communist régime. The Proletkult movement is an old idea of his: even before the war he was already preaching it and was ready to introduce it for discussion at the Congress of the Socialist International which was to have taken place in Vienna in the fall of 1914. He was an ardent agitator for it during the first period of the revolution. He became a powerful and official sponsor of it after the November overturn of the Provisional Government. At the August conference in Moscow he was chosen President of the Executive Committee of the International Bureau of the Proletkult.

It is well, therefore, to look to Lunacharsky for an exposition of the fundamental ideas of the Proletkult. We can find much that sheds light on this subject in a pamphlet of his, entitled, *The Cultural Aims of the Working Class.* The importance which is attached to this pamphlet may be seen from the fact that a careful reading of it is required of every member of the different organizations of the Russian Proletkult, as well as of every person, wishing to affiliate himself with the movement.

Lunacharsky looks upon Socialism as a movement, analogous to Christianity, or any other movement, striving for an ideal and instinct with fervid enthusiasm. And he considers that the well known division of the development of Christianity into two stages, found in the characterization given by Thomas Aquinas, is eminently applicable to Socialism. In the conception of the great theologian, there are two churches: (1) the *Ecclesia trium-*

phans—the Church Triumphant—the Church of the saints and the blessed, full of light, and a realization of victory and peace; and (2) the *Ecclesia militans*—the Church Militant—the Church of the martyrs, of those who suffer and perish in its name, full of trials, and sorrows, and defeats. The first is the realization, the attainment of the blessed City; the second is the striving for it, through faith and hope.

So it is necessary to distinguish between the Socialistic and the proletarian cultures. They are not the same, but they are two stages of the same movement. The Socialistic culture is the *Ecclesia triumphans* of Socialism; it is a culture which is "universally human, harmonious, classical in type." As for its content, "established and developed through a healthy organic process, it will assume definite forms, thoroughly in conformity with itself." Not so with the proletarian culture. It is the *Ecclesia militans* of Socialism; it is a culture which is "sharply isolated, based on class struggle, romantic in type." It develops under a strain; its content is usually ahead of the form, for "there is no time to pay adequate attention to definite and perfect forms when the content is so tragic and tempestuous." There are, obviously, many important and far-reaching differences between the Socialistic and the proletarian cultures, but there are profound ties of kinship that bind them together.

The most important of these ties of kinship lies in the fact that they are but stages in the struggle for a definite ideal, common to both. Lunacharsky gives the following definition of this ideal:

> It is the ideal of fraternity and brotherhood, of complete liberty; the ideal of a victory over individualism, which maims and cripples man; the ideal of the blossoming out of collectivism in mass life, based no longer upon compulsion and the herd system as it has been so often in the past, but upon new, organic—or rather, superorganic—free and natural merging of a personality into superpersonal unities.

Such is the ideal. Where are the means for its realization? Where are its seeds, and what is the ground in which these seeds may thrive?

Socialism grows out of capitalism. The Socialistic system of economic production is the capitalistic system, only "transformed,

organically metamorphosed." So the Socialistic culture must be an organic transformation of the present culture. There are two extremes in the Socialist movement with this regard. The first would cast away everything that has the faintest connection with the bourgeois culture, and would reduce everything to the austere and stern plainness of the struggle. The second extreme also wants to destroy the bourgeois culture, but to uprear on its ruins *immediately* a culture that would present every earmark of still greater development.

Lunacharsky opposes both of these extremes. The first he terms "the Quakerism" in Socialism, and believes that it springs from narrowness of vision on the part of the backward elements of the proletariat. The second he characterizes as springing from the romantic extension of vision and overflowing self-confidence on the part of some of the advanced elements of the proletariat, which have not as yet made a calm and appraising study of the legacy remaining over from the old culture, in which "the ugly and the beautiful are mingled together and need sorting out." What is needed now is sufficient insight and courage to call the ugly, ugly, and the beautiful, beautiful, and then act accordingly.

The Socialistic culture is the culture of the future; the proletarian culture is the culture of today. Has it anything of its own, besides what it can take over from the bourgeois culture and adapt to its purposes? And does it have a standard that it can apply to the process of "sorting out" the legacy of the bourgeois past?

Such a standard exists theoretically. The ideal cannot grow out of seeds and in a soil which are foreign to it. Yet it should not be forgotten that the ideal grew up and developed in the capitalistic order, in the course of the struggle. Many of the means for achieving it have come into existence in the same way. And what is most important of all, now, is to see to it that those means which are fashioned for the impending stages of the struggle should not be such as to defeat the aims of the ideal itself.

Who will be the creators of the proletarian culture? First of all, the proletarians themselves. Then, those of the other classes who will embrace wholeheartedly the proletarian ideal. But it

usually happens that those who graduate from the stratum of toil into the stratum of art lose contact with the stratum from which they come and enter the ranks of the Intelligentsia, that peculiar social formation which is essentially non-class. And the best proof of the validity of this objection lies in the fact that there is such a thing as a "proletarian Intelligentsia." Lunacharsky answers this objection by expressing his belief that a truly talented artist, springing from the working class, cannot lose contact with the class from which he comes, that his talent itself will keep him "revolving in the orbit of the proletarian ideal." This is, perhaps, the weakest place in Lunacharsky's whole exposition of the fundamental ideas and the theory of the Proletkult. This weakness, as well as a number of others, become particularly apparent when we consider the forms into which the theory of the Proletkult has translated itself in Russia.

When Lunacharsky became Minister of Education in the Soviet Government, he did not attempt to introduce the theory of the Proletkult into the work of his department. This was natural enough. Such a change in the whole system of education would require a very large new personnel; and there was none. For the purpose of carrying on the work of education, it was necessary for the new government to obtain the services of the former teachers. And with great difficulties, facing at the beginning even strikes of protest on the part of whole groups of teachers, Lunacharsky finally succeeded in building up a teaching staff for the schools under his control. Those teachers could teach only things of which they had knowledge; certainly they could not teach the ideas of the Proletkult.

There was another difficulty which Lunacharsky faced from the beginning. The Soviet Government is officially known as the "Workman-Peasant" authority. While an expression of the dictatorship of one class, the proletariat, the Soviet Government rules over the masses of the people. As long as they were merely the guiding spirits of their party, the Bolshevist leaders could look at things exclusively from the point of view of *class*. When they became the Government, they found themselves rulers over the masses of the people and had to adapt themselves to the idea of *mass*. The system of education that Lunacharsky had to

build up was for the people, not for the proletariat alone. Whatever might be possible in the future, at the present time in his governmental work Lunarcharsky cannot translate the ideas of the Proletkult into tangible forms.

But, even conscious of all these difficulties, Lunacharsky was not prepared to give up his idea of the Proletkult, nor did he see any need for doing so. He simply set to work building up another organization, parallel with his official system of education. Here he could experiment as much as he wished with the ideas that he was so anxious to try out.

In actual application, the ideas of the Proletkult found expression in school-clubs for adults. The system of organization is the establishment of such schools or clubs, or combined school-clubs, in industrial centers. They are intended exclusively for the industrial proletariat. They are not governmental institutions, but are subsidized by the Government and aided by it in other ways. As with all other forms of Communist organization, the various clubs and schools in each city are expected to unite by means of a body representing all of them and covering the whole district. Such a body would be known as the Proletkult for that city or district. All the city or district Proletkults would unite into regional Proletkults, and finally all of them are brought together by the All-Russian Proletkult. And just as with all the other Soviet forms, there is here a system of internal hierarchical subordination. The Proletkult movement being still in comparative infancy, has not, as yet, perfected this form of organization to the same degree as has been done in the domains of political and economic life; but the lines of development have already been definitely indicated.

So far as the units themselves are concerned, the clubs present nothing unusual or original from the point of view of organization. The schools, however, are built on the lines of studios or university seminars, rather than of class-rooms. These studios are intended to be the workshops, as well as places of theoretical study, for the various branches of science, art, literature, and music, which are being taught. The fundamental idea, of course, is that these studios must be the creative centers of the new culture.

At the literary studios, the workmen who attend them are taught literary appreciation and literary technique. They are encouraged to write, in prose and verse. Their work is read and discussed. At the musical studios, instrumental and vocal music is taught, and lectures are delivered on different questions concerned with the study and the composition of music. Most attention is paid to group singing and playing. At the theatrical studios, both dramatic art and composition are taught. At the art studios, all branches of graphic art are taught and original work in all of them encouraged. For scientific study and research it is planned to have Proletarian Universities, operating in conjunction with the Proletkults. The first such university was established in Moscow last year.

It is clear that all this work requires a teaching personnel, and for this reason alone the development of the Proletkult would be considerably hampered. Only very few centers can have a well-functioning Proletkult organization. In order to overcome this difficulty, the Moscow Proletkult, which is, naturally, the best equipped, has organized a special course for training Proletkult instructors. The course lasts from ten weeks to three months. During this period, the students are expected to acquire the necessary knowledge according to the following programme: The world revolution and the Soviet authority; the principles of the Proletkult; the elements of proletarian culture; the elements of past civilizations; the constructive principle of the Socialistic culture; the methods and the work of the Proletkults; the organization and the work of the various studios. It is, of course, inconceivable that even a superficial knowledge of all these subjects can be acquired in so short a time. Nevertheless, the Moscow Proletkult works according to this scheme. How much knowledge in so overwhelmingly important a matter as the creation of a new culture such instructors can impart, is more than problematic.

Concerning the extent of the Proletkult movement in Russia there is very little actual information available. In the appeal issued by the International Bureau of the Proletkult it is stated that the total number of persons taking part in the movement all over the country is about one hundred thousand. Of them,

about eighty thousand persons actually do work in the various studios. From the point of view of the enlightenment of the masses generally, this may not be considered as meager success. But from the point of view of creating a new culture, it is not quantity, but quality that counts. And on this score, the reports so far are not very encouraging.

Although the leaders of the Proletkult keep on emphasizing the fact that they are struggling against individualism, not individuality, the results which they get indicate that no distinction is actually made between the two. For example, a critical review of the work done in the art studios of the Moscow Proletkult, published in its official organ, *Gudki*, complains of an utter lack of originality. The prevailing tone of the work is "heavy monotony. At times it seems as though all the students were a single person." The same thing is found in literature. There is drab uniformity of subject and treatment. In music not a single composition of note has been reported by the organs of the Proletkult.

The only domain of artistic work in which one can find at least an echo of the fundamental ideas, enunciated by the leaders of the Proletkult movement, is in the poetry; and even then, only if we take the work of a small group of men as representing the spirit of the movement. In the work of these men we find a number of fundamental aspects which are of interest.

Like all other movements seeking a basis in fervid enthusiasm, the Proletkult finds most facile expression in lyric form. And the distinguishing features of this poetry no doubt lie in its basic moments and motives.

The poetry of the Proletkult is the song of the city, as distinguished from either the village or the country as a whole. The city is taken in the sense of an industrial center, an aggregate of those who "create all wealth" through industrial production.

The village represents poverty, inertness, stolid obedience to fate. The city stands for creative effort, motion, dynamic activity.

But the proletarian poet cannot conceive of love for the city without estrangement from the village. Class struggle demands this, for it is based upon class antagonism, hence class estrangement.

In the city, the Proletkult poet sings primarily of the factory and the machine. And this song must be one of praise, a paean of adoration, a hymn. Everything that is not such a paean and a hymn is almost a sacrilege. So, M. Herasimov, though a class-conscious workman and a revolutionary, is classed as only "semi-proletarian," when he begins his poem, "The Cross," in the following manner:

> The morning siren screeches shrilly
> And calls free slaves to daily task.

Huge blocks of iron, carried from machine to machine, appear to the poet like "coffins." A fatal accident to one of the workmen he represents as "crucifixion on a fiery cross."

Another feature of the Proletkult poetry is the austere sternness of its conceptions, verging almost on asceticism. To this extent, at any rate, the Proletkult is, indeed, an *Ecclesia militans*.

Nicholai Poletayev, in describing the first anniversary of the Bolshevist revolution ("The Red Square"), sees in it no indication for him of contentment or happiness; no enthusiasm of festive joy:

> No bright, triumphant celebration,
> No laughter, sparkling at each turn,
> But cold and stark realization
> Of duty, unavoided, stern.

There must be no complaints, no grievings for the past, no sentimental hopes for the future. Only confidence and stoicism.

Still another characteristic feature of the proletarian poetry is less tangible, though equally important. A proletarian poet should sing the collective will and thought, not individual endeavor.

To the proletarian there is no individual joy in the revolution. It is not a fête; it is the performance of "duty, unavoided, stern." It is a stage in the struggle. Individually, it is his doom. But collectively, it is his realization. The singer of the Proletkult sees Labor grow huge in collective effort. He merges himself with it, and sees himself rising far beyond even his own beloved factory. A. Gastev describes this as follows:

> New, iron blood flows in my veins.
> Shoulders of steel and hands of power unmeasured are mine.

I have merged with the metal itself.
I have risen,
Pushing the beams aside, bursting open the roof.
My feet are still on the earth, but my head is over the building.
And still choking and gasping from efforts inhuman. I cry,
"Word, comrade, give me the word!"
No, not a tale shall I tell, not a speech, no, only my word of hard iron I'll shout,
"We are the victors!"

In considering the work of the Russian Proletkult, there is one characteristic peculiarity that stands out above all: the pretentious artificiality of the setting.

The various divisions of the Russian Proletkult publishes fifteen magazines of various kinds. I have had an opportunity to read carefully some of the most important ones. If you take away from them the label of the Proletkult, you will get just ordinary labor magazines, without any exception, very poorly edited; still more poorly written. They are not even more revolutionary, or more free from convention, than what has always been regarded as radical literature in Russia and in other countries. But put back the label of the Proletkult, and immediately you get pretensions to a setting that is not justified at all by the contents or even the spirit of the publications.

If we take the Proletkult poetry that we have just considered and call it simply labor poetry, it will not jar at all in a setting of ordinary, human culture. Most of it is primitively naïve and crude. Much of it is arrogantly bombastic. Possibly three quarters of the best of it that I have read is not only lacking in that special, exalted meaning which the adepts of the Proletkult are trying to read into it, but really has no meaning at all: it is merely words, and often very banal and commonplace words. But that is natural: "where the sword is flashing, art can never bloom."

The group that produces this poetry is simply a group, like any other of its kind. There are among them talented men and also a good deal of mediocrity. Most of them are young; they may develop into something bigger. Not one of them has, as yet, shown signs of real genius. If the fates are kind to them, they may even develop a strong tendency in their art.

But to invest them with the dignity of the creators of a new culture is to give them a setting that is false and artificial.

And it is interesting that Lunacharsky himself, who is a playwright of considerable talent, in a play which was recently presented in all the best theatres of Soviet Russia under the title *Power* (the original title of the play is *The King's Barber*), represents not even a rippling echo of those very characteristics which make up the ideological basis of the Proletkult. It is a picture of the monstrous growth of an individual will, that of the King, who desires to extend his will above law and custom and morality, yet whose will is thwarted by another individual will, that of the barber.

It is interesting too, that the weekly magazine, *Plamya* (*The Flame*), which Lunacharsky publishes in Petrograd and of which he was the active editor until the beginning of the past year, has not a trace of the fundamental motives of the Proletkult. On the contrary, it is strongly futuristic, which is just the opposite of what the Proletkult is supposed to stand for.

What has happened to the Proletkult in Russia is exactly what has happened to many another phase of the Communist movement: the pretensions of its theory were found to be entirely incommensurate with the means at hand, available for the realization of its ideas. Lunacharsky himself is now making rather strenuous efforts to merge the Proletkult with the various divisions of his Commissariat of Education. For he has apparently come to the conclusion that the work which the Proletkult is doing is merely parallel with that done by his department. And this duplication of effort is costing the Soviet Government a great deal of money in subsidies, etc. Such an attempt at merging the two was made at a recent Conference of the Proletkult in Moscow. For the time being, the active workers of the Proletkult have won the day: the Conference rejected the proposal of a merger. But it is clear that this victory will continue theirs only as long as the Proletkult is wanted by the Soviet leaders for something more than its pretensions to being the basis of a new culture.

Even Lunacharsky, no doubt, realizes now that the Proletkult, at least as the idea has translated itself into actual forms in

Russia, is built upon the sands of artificiality, so far as these vast pretensions are concerned. In its naïveté, its primitive crudeness, and its oftentimes arrogant bombast, it can scarcely provide a substitute or even a guiding and active agent for those cultural achievements which have attended and crowned the spiritual endeavors of mankind for so many centuries. And how many are there among convinced Socialists themselves who would be ready to accept these qualities of the Proletkult as the fundamental cultural moments of the *Ecclesia militans*—and, consequently, the precursors of the *Ecclesia triumphans*—of Socialism?

The Russian Proletkult may bring some education and enlightenment to a hundred or two hundred thousand factory workmen in Russia. It may help and encourage some of them to develop whatever talent there may be in them in the domains of literature and art. To this extent, it may do good. But as a basis for a new culture, which is to supplant the present-day civilization, the Proletkult movement seems like that bird in the old Russian story, which tried to set the sea on fire.

What, then, becomes of the world rôle of the Proletkult movement, to invest it with which such strenuous attempts are now being made?

This rôle reduces itself to making the Proletkult movement, not primarily, but exclusively, another weapon in the struggle for the introduction of Communism throughout the world, an adjunct of the aggressive machinery of Communism which is being built up in the form of the Third International. And as such, the Proletkult is merely the expression of another phase of that more primitive stage of social development to which Communism would turn back the wheel of history.

Leo Pasvolsky.

TENDENCIES IN MODERN POETRY AND PROSE

BY MAXWELL BODENHEIM

THE ultra-radicals among modern poets, like those of any other art-movement, hold an importance far in advance of that possessed by the other living exponents of their art. Their ranks may be cluttered with faltering experiments and shallow camp-followers, but the best part of their essence represents a desire to go forward, and the inch or mile of progress that poetry wins in every age is dependent upon their efforts. The conservative, of course, forgets that many of the past poets whose work he admires were among the despised ultra-radicals of their time, but if his memory were better, the poetry situation would lose an element of stimulating contrast. If every poet indulged in experiments and every critic praised them, the creative and critical sides of poetry would rapidly deteriorate into an over-confident monotone, and the old conservatism would simply be supplanted by a new one. The experiments would soon cease because of a lack of stimulating antagonism.

The men and viewpoints surrounding an ultra-radical poet force him to question and defend his creations, and the very "stupidities" he often rails at form a necessary challenge to his creative abilities. He may become a hermit, after several years of this conflict, without injuring his creative self, but if he isolates himself from the very beginning his work will lack energy and scope. If he is sincere in his belief that past poets did not create a prison he should be able to confront his would-be jailors without hatred or derision. Modern poets such as Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, Carl Sandburg, William Carlos Williams, Wallace Stevens, Donald Evans, and John Rodker, frequently sneer at "philistines," hypocrisies, and conservative postures, and this reiterated attitude reveals a baffled longing for vengeance. When men believe that they have successfully attacked an oppo-

nent they eventually ignore him, or treat him with an amused indulgence, but when they are not quite certain of their victory they make him an ever-present target. The sneer is a sly and lacerating weapon, when deftly used, and the ultra-radical poets previously mentioned often try to console their anger by producing a similar attitude in their adversaries. A spirit of eager retaliation creeps over their poems and critiques and adds a strained petulance to many of their lunges at conservative postures and average fallacies. To attain the sardonic—the aim of these poets—one must be hugely self-possessed and aloof: an ill-tempered vehemence misses the target nine times out of ten.

The reader of ultra-radical poets often detects a spirit of unfairness and elaborate exaggeration in their poems, and is sometimes inclined to sympathize with the targets. If these poets do not attach any importance to the possible reactions of their reader there exists still less reason for deliberately inviting his justified resentment. In reality, poets would never write sneers if they did not hope to gain the pained attention of other men, and the extra whip-strokes added to the back of a subject do not spring from a desire for self-expression alone. Marooned on an island, the ultra-radical poet would not be inclined to sneer at the monkeys and parrots intruding upon his contemplations, but would meet them with more direct methods—heavy clubs, friendliness or indifference. He would fail to sneer at these creatures because he would immediately realize that such a weapon could not affect them, but he sneers and jeers at other objects of his dislike—human beings and their methods—because he strives to wound them in the same manner that they have wounded him. His opponents use sneers and distortions and he grasps their tactics in an effort to surpass the effectiveness of their attack. Thus both sides, in their effort to demolish each other, borrow the methods of American politicians and attain nothing save an occasional flash of verbal dexterity. Direct argument and impersonal description should be the only methods used by ultra-radical poets in their poetic and critical struggle for a reality which evades the eyes of other men. When they sneer, whether deftly or clumsily, their creations descend to a hurried stridency that desecrates their aims and provides an excellent re-

tort for their adversaries. The literary conservative, from his throne of past achievements, loftily flays the ultra-radical and writes, "You are a charlatan who shakes his tambourine for a momentary notoriety." But the ultra-radical should answer: "I am shaking my tambourine down the road! You are standing still. Both of us should doubtless be reproached, yet both of us are inevitable."

American prose literature is divided into three plaintive continents: clear cold psychological data; sentimental, unbeautiful lying; and social propaganda. The first is an uninspired photograph; the second, a pretty vase; and the third, a decorated sledge-hammer.

The American writer earnestly strives to accomplish something; he starts out with a fixed and lofty objective which ranges from a "portrayal of the soul of the masses" and an exposure of the iniquities of the present social system, to "an unfolding of the poetry that lies in simple people." He seizes upon ideas that have been current coin in Europe for the past century, writes them much worse than they were originally written, and is hailed as a genius. His characters are marvels of surface realism —stop any well-educated milkman on the corner and he will converse exactly as Dreiser's artists talk. It is impossible to forget —in Dreiser's novel, *The Genius*—the figure of the artist, Witla, who stands with rapt admiration before "The Bathers," that famous painting by Bouguerau. Even the worst of European novelists would have possessed enough good taste to select a Corot or Rembrandt for his hero's worship!

In the grip of this mediocre surface realism the American novelist writes on the theory that human beings lack eyes and cannot see the conditions about them, but must be told in lengths of four hundred pages that a grafting politician can pillage a city, that a man can immerse himself in moneymaking and lose his soul, that working people are unjustly treated, that women are asserting their economic independence, and that fast society drinks and has gossamer-morals. One does not quarrel with the broad truth of these contentions or with the necessity for advancing them; one quarrels with the robe of fiction in which they are clothed. They would sound far more convincing if written

as straight political or philosophical tracts. When human beings, within the covers of a novel, become the puppets of a sweeping argument or exposure, they lose both spontaneity and individuality. This is an obvious truth, but it becomes necessary to reiterate it when dealing with the present-day American novelist. If he is striving to educate people who are inclined to argue pro and con about widespread facts, he should turn to direct propaganda as a method better suited to his purpose. The best of Russian novelists expose their characters with a cold and impartial gesture, but the American distorts his people with an ideal, and when he deals with average people he attempts to make them much worse or better than their level, according to the argument which he is striving to present. The novel should be concerned with exceptional characters placed against a background of more average figures, and should be far more interested in style than in "message." If it does not observe these aims it is merely engaged in an unsuccessful competition with the essay and the play. The style of the American novelist is almost always simple, strong and clear, as the phrase goes, and he leaves imagination and dexterity to weak-kneed poets, who believe in making lyrical and elaborate "lies" about human beings and life in an effort to escape the simple, strong and clear nightmares of average conditions and sights. But what am I writing? Modern American poets have become as surfacely realistic as American novelists, though their methods are different.

It has become a rigid shibboleth among American poets of the present day, that writing about a rose or a sunset inevitably proves that a man is a minor poet, and that steam-cranes, shoestring peddlars, farm-hands, the Panama Canal, ice-wagon drivers and chorus-girls are the only fit subjects for a spirited poet. Together with the American novelist, they insist that literature must cling to the most salient facts of every-day life and refrain from searching for new or less apparent realities. They provide, in other words, a sort of unadorned kindergarten which the soul is supposed to attend, not to speak of the mind and the heart. In their plaintive insistence upon propaganda and a surface realism, American writers achieve only faint echoes of old-world literature, for the simple reason that outside of scientific re-

search and pure philosophy, ideas are eunuchs drained by centuries, and dressed in variations of old costumes. Any modern writer with a little research can discover that some old Chinaman or European said exactly what he is saying, and often in a far more imaginative and effective way. But literary style alone still retains a great degree of freshness, because the great majority of Occidental writers have been immersed in discovering thoughts and emotions, in reaching and displaying the most salient shades of their hearts and minds. In its relation to this aim, literary style became chief-cook-and-bottle-washer—an obedient servant who was often whipped when he became rebellious and attained moments of beauty which stood apart and failed to illuminate the writer's purpose. But now that men have unearthed practically all of the major shades of their minds and hearts, literary style with its variations and its polish should assume the rôle of master. When American literature loses its fear of the word "decadent" and is not ashamed to frolic ardently with words and ideas, writing in a vivid surge in which imagination becomes a priest, marrying words and meaning, beauty in American literature will have its inception. This does not mean that American writers must become verbose and ornate. Their ecstasies may be sharp and unadorned, but should be more concerned with variations in thought and emotion than with the presentation of sweeping and well-worn facts. When American writers become more interested in the former aim than in the latter, they will express a future America far better than the present day men who are so eagerly clutching at the surface semblances and momentary impulses of their time.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE PLAYBOY OF CRITICISM[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

"And now when the Great Moon had come, Steeplejack touched the tip of the spire, where instead of a cross he found a vane which swung as the wind listeth; thereat he marvelled and rejoiced. 'Behold!' he cried, 'thou glowing symbol of the New Man. A weathercock and a mighty twirling. This then shall be the sign set in the sky for Immoralists: A cool brain and a wicked heart. Nothing is true. All is permitted, for all is necessary.'—Thus Spake Steeplejack."

Such is the motto chosen by James Huneker to introduce his Autobiography, the last of that remarkable series of books which are now all that remains of him—save those of his writings which may be found in the newspaper files of the last quarter-century. For Steeplejack is dead, and an important chapter in the history of letters in America is closed. Mr. Huneker, in a quite definite and literal sense, began and ended a significant period in the aesthetic life of this country. He had scarcely a precursor; he was unique while he lived; and he has no successor.

Mr. Huneker's pilgrimage among the Seven Arts which he loved to patronize and expound began in the Philadelphia of 1860; it ended in Flatbush a few weeks ago. Drab outposts, it would seem; yet what a glittering web of experience and projection is hung between them! H. L. Mencken has said of Mr. Huneker that he "created civilized taste in America." There is a large infusion of truth in that somewhat too generous estimate. Only those of us who were busy with other than aesthetic activities in the 'nineties can forget the excitement stirred up by the emergence of Mr. Huneker's early books at about the time that America, under the chaperonage of

[1] *Steeplejack.* By James Gibbons Huneker. 2 vols. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Mr. McKinley, was discovering its Manifest Destiny as an exponent of pious imperialism. The United States won the Spanish War and took on Manifest Destiny and the Philippines at about the same time that Mr. Huneker steered into port his dazzling, strange, and multicolored cargo of aesthetic ivory, apes, and peacocks. It was an authentically novel adventure for the home-keeping American reader of average intelligence and information to pick up a book by Huneker in the late 'nineties and find himself confronting a critic who was jauntily at his ease among all the fine arts known to man, and who bewildered God-fearing and "cultured" Americans, their minds going along comfortably with Hamilton Mabie and Charles Dudley Warner and Kenyon Cox and Ireneus Prime Stevenson and other illuminati of that ilk, by his casual indication of a *terra incognita* peopled by a strange race of poets, painters, music-makers, dramatists, novelists, philosophical rhapsodists, and an anonymous class impressively and with beguiling wickedness referred to by their exploiter as "anarchs," "immoralists," "melomaniacs," "iconoclasts," "visionaries," "egoists," "bedouins," and by other provocative appellations.

There were not many reading, play-going, picture-viewing, music-loving Americans at the beginning of this century who knew much about the artists who were then evolving new conceptions of color and design and sound, who were seeing man and his world with new eyes, and who were imperiously demanding of their generation fresh and unaccustomed and difficult prodigies of comprehension and appreciation. Mr. Huneker stood almost alone in America at that time as a persuasive advance agent for these new men and these unfamiliar concepts. While Hamilton Mabie and his confrères were still earnestly lecturing and essaying upon Thackery and Dickens, trying, a little uncertainly, to estimate George Meredith, and relapsing upon Mr. James Lane Allen with obvious relief, while their musical and dramatic and pictorial brothers of the critical craft were engrossed in Brahms and Tchaikovsky, Pinero and Clyde Fitch, Sargent and Abbey, Mr. Huneker gaily conducted to public pasture (as he himself once put it) his surprising "flock of Unicorns—typifying the dreamers of dreams in the Seven Arts,"—while he pro-

duced, with sustained and amazing virtuosity, a prose kaleidoscope of latter-day artists, novelists, poets, philosophers, composers, and a miscellaneous assortment of fantaisists, funambulists, madmen, mystics, and seers. For the first time, American readers felt themselves to be on familiar terms with such foreigners as Richard Strauss, Nietzsche, Flaubert, George Moore, Maeterlinck, Huysmans, Baudelaire, Stirner, De Gourmont, Rimbaud, Barrès, Picasso, Matisse, Laforgue, Wederkind, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Strindberg, Gaugin—some of them living innovators, some of them dead and enigmatic memories, but all of them remote from the experience of the average American ardently in pursuit of cultural sophistication.

And Mr. Huneker did more than import this alluring and exotic cargo. He took them about with him, made friends for them, put them up at the best clubs, found welcoming stables for his unicorns. In other words, he talked about them extremely well—with vividness, with charm, with evident affection and understanding, with a prose-style that was a new thing under the American sun: a flexible, flashing, audacious, richly communicative style, poetic and irreverent, witty and rhapsodical, swift and nervous, yet extraordinarily sumptuous and learned and ornate. It was uncompromisingly personal, pungent, racy, yet it was sophisticated to the last degree, immensely amusing and stimulating in its verbal virtuosity, its riotous gusto. To a public culture which had been timorous and parochial, a civilization which had been drab, anaemic and thin, Mr. Huneker, almost unaided, brought color and gayety and abundance.

He became at once, and always remained, the critical Playboy of the Arts. He bombarded the amazed American reader with new and startling affirmations; he was the rhapsodic celebrant of a hundred new aestheticisms; he beat the drum with vigor and eloquence, in season and out, for Strauss and Nietzsche and Blake and Flaubert, and a score of other esoteric and neglected geniuses and radical modernists in all the arts. He was the clairvoyant and eloquent interpreter of all those painters, tone-poets, novelists, essayists, philosophers, who were as yet unreceived in our intellectual society—and it is amazing to look back now, after a quarter-century, and remember how barren was that crude,

oppressed, and timid civilization of ours in the later 'nineties, how ready for just such an enlivenment as Mr. Huneker brought to it.

Into the depressing drabness of our critical writing, with its incomparable paltriness and sterility, its dullness and triteness, its traditionalism and vapidity, Mr. Huneker entered with somewhat the effect of a gusty spring wind blowing through a long-closed Middle-Western "parlor."

It is assuaging to realize that that rich and generous temperament, that fine-grained and responsive intelligence, that ample and hospitable spirit, had accomplished its fertilizing, its liberating, its provocative task. There are signs in this last book of his that the sources were running dry. There is much in Mr. Huneker's story of his adventures among people and emotions that the Huneker of a decade ago would have modified or suppressed —surprising trivialities, commonplaces, conformities; much that is inconsequential and trite, and sometimes a little cheap. He has not made engrossing or illuminating or significant his studying of law, his early adventures in criticism, his visits to the Pope and to Roosevelt, his reminiscences of forgotten worthies of the stage and the concert-hall, of the Philadelphia of the 'seventies and the New York of the 'eighties and 'nineties. And he had begun to repeat himself, to thresh over old straw. It was always a defect of his style that he fell in love with certain epithets, and that these hypnotized him, dogged the footsteps of his prose, tending to make it seem artificial and self-conscious. This tendency grew upon him, so that little of his later writing was new-minted, fresh, spontaneous. He was sometimes "intoxicated by the exuberance of his own verbosity," so that he seemed to be far more concerned with the rhythms and sonorities of his prose than with its effectiveness as an instrument of precise and full communication.

He had never cared to attempt any orientation of artistic phenomena in the social scheme—his criticism was always (in the admirable phrase of that wise and exquisite American seer, Edith Wyatt) "untouched by any of the moods of a profound general consciousness." One misses in him always a realization of the need for relating individual artistic appearances to their

contemporary human environment, to the great stream of general ideas and tendencies. His criticism is merely aesthetic diagnosis brilliantly and sympathetically performed in a vacuum, without any attempt to determine its human or spiritual values. No doubt he failed to discriminate between the criticism that is enriched by an acute awareness of all the interacting forces of its social setting, and the incurable American habit of discussing aesthetic phenomena in terms of a rigid and sentimental piety—the disastrous tendency which has brought into our critical writing those horrible things, the platform manner, the pulpit manner, the shield and helmet of the ethical policeman, the handcuffs of the lewd detective of the moral order. From these hideous perversions he naturally revolted with loathing. But he need not have detached himself so wholly from the deeper and wider implications of his subject-matter.

Yet, when all is said, how immeasurably valuable an influence he was! What susceptibility, clairvoyance, immediacy of response were his! He was innocent of prepossessions, infinitely flexible and generous. He was the friend of any talent fine and strange and courageous enough to incur the dislike of the mighty army of Bourbons, Puritans, and Bœotians. His critical tact was almost infallible. "Our myriad intuitions are the veiled queens who steer our course through life," says a profound and subtle mystic of today, "though we have no words in which to speak of them." But Mr. Huneker had words in which to speak of them. He has written pages that will always be cherished by those for whom criticism is one of the several ways of literature—pages of superb and gorgeous imagination, of beautiful insight, of splendid valor. He was, we have already said of him, both vivid and acute, robust and fine-fingered, tolerant yet unyielding, astringent yet tender—dynamic, contagious, perpetually lovable, inveterately alive. Remembering him, one remembers, too, one of his favorite quotations from Nietzsche: "Convictions are prisons. . . . New ears for new music. New eyes for the most remote things. . . . The pathos of distance."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

Nothing is more familiar, more commonplace, more a matter of course, in our political history than the transition from one Presidential administration to another. Yet, not in spite of, but rather because of those very qualities, to the reflective mind nothing is more impressive or more significant of the soundness, the practicality and the permanence of republican institutions. Mr. Harding is the twenty-ninth President of the United States. He has entered upon the thirty-fourth Presidential term, and the one hundred and thirty-third year of the American Presidency. How many other countries in all the world at all comparable with this have had twenty-nine successive chiefs of state without a revolution? How many monarchies have had thirty-four successive reigns without a usurper, a pretender or an enforced change of dynasty? How many nations have had a hundred and thirty-two years of unchallenged constitutionality? This "young" nation has become one of the oldest in unchanged government; this "experiment" has become one of the most permanent and impregnable fixtures in the world. This latest change of administration is the most notable of all, not alone because it is the latest and therefore makes the number greater than ever before, but still more because of its quality, or of its circumstances. In all three respects, of personality, of party, and of civic policy, it presents the greatest contrast and involves the greatest change in all our history. Yet never was acquiescence more instant, more universal, or more complete. "It is," said De Tocqueville more than eighty-five years ago, "a regular state of things really founded upon the enlightened will of the people."

The Allied Powers finally fixed the German indemnity at a mere minor fraction of the damage done and the losses sustained, and provided for its payment on the easiest of terms; so that, in emulation of Clive, they might well declare themselves to be astonished at their own moderation. Yet the characteristic

German whine is heard, and characteristic German hypocrisy is practised in an effort to escape payment. Official authorities confess Germany to be highly prosperous, probably more so than any other important country of Europe. They report between eight and nine billion marks new capital invested—cash, fully paid—last year, with dividends of from ten to twenty per cent or more paid by leading industries. Yet the German Government pleads poverty and inability to do so much as to pay for the goods it stole during the war. In the face of such shameless effrontery it is gratifying to see the Allies presenting a united and resolute front and calling Marshal Foch into council as to the ways and means of compelling the impudent recalcitrant to yield. It would be a deplorable thing to have war resumed, even though it were on the eastern side of the Rhine. Yet it would be a still more ominous and mischievous thing to permit Germany to win her game of camouflage and bluff. But we have no notion that there will be a resumption of war, or any need of it. As we recall a certain historic incident, Colonel Crockett did not have actually to shoot at the coon in the tree. It came down.

The occurrence of numerous cases of typhus fever, with a large proportion of deaths, in various places in this country gave cause for indignation rather than panic. There is indeed never cause for panic in such cases, for the indulgence of that mad passion would merely aggravate the trouble. But there was reason for hot wrath at the scandalous negligence or laxity of the Federal immigration service in letting dozens of typhus suspects, swarming with the plague-conveying vermin, pass freely through the port gates and mingle with the population of our great cities, and in actually refusing to coöperate with the local health officials in delousing aliens and thus preventing the spread of the pestilence. This defiant disregard of the public health was maintained until we seemed to be on the verge of national disaster. Then the Immigration Bureau reversed its tactics and flew to the opposite extreme. A little time ago there was a clash between the Labor Department and the State Department, over the deportation of a stowaway. Still more serious was this later clash between the Immigration Bureau and the Public Health Service.

The practical disappearance of the London *Athenaeum* after ninety-three years of distinguished service may be said to mark an epoch in journalism and literature. Only a little younger than the *Examiner* and the *Literary Gazette*, and contemporary with the *Spectator*, it easily ranked first, for many years, as an organ of serious literary criticism. Its decline and fall must raise the question of the status of such criticism in our day; and of the still more elaborate essays of the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly Reviews*. Would there be much popular demand now for such book reviews as those of Macaulay and Croker and Gifford and Lockhart and their colleagues?

Secretary Hoover's recommendation of nation-wide coördination of industries would not be easy of execution, but it would unquestionably be of the very greatest practical value. It calls attention to what is certainly one of the greatest of our economic needs, every step toward the fulfilment of which is to be regarded with encouragement and gratification. It is quite true, as Mr. Hoover says, that with proper coördination such a thing as over-production is impossible. If every farmer in the land were chiefly to grow red peppers, or if every shoe factory were to make nothing but dancing pumps, there would doubtless be great over-production of those useful articles, and a disastrous shortage of others. What is needed is that production shall be as accurately as possible proportioned to demand. For this to be done by government compulsion would be neither practicable nor desirable. The Government could manifestly, however, greatly facilitate the doing of it with a suitable service of survey and report, leaving the practical application of the principle to industrialists themselves, who should be impelled to it by the most fundamental considerations of self-interest.

In the death of Prince Peter Kropotkin the world was bereft of one of its too few men of real genius. As the physical geographer of the Asian Continent his services to science were unsurpassed by any other since Humboldt, while as a social and industrial economist he must rank as the foremost of his school, however much we may dissent from many of his principles. Perhaps the

best vindication of his politico-social career was found in its ending. Years ago he was proscribed and condemned to death because of his opposition to the despotism of the Czars, and he was regarded as a "Red" Radical and Anarchist. At the end he was proscribed and condemned to death because of his opposition to the still more detestable despotism of the Bolshevist usurpers, and was regarded as bourgeois and reactionary. Yet from first to last he never changed his principles.

The election of Dr. Angell to the Presidency of Yale University is one of the most significant and auspicious events in higher education which has occurred in our time, whether regarded subjectively or objectively. Its real purport is epigrammatically expressed in the phrase which spontaneously arose on every side at announcement of the election, the Nationalization of Yale. Hitherto Yale has taken her Presidents from among her own men. Now she goes outside their ranks and selects one who has never in any way been connected or associated with her. If that means increased nationalization of a university which has long been one of the most liberal and most national in its spirit and scope, it obviously means no less the nationalization of American university life and work in general. Years ago "freshwater college" was a term of contempt and reproach. Yet it is from such an institution that Yale gets her new head. Similarly the New England colleges were regarded as narrow and parochial; yet one of the most typical of them turns to Michigan for a President. It is a welcome demonstration of the unity of spirit and of purpose which animates American scholarship regardless of location or tradition.

Opposition to the proposed Federal Education law, which would develop the present Commissionership of Education into a Secretaryship in the Cabinet, seems to be chiefly based upon a mistaken ground, or upon quite groundless apprehensions. It is feared, we are told, that there would be discrimination against if not outright prohibition of church and private schools, and that all education would be secularized and made official. The best answer to that is that no such inclination has been developed

by any Commissioner of Education, and that if it has not appeared in the Bureau, it would not be likely to appear in a Department of Education. Moreover, no such inclination has ever appeared in any State under State control of the schools; save in Michigan, where the attempt has been conspicuous chiefly for the swift and overwhelming condemnation which it incurred. There may be valid objections, on other grounds, to a national Department of Education, though we cannot recall having heard them. On the other hand the appalling condition confronts us of widely prevalent and increasing illiteracy, not merely among immigrants and the negroes of the South, but also among native white men and women throughout the country. It may be problematic whether a Secretary of Education in the Cabinet could abate that ominous evil; but it must surely be conceded that if he could, we should by all means have him to do it. And it would be profitable and gratifying to have those who oppose such an arrangement suggest some other and more hopeful method of dealing with what must be regarded as one of the greatest and most ominous of our national evils.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

GREAT MEN AND GREAT DAYS. By Stéphane Lauzanne. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Is it the function of a great editor to influence public opinion or merely to crystalize it? The answer is, of course, that in doing the one he does the other. Yet an editor convinces rather by exposition than by dialectics. One has to judge of his opinions not so much by their proof as by their inherent reasonableness, not so much by their originality as by their simplicity, not so much by their ingenuity as their honesty. Brilliant a great editor may be both as reasoner and as descriptive writer, but not with a lawyer-like subtlety. He is judge rather than lawyer—an unofficial judge in the court of public opinion, from which there is no appeal except to the court of history. And the public—not altogether at the mercy of its leaders, despite the growing difficulty of being really informed about public questions and public men—will always in the long run estimate the judge correctly. Samuel Butler says that most arguments convince us by their mere statement, or not at all; and the corollary of this is mere plausibility or mere special pleading can generally be recognized. We know when we are being propagandized or subjected to sly insinuation. We require of the leaders of public opinion that they shall be so straightforward that when they are biassed or when they fall into exaggerated statements of personal views, these opinions or impressions of theirs shall be advanced for just what they are worth and not supported by specious proof: otherwise we know that they are not playing the game. The morality of the profession of journalism is thus rather more like the morality of letters than the morality of science. And, as a cat may look at a king, a literary critic may venture to express his mind about a book like Lauzanne's *Great Men and Great Days.*

"Often," writes M. Lauzanne, "the journalist is wrong; but at least he leaves behind him portraits into the making of which he has put all his good faith." And concerning the good faith of the author's portraitures there can be no manner of doubt; the quality shines out between the lines of brilliant, though often slight and sometimes consciously restrained description.

Some of these pictures are little more than slight pencil sketches. No attempt is made to paint Théophile Delcassé, for example, as a life-size, heroic figure, yet a just impression is firmly and delicately outlined. "The judgment we can pass on M. Delcassé amounts to little. History will cast the final ballot; she will say whether it was a great or a little man who created around France that defense of alliances so solid that when the thunderbolt of

aggression was hurled at her in 1914, France could clothe herself in these alliances as a shield." The man's achievement stands out, and, though the personal touches are few, so does the man. One does not easily forget the picture of M. Delcassé on the day in 1898 when he first took possession of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, a physically small man, with "a squad of well-sharpened pencils with fine points" on the table before him, nor his tranquil remark to his first visitor: "Now I am going to get to work. The first thing I am going to do is to straighten out all our differences with England."

Other portraits, though hardly more pretentious, are more lively and striking—they are incisively lined. Marshall Joffre who "gave forth confidence in the same way that other men give forth disquiet and agitation"; David Lloyd George, of whom it is said that he is "always sincere—or at least he gives the impression of being sincere; only his sincerities are contradictory—and this impression he does not give"; Georges Clémenceau, drawn with few strokes, and without caricature, yet really portrayed as in an engraving—a marvellous study—these descriptions, one thinks, could hardly be improved upon through more detail: they are sketches that serve all the purposes of paintings.

One is particularly interested, of course, in what M. Lauzanne writes about America, about Roosevelt, about Wilson. All these have been so much written about that it is surprising to find a real freshness and distinction in the expression even of a foreigner's views. M. Lauzanne scores, it may be said, not only by his detachment and his obvious good faith, but by a moderation and an easy skill in the selection of particulars which are elements in the characteristic French clearness. It is the professorial quality in the mind of Woodrow Wilson that he stresses: "Some people think this man is a dreamer, others hold that he is a genius. He is neither dreamer nor genius; he was a college professor. . . . He thought that he could play professor to the entire world." With real insight, the author gives prominence to a characteristic that was apparent to students who sat in Mr. Wilson's classes before he became a political figure: "The most curious thing is that his phrases often lay themselves open to entirely different interpretations." The estimate, however, is studiously just: "It was and will remain to the imperishable credit of President Wilson that he solidified the three sections of America, that he brought into unison the eager East, the nonchalant West, that he welded into one 110,000,000 men of all races, all tendencies, all origins." On the other hand, the sketch of Roosevelt is familiar and personal, portraying him as a great human being rather than as a type of mind: it is our own Roosevelt that we see in these pages. Of America the author speaks with the same good taste and with the same sureness of instinct as to what it is worth while to say. It is a little surprising, perhaps, to be told that "the great and immense virtue of the American people is its spirit of discipline"; yet on reflection one is inclined to think that, despite apparent exceptions, this view is correct.

Artistic, though never artful, nicely proportioned in all their parts to the author's purpose and to the needs of those for whom he writes, exact in emphasis; above all as convincing through good faith as through knowledge or wit, these sketches by M. Lauzanne are both informing and impressive.

DEMOCRACY AND THE HUMAN EQUATION. By Alleyne Ireland. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

Is Alleyne Ireland intent upon restating certain evident truths about government or is he endeavoring to define a standpoint from which a new departure may hopefully be made? His whole book is so much in the nature of an essay—an *endeavor towards* some conclusion—that it is a little hard to answer this question.

Certainly, the author has collected and has stated in exact and original language, some not unusual criticisms of democratic government and of the popular conception of such government. He perceives everywhere a tendency to rhapsodize about government, to regard it as something that it is not and to consider it capable of doing what it cannot do. He reminds us that government cannot change human nature, that the "human equation," that unreckoned factor, is fundamental. Nor can education make us capable of democracy, if we have not the latent aptitude for it. An excursion into biology convinces us that inherited traits are practically unalterable. You can *ad-ducate* a man (to use an expressive word of Mr. Ireland's coinage) almost indefinitely; that is you can go on teaching him new facts; but you cannot *educate* him beyond a certain point—you cannot *bring out* what is not in him. Our government, moreover, which was intended to be, and which ought to be, a representative government, tends continually to become government by delegation—quite a different thing; for government by delegation implies all the weaknesses of which democracy has been traditionally accused. Of late years, persistent efforts have been made to secure direct legislation through such devices as the initiative, referendum, and recall, and more recently the menace of Bolshevism and of all the various subversive tendencies for which Bolshevism is a convenient label, has become too serious to be disregarded. But have we the virtues of democracy? These virtues, Mr. Ireland thinks, are more or less mythical; democracy has no real causal connection with many of the values associated with it, and some of these values are faiths rather than realities. What, for example, is freedom? The author subjects the whole concept to a destructive analysis, and seems to show that, in any reasonable interpretation of the term, freedom has little application to conditions in the United States to-day. The whole exposition, though keen and forcible, may be a little trying to readers other than those whose habit of mind is rhapsodic.

Perhaps it would be a fair summing up of much that Mr. Ireland writes in this book to say that while democracy (which came into being gradually and more or less fortuitously as the reaction from certain abuses) has been fairly

successful in preventing the oppressions it was designed to guard against, it has succeeded in little more than this; and that an ideal representative government, which is the best medium between autocracy and democracy, seems scarcely workable among the American people to-day.

All this may be granted. But what is the conclusion? What guidance for future thinking, not to say future action, can we derive from Mr. Ireland's extraordinary synthesis of criticisms—biological and other—upon the current ideas? In the first place, of course, we must adhere as closely as possible to the representative principle, have minds of our own, and oppose the initiative, referendum, and recall. In the second place, we must get ready to advance along three new lines. These are, (1) the science of eugenics, (2) a new science of government based on psychological principles, and (3) a limitation of the suffrage.

Just here one finds obstacles. If eugenics and scientific government are imposed upon us—through the control or leadership of the few, of course—are we not going to incur some of those very evils which democracy aims to prevent? For the solid core of truth in democracy is just this: that while leadership must be with the few, the few are never to be trusted not to oppress when they have the power to do so. We are blameworthy in our general disregard of the expert; but God help us if the experts rule us! Indeed, Mr. Ireland's programme—if such it may be called—seems to require, for its acceptance and for its wise and just application, exactly that higher level of character and intelligence which he says does not exist in our present democracy.

It would appear, then, that we must muddle along, making the best of the kind of government that we have and resisting disruptive influences as well as our present level of intelligence and character permits, until some unforeseen change occurs or until some superior power intervenes. When the requisite stage of evolution is reached, then the complete programme of eugenics and scientific government will be forthcoming, and then, no doubt, there will be no difficulty about its application.

Mr. Ireland's criticism is broad in its scope, and it is of the kind that promises well because it draws ideas from many different sources; but it hardly aims to be more than thought-provoking.

THE POEMS OF HENRY VAN DYKE: A New and Revised Edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Perhaps no American man of letters since Longfellow has produced a larger amount of really commendable, uniformly good, and well finished verse than has come from the practised pen of that admirable scholar and writer, Dr. Henry Van Dyke. It is of Longfellow that one thinks as one reads these highly literary poems, by no means lacking in "soul". The broad culture, the cordial tone, the simplicity of heart, the purity of feeling, are all there—with now and then a touch of felicity in expression or a hint of originality in thought

that almost claims inspiration. Is there in all this anything to command the attention of those who think, and whose thought is stimulated and sustained by the form of poetry and by its power of expressing insight?

Certainly, there is in Dr. Van Dyke's work nothing of the intense personality, the assertion of fact, the challenging note of modern poetry generally. It would have created no surprise if it had been published fifty years ago. In many ways, the difference is all in Dr. Van Dyke's favor. He is not afraid of being too well understood. He does not imply that if you do not understand him, so much the worse for you. He takes pains to be clear, and if he intends to venture beyond the common circle of thought, he is careful to prepare his readers for the venture. He is in this respect old-fashioned. Yet an old-fashioned method is not necessarily a bad one—nor an easy one. If it were easy, more would resort to it. No: the evidence all seems to show that the method of free verse and saying what *you* personally please, whatever it may be in its upper ranges, is, in its middle, or school-girl estate, by far the easier. And may one say, without suspicion of scoffing, that the union of a ripe and cultivated understanding with a certain human instinct and with real simplicity of heart is of singular value, even though it does not amount to genius?

But as for commanding power, or even notable vigor, one has to say frankly that one does not find it. The insight expressed in Dr. Van Dyke's poetry is, for the most part, just the insight of all of us in our pensive moments, a little developed and clarified.

> How long the echoes love to play
> Around the shore of silence, as a wave
> Retreating circles down the sand
>
> . . .
>
> So in the heart
> When, fading slowly down the past
> Fond memories depart . . .

Yes, Holmes, or even Wordsworth, need not have been ashamed of this conceit, or of the expression; yet the idea, familiar enough and belonging somehow rather to a passing manner of thought than to the ages, seems not to have been waiting for just these words. Rather, a familiar emotion is set forth in comely garb, leaving a momentary impression of pleasure in the fitting adornment of our all too human conceptions—nothing more.

Both the strength and the weakness of Dr. Van Dyke's poetry appear to be suggested by the fact that he can tell simple tales in verse much better than verse can generally be made to tell them. Who can resist such a beginning as—

> In robes of Tyrian blue the king was drest
> A jewelled collar shone upon his breast. . . .

Faith in the value of the poetic message, an endowment none too common, enables the poet to appeal simply and naturally to what is childlike in his readers.

EARLY TUDOR POETRY. By John Berdan, Assistant Professor of English in Yale University. New York: the Macmillan Company.

In general, while the period from 1485 to 1547 might be thought of as a difficult and therefore tempting field for literary research, few would suppose that a book not only scholarly, but charming and even somewhat edifying could be written about the poets of this period. Such a book, however, is the recent work of Professor Berdan.

It is perhaps not surprising that a scholar should be able to trace certain tendencies through the writings of Hawes, Skelton, John Heywood, Sir Thomas More, Wyatt, Surrey, and others. "Tendencies," however, if purely literary, are likely to be very tenuous things, and if genuinely and obviously part of the current of an age are too often seen as but faintly manifested in literature—especially in such literature as the early Tudor poets produced. It is noteworthy that Professor Berdan, while performing with scrupulous exactness the scholarly duty of tracing the change in habits of expression which these poets illustrate, is so far from losing sight of the larger aspects of his subject that he actually gives to such expressions as "the scholastic tradition," "the mediæval tradition," and "humanism," a substantial and exact meaning which they have hitherto scarcely possessed in the reader's mind. In a word, Professor Berdan is *au fonde* completely human in his treatment of the subject. When he delves into such scholastic lore as the detailed directions for writing rhymed Latin verse contained in the old rhetorics, he does so not without a sense of humor, and the unexpected result is that one actually achieves a certain sympathy for things scholastic. After all, are we not somewhat scholastic ourselves? Moreover, we owe something quite definitely to the labors and even to the pedantries and affectations of those men who first enriched the English tongue with Latin words. And then it is fascinating to watch the emergence of the modern point of view. What Ascham says of affectation in style is so much like what all modern rhetoricians say of affectation in style!

But if it is a considerable achievement to reconstruct the spirit of an age with such slender materials as those with which Professor Berdan is obliged to work—literary matter requiring the greatest care and skill to interpret it correctly,—it is still more remarkable that the author should have succeeded in giving life and personality to such a poet as Skelton. A harsh versifier, a writer of interminable, more or less incoherent tirades, half allegorical and conventional, half personal and vindictive; a schoolman by training, hostile in spirit to the new learning; it seems impossible really to know him. The author of *Piers Ploughman* seems a much more conceivable character than he! Yet once understand the man's motives and his setting, and he becomes as real a figure as Pope.

The secret of the author's success is that he does not love analysis for its own sake, and that by virtue of a delicate judgment and a nice sense of proportion he knows how to produce not merely a pattern but a picture.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"SPIRITUALITY VERSUS SPIRITISM" IS CHALLENGED

SIR:

I read the fine article by Winifred Kirkland on *Spirituality versus Spiritism* in your January issue with a decided thrill, reread it still thrilled but challenged, and again reread it to find it, for all its brave spirit, riddled with sophistry.

In the first place, it is clear that Miss Kirkland thus gaily discards spiritism because she, herself, has been satisfied. She is evidently acquainted with the spiritistic hypothesis and is not incredulous of its claims. She is the heir of those intrepid and loving people who sought the truth even in the abhorred haunts of professional mediumship and charlatanry, and pulled us out from under the heap of materialism in which our very souls smothered. Their discoveries were a necessary completion to the majestic pronouncements of natural science. Their work is not over. They need our support in their valiant effort to conquer "the last enemy." To be sure, Miss Kirkland grudgingly accords an obscure little corner to the regular investigators of psychic phenomena. That is not enough. When a dearly-loved person dies, we, who have been trained so rigidly in the laws of physical causation, who have been told that "thought and emotion are juices secreted by the brain as bile is secreted by the liver," need to hear the facts of the spirit fearlessly proclaimed by people near at hand, dealt with as a matter of common knowledge, not as something occult and rather disreputable. We need to know that our dead live, not because immortality *could* be or *should* be, but because it *is*,—that they live, indeed, and have given proof thereof.

To be sure, Miss Kirkland leaves another avenue. She has evidently, as have many others, a little psychic power, enough to make her convincingly aware, at times, of the nearness of her dead. So many people have not that power; and so many who have it, mistrust it. When we are told that the last tender, radiant smile of our beloved is nothing but "the sublime delirium that precedes death," how shall we believe, in our intervals of dull depression, that these moments of keen "knowing" are aught but delusion?

Again, Miss Kirkland says that one may bravely accept the alternative of extinction. For ourselves, perhaps, and for the old, it is possible to face silence and an absolute ending. But can we thus lightly renounce for young and ardent beings who were crowded out of life with all their living yet to do? I think we cannot taste any common joy of air or sunshine, if we feel that they have lost all even in unregretful oblivion.

Miss Kirkland further contends "that the dead desire of us a serenity so

poised that they need not stop to worry about us." True; and it is to fine passages like that that her article owes much of its appeal. How maintain that serenity if we fear, as many do, that our very dear are cheated and robbed?

She says that they come to us, when summoned "under the stress of patient pity." Facts do not bear that contention out, but that, on the contrary, they seek every avenue of approach, even in the teeth of our reluctant unbelief, and are glad beyond words when they succeed in reaching us.

She claims that our preoccupation with the affairs of another world leads to a neglect of our duties in this. In the first place, nothing is more selfish than the absorption of a hopeless grief. Anything that lightens that tends to restore people to their normal activities. In the second place, our dead are the first to reproach us for moping and to urge us on in the fight. Again, those very few who believe themselves to be in constant communication with their dead spend with them far less time, a few minutes of earned leisure only, than would be spent with the living persons. That they are not neglectful of the claims of humanity upon them is proved by the examples of Sir Oliver Lodge and of Mrs. Sewall, a list of whose beneficent activities is given by Booth Tarkington in the introduction to her book, *Neither Dead Nor Sleeping*. Perhaps a greater proof still is the world-shaking labors of a little band of despairing men who saw their crucified master many times in the few months that followed his death and who summoned him frequently when "two or three were gathered together in his name."

Of course, there are always the people who seek material gain from palmists, astrologers, and fortune-tellers of all kinds. But I cannot see that even this situation would not be helped by a more ardent and open championship of spiritism; for if the Society for Psychical Research could have funds for a foundation, it could protect the better type of medium from commercial use and trickery, and aid in discountenancing the others. Nor can I believe that our spirit friends could or would give sufficiently good tips on the stock market to make that a serious menace.

Last but not least, Miss Kirkland seems to hold that faith is not faith that needs proof. In other words, "Faith is," as the small boy defined it, "believing in things that ain't so." But is it not of the essence of faith that one believes, proves, demonstrates to the unbelieving, and then proceeds to another faith, eternally crossing the chasm on an hypothesis, but building that hypothesis into a bridge over which less daring feet may follow? Miss Kirkland says that "death has been the only adventure that could not be stolen from any human creature." That, of course, is a bit sentimental. When that adventure comes, it is entered into, usually, very quietly, very beautifully, in spite of the throes of physical dissolution. An adjustment is made for the departing spirit. Dread in the last moments, seems impossible. Of that adventure we could hardly rob the passing soul by any beliefs or unbeliefs of ours. But why we should not rob death of the black, ignorant terror that

surrounds it often in the minds of the living, I do not know, unless we wish to keep that terror for disciplinary purposes, as did the mediaeval church. It would be an adventure, indeed, if with all the conscious faculties with which we are endowed, in coöperation with those who reach back to us with such passionate kindness from the other side, we could conquer death, at least to the extent of developing that fine psychic sense that would enable us to feel, as a real thing, the interpenetration of worlds, to draw inspiration from the higher, and to build our purposes to it. The universe is not made yet. Into our hands, if evolution means anything, is confided part of its making. It may seem an absurdity in ages hence that death was ever the complete shut-off that it often now is. "What we shall be it doth not yet appear."

All in all, it seems to me that Miss Kirkland says very beautifully, very nobly, that she, personally, is so constituted that she has been able to accept the proof of survival, that she has an intimate perception of her own dead, and that she feels this to be enough for the living of a brave life. In this she can speak for many but not for all. The wider, more commonplace acceptance of the conclusions of spiritism would mean that the great majority would lack the desire or patience for any kind of investigation. But to the few who have given us back the soul, of which the scientific assertions of the last century did seem to have robbed us, and who would follow that soul into its next abode to bring us back a sure word of its worth and continuity, let us give an open, ungrudging, unashamed support. Columbus was not the only one with new worlds to win.

LORNA R. F. BIRTWELL.

Ridgewood, N. J.

MR. PINCHOT HAS A CRITIC

DEAR SIR:

Mr. Pinchot in his article "The Economic Significance of Forestry" in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for February, presents a situation of much importance. His course of reasoning and his conclusions do not appear to me to be entirely correct, however.

Forestry is a subject in which it is obviously very difficult to separate sentiment from clear logic. In discussing the practical production of timber for strict commercial utilization, it seems to me that the effect of known natural economic laws must be given the closest attention. Just at this time, for example, the more or less uncertain returns from timber production are less attractive to the ordinary investor, than are the returns from most industrial investments, and it is difficult to escape from the conclusion that industry needs money for manufacturing and transportation more than it does for crops of trees to mature fifty or more years hence. We have no grounds for believing that current investment opportunities do not indicate where money would do the most good in commercial life, and we have no assurance that the programme of intensive forestry under Federal supervision, which Mr. Pinchot

appears to recommend would yield wood worth the cost of production. Nor would timber produced at the expense of the tax-payer instead of at the expense of the consumer be necessarily cheap.

Although timber is indispensable for certain products, we may be better off with less of it for other products. Most of us prefer steel cars to wooden ones, for example, even if we prefer wooden toothpicks to pins. From the standpoint of the public good, dissociated with commercial life, I should prefer to see money put into education and charity, rather than into trees.

The development of forestry in the United States, also, has been handicapped by failure to give forest fire protection attention which is adequate to the need. Without adequate fire protection, any other step in forestry is wasted. If we could concentrate on this need during the next ten or twenty years, and meet it completely, relegating reforestation and regulation of cutting to the future, the effort would be more productive than has been the past policy of urging methods prematurely intensive.

In reference to the important subject of timber for military requirements, our policy should be directed to the specific needs. A lot of poorly developed second growth is not going to furnish airplane stock. I have read no recommendations that provision be made for production or conservation of the special high grade lumber necessary for certain military uses, although the Forest Service has made a step in the right direction in publishing a recent bulletin on black walnut utilization during the war.

Mr. Pinchot's discussion of the relations of wood-producing and wood-consuming States opens up the whole field of political policy between the States and the Federal Government. It requires too comprehensive a study of political philosophy to be taken into account in determining practical measures in the woods. Furthermore, Mr. Pinchot seriously jeopardizes the cause of forestry by opposing in fact, the democratic and practical plan of coöperation between the States and the Federal Government embodied in the Snell bill, H. R. 15,327, which has the support of the Forest Service, of the wood-producing States at least, and of important wood-using industries. Much as we owe to Mr. Pinchot as the father of forestry in this country, more effective and more harmonious results can now be secured, under our democratic institutions, by many foresters working more or less independently but harmoniously, throughout the country, than under an over-centralized head.

P. T. Coolidge.

Bangor, Maine.

ANOTHER VIEW

Sir:

I read the splendid article by the Honorable Gifford Pinchot in The North American Review of February, and I have, as I wrote Mr. Pinchot, quoted some portions of it in a bulletin which I have just written on our rapidly disappearing wood supply in Canada.

This article of Mr. Pinchot is one of the best that I have ever read, and the extracts which I have made, I think, are particularly striking and cannot be reprinted too often, as the public needs to be aroused from its apathy regarding its rapidly vanishing wood supply, which is without doubt the most important problem facing this continent to-day.

FRANK J. D. BARNJUM.

Annapolis Royal, N. S.

THE INNATE VICIOUSNESS OF TYPE

SIR:

I have read with great interest William Roscoe Thayer's article "The Close of an Epoch" in the March number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. I am, however, very much surprised to find a glaring error on page 292 where it says that Count Bernstorff "was a frequent and welcome visitor at the White House until the beginning of 1918." Count Bernstorff was dismissed on 3rd February 1917 and sailed from New York on February 14th, let us hope never to return to Washington. Do you not think you ought to furnish libraries with an erratum slip in bound sets of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW?

G. F. BOWERMAN,
Librarian.

The Public Library of the District of Columbia, Washington.

SIR:

Will you allow me to thank Mr. George F. Bowerman, Librarian of the Public Library of the District of Columbia, for calling attention to a typographical slip in my article on "The Close of an Epoch," in the March REVIEW?

On page 292, the date "1918" should obviously be 1917.

As I state elsewhere in my article that the United States broke off relations with Germany in 1917, I trust that few readers were misled by the slip.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

Cambridge, Mass.

Res.

APR 22 1921 P.SOC

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Edited by GEORGE HARVEY

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ANNOUNCEMENT

Having accepted a position in the diplomatic service of the United States, George Harvey, conformably to the regulations of the State Department, will be wholly dissociated from the direction of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW from the date of the forthcoming number.

During his absence, the REVIEW will be conducted upon the same lines as heretofore by his associates in its management since 1915, namely:

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Contributing Editors
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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

MAY, 1921

THE FARMER IN THE COMMONWEALTH

BY RALPH H. GABRIEL

AMERICAN citizens were hardly prepared to see, at the close of the recent political contest, fraternizing and even coalition between the belligerents. Yet Congress had scarcely gotten under way in December, 1920, when it became evident that the Republicans of the West were uniting with the Democrats of the South with the avowed object of enacting important agrarian legislation. To the average urban dweller in the eastern population centres the thing was inexplicable—and preposterous. "What basis has the farmer," demanded an influential metropolitan journal, "for asking special favors not granted by him to others in the community? Is not agriculture a business like other businesses, and, as such, subject to the same kind of hazard?" A Virginia farmer answered the question:

> We of the soil who have tended our flocks and tilled our land faithfully through the last twelve months have been able, aided by kindly nature, to pour into the larders of our city brethren all the food staples needed to take away the haunting fear of the "high cost of living." . . . Of course we would like to continue to play the rôle of food philanthropists—produce food at a loss—but we cannot do it. Therefore many of us in the coming year, in spite of slogans such as "Food Wins the War" or "Feed the Nation" or "Feed Starving Europe" will merely try to feed the farmer. . . . It behooves those then who consume what we produce to eat while the eating is good—and cheap.

The challenge and the answer suggest a national situation full of unpleasant possibilities. The farmer is asserting himself

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as never before. His power is both economic and political. Almost unnoticed, a new agrarian movement has been developing during the last quarter century. Now that it is coming to the surface it is called the "Menace of New Privilege" and its demands are denounced as class legislation. A force which has united the victors and the vanquished on a new firing-line is worth more than a passing consideration. What is its bearing upon our national economic life? What is it likely to do to American democracy?

Who is this American farmer now so much in the thoughts not only of his countrymen, but of the anxious people across the Atlantic? In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries he brought from northern Europe a simple, almost primitive system of agriculture that had been handed down from father to son for generations. Taking suggestions from his neighbors, the Indians, he developed a self-sufficient type of farming adapted to the new country. During the nineteenth century, these scythe-swinging Americans overran the continent within the territorial limits of the United States, carrying their simple farming methods with them. They conquered and brought under cultivation a magnificent domain of almost limitless possibilities for food production. It was this accomplishment on their part that enabled American industrialism to grow, unhampered, at whatever rate it would. It must be remembered, however, that the kind of farming that characterized these years of expansion was little more than soil exploitation. Heedless and wasteful methods spread, like a pestilence, over the rich valleys of the interior. In the extension to the broad farming areas of America of this type of agriculture, born of ignorance and plenty, is to be found the *raison d'être* for the new agrarianism.

The westward sweep of the frontier produced the farming class of America. To understand the complex of cross-currents that confuse the contemporary farmers' movement and to visualize its menacing as well as beneficent possibilities, it is well to look for a moment at the heterogeneous population that spread over the valley of the Mississippi during the nineteenth century. They came in their Conestoga wagons and prairie schooners, the thrifty mingling with the thriftless, those who looked forward

to success with those who looked back upon failure, Americans with the foreign born. Some of them had been farmers; some were the derelicts of a score of other callings. The frontier was the "safety valve" of the nation whither the radical and the misfit, as well as the able and ambitious, might go to breathe the air of liberty and equality. The farmer group of America was not built up by the evolutionary method of the selection of the fit and the elimination of the unfit. The process was quite the reverse. Democracy's policy of lavish distribution of the rich bounty of nature gave the inefficient an equal chance with the efficient, the farmer with the man who knew nothing of agriculture. It is doubtful if the penalty for individual failure, either on the fields or in the city, has ever been so light as in America of the nineteenth century when the down-and-out could still go west. Of such materials the American farmer group was originally composed. Is it surprising that this group, until recently practically isolated from contemporaneous civilization, should, at times, bring forth strange things? The security enjoyed by the nineteenth century is paid for, in part, by the socialistic, Non-Partisan League of the twentieth.

But the picture is not all dark; the very disadvantages of the farmer group proved advantageous. The equality of the frontier that enticed the derelict developed a sturdy independence and an upstanding individualism that has separated the farmer of America from the peasant of Europe by an impassible gulf. The very isolation of the primitive frontier that brought intellectual stagnation developed that aggressive resourcefulness upon which success is built. Out of the composite of peoples that crossed the Appalachians came the American. Though many of the abler men left the farm for the cities, in more cases than we know the love of the soil remained with them. From these, for the most part, were recruited that army of experimenters who, in the last half of the nineteenth century, brought into being the science of agriculture.

The last decade of the nineteenth century saw the conclusion of the old epoch in American farming and the beginning of the new agrarianism. The frontier disappeared bringing to an end the timeworn process of increasing agricultural products by tak-

ing up new land. Escape from the rigors of competition was cut off. Moreover, the rolling prairie country had been covered with a network of railroads and the haunts of the bison shook under the wheels of hurrying locomotives. As free land disappeared and the country filled up with people, land values rose and farms became costly. Ex-Secretary Meredith recently announced that, in the forty years from 1860 to 1900, during most of which time the frontier was an active force, farm values increased only twenty per cent. In 1920, they were five times as great as in 1900, and the end is not yet. Not only have farms become costly but the tools which have replaced the scythe and cradle have greatly increased in expense. The result of these changes is that farming has passed out of the simple, almost primitive development of the mid-nineteenth century and become a capitalistic enterprise.

This change is one of the fundamental factors in the new agrarianism. It is a change which has brought inexorable competition into the farmer group and a weeding out of the unfit and the inefficient. The purge of the riffraff that flooded the farming areas of America during the years in which they served as the safety valve of the nation has begun. The growing keenness of this competition has played no inconsiderable part in breaking down the lethargy of "old habits already and insensibly acquired without any expense of thought," and in bringing open-mindedness to the new agricultural science.

For more than a quarter of a century the land grant colleges and the State and National experiment stations developed this science against the day when there should be no more unoccupied land. They foresaw that, when it came, food production must be increased by the use of better methods. To abolish the inertia of the traditional farmer and to put the new science actually at work behind the plough was the task which lay ahead. The beginning of the solution of this problem is at the very centre of the agrarian movement of the first quarter of the twentieth century.

There is one more factor, however, that aided in changing the old epoch into the new. In the early, formative years in American history, when perhaps eighty or ninety per cent of Americans

got their living from the soil, it was difficult for farmers to feel that they belonged to a specialized class. After the turn of the nineteenth century, however, when industry began to stride forward in seven league boots and giant cities to appear, the men of agriculture began more and more clearly to see themselves as an economic group apart. They were specialists in a national division of labor of which the new capitalist and the new wage-earner were the two other most important elements. Farmers' organizations appeared, the Grange, the Farmers' Alliance, the Agricultural Wheel and finally the political organization called the Populist party. The significance of these is to be found, not in their continued failures, but in their aid to the development of a group consciousness, a pride of occupation and a sense of community of interest full of significance for the future. The last of them, the Populists, met defeat in the election of 1896. Six years before, in the census of 1890, the National Government had recorded the passing of the frontier. In 1900, land values began doubling and trebling with astounding rapidity. The last decade in the nineteenth century, therefore, distinctly marks the passing of an epoch. With the beginning of the twentieth century came the new movement destined to bring profound changes to American life.

The new era for the farmers of America opened with what might almost be called a revolution. The civilization of the cities and the cultural centres began to spread, like a flood over a valley bottom, through the isolated rural districts. The innocence and simplicity of the farmer folk, a favorite theme for the writers of a few decades ago, began to give place to the sophistication of the urbanite. Within scarcely a decade, the rural free delivery, the rural telephone, improved roads and the automobile began to break down rural isolation. No longer were the farmers of America condemned to lives of few social contacts. City dailies, better farm journals and the standard books and magazines brought the events and thoughts of contemporary civilization to the firesides of the farmhouses. The types known to their city neighbors as "hoosiers" "hay-seeds" and "rubes" began to disappear. The process is yet only in its beginnings. This acculturation of the farmer group which, in spite of its handicaps,

is intellectually and morally sound must stand out as one of the important events of the early twentieth century.

The broadening of the intellectual horizon of the farmer is not, however, the only aspect of the new agrarianism. The men of the soil have taken their cue from modern commercial and industrial enterprise. Coöperation and, at times, combination have modified certain forms of competition. There are many agrarian leaders who look forward to a day not far distant when farmers' coöperative organizations of nation-wide scope will bring about fundamental modifications in our distributive system for food products and when the middle-man will be reduced to a factor of minor importance and the middle-man's profit divided between the producer and the consumer.

So important have these coöperatives become that the nation has taken cognizance of them. Their defence against the operation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law is one of the most important political problems of the farmer. The penalty for failure in this is serious. The farmer manages his enterprise on a small margin of profit in spite of the fact that it is an occupation subject to the hazards of the weather as well as those of the law of supply and demand. The smallness of this profit plus the character of rural living conditions has caused a considerable movement from the farms to the cities. This has operated against American agriculture more than the mere numbers would imply because, in general, it has been the more able men who have left the farmer group to live in the cities and to try their fortune in enterprises offering greater margins of profit. The farmers' coöperative movement has for its object the making of farming more profitable. If the National Government breaks up the farmers' coöperatives, it destroys the most important single economic factor tending to hold the abler younger men on the farms. Such action would menace the food supply of the nation, which now must be increased by better and more intelligent farming instead of by an increase in the farming area. Class legislation may be for the national interest.

But it is not in coöperatives that the most significant phase of the new agrarianism is to be found. That phase is the organization of the modern farmer group. After a long and costly

process of trial and failure which led many men to believe that the farmers could never be organized, what once seemed so difficult has been accomplished so quietly and so quickly that even the farmers themselves scarcely realize the significance of what has happened. Almost overnight, the Farm Bureau has become a factor of major national importance. It must not be believed that this is the only farmers' organization. There are active survivals of earlier organizations of which the Grange is probably the most powerful and most useful. Furthermore there are organizations of specialists within the agricultural field such as the Dairymen's League and the National Wool Growers' Association. The centre of this complex of organizations, however, is to be found in the Farm Bureau.

And what is the Farm Bureau? Its origin will explain its character. It is practically founded upon the Smith-Lever Law, signed by Mr. Wilson on May 8, 1914. This measure appropriated more than $5,000,000 for the carrying on of agricultural extension work among the farmers of the various States, with the proviso that the States benefiting should at least duplicate the sums furnished by the National Government. It was an attempt on the part of the National Government to put the new science of agriculture actually at work on the nation's farms. The land grant colleges were to supervise the task in the States. The solution took two forms, the building up of extension departments in the colleges themselves and the development of the county agent. The latter stands at the centre of the whole organization. He is not an expert and is not supposed to be able to answer off-hand the thousands of questions that pour into his office from the citizens of the county he serves. He is a man with a general training in the science of agriculture, and it is his job to know where to get the information. He is the middleman between the practical farmer and the scientist. For coöperation with the county agent and for the raising of money to meet part of the expenses incurred the farmers of the county are organized into a Farm Bureau.

In the main, the local bureaus have proved successful. Organization of them received a great impetus during the War when every possible effort was being made in America to increase food

production. During 1917 and 1918, they spread over almost the entire farming area of the nation. It was a natural and simple step from the county organizations to State federations of these bureaus. In November 1919, when one thousand county farm bureaus had been organized, representatives from thirty-six States, meeting at Chicago, formed the National Farm Bureau Federation. Committees were organized or projected to study coöperative marketing, transportation and rural economics in general. On these committees sit the scientists from the land grant colleges and experiment stations, editors of farm journals and practical farmers. The dues of the bureau members have put considerable financial resources at the disposal of the national organization. Out of this money is sustained a lobby at the national capital. Beginning with the national Department of Agriculture this farmers' organization reaches downward through the land grant colleges and county agents to the common farmer. This half is part of the official governmental extension work and is supported in part from the public treasury. But the other half of the organization, beginning with the County Farm Bureau, formed to assist the county agents, ascends through the State federations to the National Federation with its lobby at Washington. Although the two halves are technically separate, they practically form almost a closed circle.

The new agrarianism has, therefore, brought a new factor into American democracy. The agrarian organization includes, not only the practical farmer, but the experimental scientist. It takes in the agricultural mass from top to bottom. It has the material for able leadership, both local and national. The permanence of the organization is practically guaranteed, not only because of the Governmental and State support that it enjoys but because, through the county agent, it offers a practical solution to the problem of getting greater production out of each acre of farm land. The National and State Governments support the Bureau for the same reason that the farmers do.

But increase in production is not all. The Farm Bureau, like the Grange and the other farmers' organizations, considers the wider interests of the farmer group. This phase leads it inevitably into politics. The political methods of the Bureau show the effect

of recent political thought. The old, costly mistake of attempting to turn a farmers' organization into a political party has been avoided. The organized farmers of America accept the two dominant parties and are divided between them. Like the other economic groups of the present they work within and upon both. There is no governmental official who is not liable to feel the weight of pressure from the organized farmers. National and State federations may pass resolutions containing suggestions. The farmers' lobbies in the State and National capitals may make demands upon public servants. The sanction behind these suggestions and demands is the ballot, the one great political weapon of a democracy. It is well to remember that not only has the farmer group greater voting power than either the capitalist or labor groups, but in State after State it has a numerical superiority.

To mould this inchoate mass of ballots into a weapon that can be used with effect the National Farm Bureau Federation is establishing a service of information which will put facts of vital importance into the hands of farmers in the shortest time. This farmer group is largely American and English speaking, made up of intelligent entrepreneurs. It is not to be compared with the labor group in which a confusion of tongues and the ignorance of the foreigner regarding American affairs make effective political thinking and action extremely difficult. The leaders of the farmers, however, are not content with keeping the farmer vote informed. They have borrowed a suggestion from the old Progressive Movement and are adapting the referendum to their purposes. The report of a county agent of a New York county, dated November 10, 1920, contained the following: "Last spring when the big farmers' fight on Daylight Saving was before the Legislature the Schuyler County Farm Bureau gathered, tabulated and sent to the State Federation of Farm Bureaus the sentiment of 2,464 persons in Schuyler County who were opposed to the Daylight Saving proposition." This meant pressure of some importance upon the county's representative at the State capitol. The necessary machinery for nationwide referendums is being perfected. The tools of democracy are being used by an economic group within that democracy. A rough measure of

the future effectiveness of the plan may be found in the success of the farmer group, with its organization not yet completed, in forcing the bi-partisan coalition in Congress. Out of the quiet countryside has come a giant.

What is the significance of this for America? One thing seems clear. Before the Civil War, as Professor Turner has pointed out, national politics were to a great extent, dominated by competition and divergence of interest among the various sections within the United States. Although sectionalism still exists, it is no longer the controlling political factor. It is now competition and divergence of interest among at least three economic groups that form the undercurrents driving the straws on the political surface. Unpleasant as this fact may be, it can no longer be ignored. In estimating the economic and political resources of the three groups it is well to remember that, upon our American fields and meadows we have reared a great industrial structure, a veritable Tower of Babel lifting its builders high above an immediate struggle with the natural environment in the effort to maintain life. Yet these builders, though raised above the pastures and the grain fields, cannot shake off an elemental dependence upon them. The food quest is as vital today as it was to the primitive savage who hunted the beasts in the forest. The recent war has made this dependence very vivid. The speed with which Babel can be built now depends upon whether the farmer increases his yields of wheat and corn. He controls the food quest. His dawning realization of this fact may be called, for want of a better name, the new agrarianism.

RALPH H. GABRIEL.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT?

BY GEORGE H. SABINE

HARDLY more than a century ago, the hopes of liberals were centered in the creation of representative legislatures. Popular assemblies were established where none existed, and everywhere the assembly was made representative of a larger part of the population. In the end the suffrage was extended in many countries to approximately the whole adult population, of both sexes and of all degrees of wealth, education, and rank. And yet, with this process now practically complete, success has brought disillusionment rather than elation. In the United States we have the last step still fresh in mind, the enfranchisement of women. It is safe to say that the great majority even of those who favored it were rather listless; certainly few believe that it solves any serious political problem or that most legislation will be appreciably better because women have the vote. Broadening the basis of representation has ceased to seem a very important gain in the progress of government.

The fact is that as representative assemblies have become matters of course, we have very generally lost confidence in them as organs for making law. It is natural that in war-time, legislatures should decline in popular estimation, but I am not referring merely to that. The change was going on long before the War. Americans had long been accustomed to holding their legislatures in rather slight esteem, to thinking that the member of Congress or of the State legislature is not a very intelligent or a very important person. In fact, one would have to go a long way back in American politics to reach a time when election to Congress was an honor eagerly sought by men of ability and standing. The case of the State legislatures is much worse. If anything is written large across the histories of our States, it is popular distrust of the legislature. Our State constitutions, with their

detailed restrictions upon legislative power, are monuments to this distrust.

The freedom of our legislatures has been limited in two chief ways. It has been partly lost through the assumption of legislative functions directly by the people, but still more has it been hampered by the ascendancy of executive officers, who have had to assume more and more responsibility for getting laws framed and passed.

It was natural for Americans to assume that the democratic way to settle a question was to leave it to the people, and the more they distrusted their representatives, the more they tended to think that leaving it to the people meant letting the people vote on it. Since they did not trust the legislature to pass the laws they wanted, they invented ways of initiating legislation. And since they feared that the legislature would pass laws they did not want, they reserved to themselves the right to pass upon an enactment before it became law. More and more of our State law was written into the State constitution, which as a rule could be amended only by a referendum. Thus the initiative and the referendum were symptoms of the low opinion which Americans had of their State legislatures, but they were also causes of the further decay of those bodies, for the surest way to make a place unacceptable to an able man is to make it a place where little or nothing can be done.

In the case of the Federal Government, Congress lost power mainly to executive officers. Not that it tamely surrendered, or that its legal powers were restricted. Except in unusual circumstances, Congress has been tenacious of its Constitutional independence, and has rather enjoyed waging guerilla warfare against a President or Cabinet officer. But in the long run, circumstances have been too much for Congress. The power of the President, even over legislation, has steadily increased, and more and more Congress has had to accept his leadership. No theoretical independence could free Congress from the results of the President's superior strategic position. He could bring public opinion to bear upon them in a way they dared not neglect. For there can be no doubt that the public by preference sides with the President. It may grow tired at times of what orators

call "one-man government," but when some action is definitely wanted, the public rather likes to see the President put it through. It is in fact a definite gain in popular government to be able to hold some one person responsible for legislation, as for other results. The President, paradoxically enough, has become the people's agent for keeping the people's representatives up to their job. Our most successful Governors in the last twenty years have been men who could deal with State legislatures in the same fashion.

The public esteem in which the legislature is held has thus tended to decline in comparison with that given to other parts of the Government. Indeed, it is not too much to say that our legislatures have come to be distrusted, and that a very large number of persons feel that our so-called representative bodies are the part of the Government which least represent them in those matters which they deem of the greatest importance. It should be noted, however, that distrust of legislatures has not meant distrust of legislation. Particular acts may be condemned, but so far as methods are concerned, we look to legislation for the remedy of abuses almost as much as ever we did. In fact, this faith is inevitable. Social and economic relations in an industrial society have refused to become stable and social processes have undergone a steady and amazing acceleration. Such changes call for corresponding changes in the legal relations of the parties interested. Hence the law has had to change much faster in the last fifty years than ever before in human history. And some sort of legislative machinery has to labor at this task. Hence the appalling volume of law that our national, State, and municipal legislatures have poured upon the world. One may believe in particular cases that much of this law was ill-made, but he cannot escape the fact that one way or another most of it had to be made. There is no reason to suppose that the next fifty years will see any diminution of the need for revising the law.

The two outstanding features of the present situation are the need of legislating and our loss of confidence in the agencies by which legislating is done. Since there is no possibility of doing away with the need for legislation, the only question is the

possibility of more satisfactory agencies. In particular we need to get at the seat of our distrust of elected representatives. Representation, doubtless, we must have, since direct legislation is out of the question both by reason of the size of modern States and equally by reason of the complexity of the questions involved. Along what lines may we expect our law-making institutions to move under the stress of the present discontent? But first, can we explain more clearly *why* representatives have lost touch with their constituencies and lost the confidence of those who elect them?

The general notion of representation is of course very old. For English-speaking people especially it was not at all an invention of the age of democratization. There was one element, however, in the early notion of representation which has been almost wholly lost in the course of modern political evolution. In earlier times it was a *community* which was represented. The representative was the spokesman for a unified group which might not unreasonably be expected to express itself with one voice. It was a unit in fact, in the sense that the interests of the members really were for the most part confined to the local group, and it was a unit also in the minds of the members. The community was relatively small. It was economically self-sufficing to a very large extent, and there was relatively little communication with other communities. In consequence, the interests of every person in it were almost exclusively local and were very largely bound up with the welfare of the locality. Its social and economic organization was exceedingly simple, compared with modern communities. There really were group interests and these interests really could be represented.

Moreover, the members were definitely conscious of the community as a real being. If we were to borrow a modern idea, we should say that the units of representation were corporations. The local bodies acted in all respects as if they were persons. A county was in no sense merely the indefinite number of persons who happened to live in a given area. In fact, though the word county (*comitatus*) does refer to a geographical district, it means equally the county court, or local representative body, which chooses members to sit in Parliament. The county has duties,

rights, guilt, judgment, will, and organs for performing or expressing these. The looseness of the individual from the locality in which he lives, which is natural to our way of thinking, is essentially a modern idea. The correlated notion of the locality as merely a square mile of land inhabited by some indefinite number of persons is equally modern. In the past the local group was a community. Sometimes it was a guild with a definite unity of economic interest, but in any case the members were united by ties which seemed to them entirely tangible and the group thus formed was in their eyes a permanent, living, acting entity. Representation always involved the idea of such a unified group which spoke through its sworn mouthpiece.

The evolution of modern social and economic conditions, and the accompanying growth of modern government, have conspired, one might almost say, to crush the life out of the smaller units and localities which were once its living elements. It was inevitable under the circumstances that government should become more and more highly centralized, and that localities should be subjected more and more to centralized control. In the nature of the case the small local group could not preserve its individuality and self-sufficiency. More and more politics became a relation between two sharply contrasted extremes. On the one hand is the very powerful national state which knows no limit to its legal competence, which claims the power,—and sometimes exercises it,—of regulating all phases of the citizen's life, from his religion to his industry and from his education to his hygiene. On the other hand there is the citizen himself whose local attachments and communal bonds often have singularly little to do with his political activities and relationships. No doubt he still belongs to a community of some sort, but the community has largely ceased to be local and is not at all a political entity; on the other hand, the local political districts in which he votes have never become communities in any real sense of the word.

Thus we come to our present notion of representation, which is purely geographical and numerical. The constituency has become merely the indefinite number of heterogeneous individuals who happen to live inside an arbitrary line. If a State has sixteen

members in Congress, a Congressional district is merely an area containing one-sixteenth of the population of the State. By no stretch of the imagination can the Congressional district be called a community: it need have no common interests; its people are held together by no conscious social bonds; and they may in fact be heterogeneous to any extent. The other units of local government are no different. Our cities are divided mechanically into wards; our States are divided mechanically into counties; and the States themselves, if they ever had any real unity, have ceased to have it. By this I mean that there is little or nothing in the social and economic relations between the people that correspond to the legal and political distinctions imposed upon them by the existence of the State.

Thus it is true almost universally that the local units of government have little real significance; the local governments do not stand for functionally active communities conforming to the interests and sentiments of the people. When we have wished to make really effective administrative units, such for example as the districts of the Federal Reserve Bank, we have had to neglect the legal frontiers between our local governing units. Is not this the fundamental reason why the claim to State's rights and local self-government, which has been acclaimed persistently as an ideal in American politics, has had so little practical effect? But more especially is it not at the root of our difficulty with representation? How can one man represent that which has no unity and stands for no definite purpose? Is it not easy to see why men feel that a representative who is shared among a heterogeneous mass is no representative at all? In the nature of the case he cannot stand for that which vitally interests anyone, for if he does, he becomes antagonistic to someone else who has an equal claim upon him. Thus he is smoothed down to the level of the man who is everybody's friend,—the very symbol of futility. In a word, our political representation has lost touch with the social and economic relations which make up most of the life of the community.

The fact is that while political representation has adhered rigidly to the locality in the mere geographical sense, the general tendency of social and political development has been to make

human communities independent of locality to a degree that would have been utterly inconceivable a century ago. Stripped of their traditional associations in the local community, men have set themselves to the making of new ties and new associations which are for the most part not local. Wide and easy communication make it practically certain that human associations will never again depend so much upon locality as they have in the past. What is essential to an association is not that the members should be in the same place, but that they should be convinced of a common interest in uniting, a common purpose to be attained, a common cause to be served. If this interest is a permanent one and if it is one which can obtain the adherence of large numbers of men, great and enduring associations can result which awaken a high degree of loyalty in their members. There is one such association which has played a great part in human life and which is by no means modern, viz., the Church, but the last generation has seen an amazing proliferation of associations of this sort. We have, for example, all the manifold associations with an economic basis,—the chambers of commerce, the employers' associations, the federations of labor, the coöperative consumers' leagues, the farmers' marketing and purchasing associations. It is extraordinary how easily and rapidly men ally themselves in these ways when the conditions are right to make them aware of a community of interest. Moreover, by no means are all these modern associations economic in origin. The lawyers' bar associations, the physicians' medical associations, and the engineering associations appeal in part no doubt to an economic motive, but certainly to many other motives besides. The many associations of scholars are for the most part not economic at all. In general, any permanent basis of common interest that can be furthered by coöperation offers the ground for an association of this sort.

The great number of these non-local associations that are based on common interests, and the rapidity with which they grow in size and power, make a striking phenomenon of present-day society. They have increased as the local community has declined, and for the same reason: under modern conditions it is simply impossible that interests should be confined within the

bounds of local groups. Modern men in increasing numbers are but loosely attached to local groups and on the other hand have more and more interests in common with other men who are widely scattered. The interests which unite them with other persons of the same occupation outside their locality may easily be more vital than those which unite them with their neighbors, and the associations which result may command a correspondingly larger share of their attention and loyalty. In short, they feel that this association, or its agents, is a more adequate representative of their real interests than the political representative whom they must share with all sorts and conditions of men because of the merely external identity of residence.

Though non-local associations based upon common interests have become a serious social phenomenon, it should be noted that they have not as yet attained the standing of a political phenomenon, at least in the United States. By this I mean that they are wholly outside the law, though of course not contrary to it. They are private associations and nothing more. Government does not recognize them or make any use of them, except under unusual circumstances. Indeed, it has sometimes tried to hinder them, especially in the case of labor organizations, though with no great success when many persons were convinced of their utility. I do not say that they have played no part in government. They have, for in many cases an important part of their purpose is to influence legislation. They try to supply indirectly the representation which their members do not feel that they get from their political representatives, but such activity is extra-legal; it is no part of the organized agencies by which our laws are made.

This extra-legal influence upon law-making, though it doubtless always existed in some degree, has grown to be one of the paradoxes of representative government. We solemnly elect our representatives and send them to the State or National capital to make our laws. But when we want something, or believe that something needs doing, we show little confidence that our representative will know about it or give his help if he knows. We forthwith begin to devise ways of convincing him that we want it and of putting pressure upon him to help us get it. What we

actually rely on is the extra-legal, voluntary association which we feel can really be trusted to look after our interests. The merchant or manufacturer looks to his chamber of commerce or his employers' association to secure the legislation he needs or to prevent the legislation he fears. Even the citizen who wants nothing more from the legislature than an adequate provision for the public schools, finds that he must work through associations organized to bring political pressure to bear upon State officials. We are in the position of the man who kept a dog but had to do his own barking.

Thus every legislative assembly is attended by a great pulling and hauling of interests, but this in itself is not what makes the paradox. The purpose of law is to harmonize and adjust conflicting interests in behalf of the whole community. It is right and proper, therefore, that all interests should be represented and heard. The paradox lies in the fact that the real representatives are not the responsible legislators, that the most decisive part of the session is likely to take place in the lobby, and that the duly elected "representative" constantly tends to become a puppet whose strings are pulled by someone in the background. And the public generally expects that results will be got by pressure or persuasion, by methods which it vaguely hopes will be legitimate but which it knows often are not so. Thus our laws are passed under conditions which are merely another chapter in the old story of bad government: power without responsibility and responsibility without power. The real representative who commands the support of an organized and interested part of the voters is a private person who need only keep on the right side of the corrupt practices act, while the man who is elected ostensibly to make law is politically responsible to an unorganized constituency which has no unified purpose to be represented. Is it strange that men with real ability and serious purposes should be loath to undertake such a job?

In the meantime, organization for the coöperative furthering of common interests grows steadily and rapidly. It is idle to blind ourselves to the fact that there are great possibilities of danger in this. A powerful association to promote a particular interest becomes a public menace when it uses its power in an

irresponsible or purely selfish manner. But of course it is equally idle to suppose that we can influence such associations by treating them as if they were somehow abnormal. The danger lies not so much in the fact that they are powerful, as in the fact that they are irresponsible. Both labor unions and employers' associations as we know them have been organized mainly to wage war on their enemies and to win advantages for the interests they represent, whatever other interests may suffer in the process. So long as they remain of this sort they are seeds of disorder; it is just this which no statesmanlike solution of the problem can tolerate. Conflict of interests we shall always have and these conflicts will call for continual readjustment. But the adjustment must itself be an obligation upon the organizations which exist to maintain the interests. They must be made responsible for the adjustment of conflicts and for a due regard to other interests.

When an organization reaches a certain degree of power, it is really a pretense to go on treating it as if it were merely a private and more or less casual association. Already there exist associations both of labor and of capital able to exercise a power of life or death over the industries upon which the community has to live. Though nominally voluntary, they exert a control over their members which is sometimes more binding than law itself. In fact, they have at their command much of the psychological apparatus that goes to the making of law. In a word, they are institutions, or at least they are clearly on the road to becoming institutions, though they lack recognition. In one way or another, government must take account of these vast organizations; it must utilize them as responsible agencies in the public control over the vital organs of the community.

The problem of representative government is to get back to a representation of vital interests by responsible representatives. It is not my purpose to discuss the plans by which it has been proposed to bring this about. Proportional representation would at least permit men to group themselves as their interests might dictate. The representation of industrial interests permitted by the new German Constitution is a recognition of the problem, if not a solution. Perhaps in the end we shall be driven to the

much more radical expedient of organizing our basic industries as self-governing units having more or less of legal competence and subject more or less to some kind of outside regulation. Such plans for the future contain necessarily a large element of speculation. But it is not speculation to say that representative government as it now exists is far from being an unequivocal success or that it has grievously disappointed the hopes which liberals built upon it. It is not speculation to hazard the forecast that representation will never again be made effective upon a merely local or geographical basis. The modern community has outgrown the limits of locality, which, from the beginning of man's experience down to the end of the eighteenth century, were natural to all communities. When essential human interests and the associations built upon them have ceased to be local, it is idle to suppose that locality can continue to serve as a sufficient basis for political representation. We cannot go on forever with a twentieth century society and an eighteenth century system of government.

GEORGE H. SABINE.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF IMMIGRATION

BY PRESCOTT F. HALL

THE prediction of the best experts that, after the ending of the World War, immigration to this country would again reach the high water mark of a million a year, which it made during the decade before the War, seems almost certain to be fulfilled. Although the net addition to population during the fiscal year 1920 was only about 193,000, the best testimony is to the effect that the numbers likely to come in the next few years will be limited only by the capacity of the steamships to bring them; in other words that a million to a million and a half will come annually.

The only influences likely to keep aliens at home are: first, a revival of racial and national aspirations in the newly created states of Europe; second, the amount of reconstruction work in countries within the war zone; third, the efforts of the various countries to keep their citizens at home for military reasons, until the political outlook is clearer; fourth, the adoption of prohibition by this country. The increased cost of passports and steerage rate has been shown already not to be an influence deterring from emigration.

The influences in favor of migration are much more potent than those above-mentioned. There has been a tremendous uprooting of families and individuals all through Europe. Persons who have once left their homes, who perhaps have no homes to return to, are very likely to seek to start life again in a new country, although they might never have thought of it under normal conditions. It remains to be seen whether the League of Nations can be counted as a factor for war or for peace; and, until the outlook is clearer, the demands of the various countries for military service are not likely to diminish. Added to this is the frightful burden of war taxation, sure to be contin-

ued for a long period. If, by any chance, some disarmament agreement should lessen the demand for military service, this would be offset by the relaxation of regulations against migration; for European countries will know the great value of colonies of their citizens in America who send home large sums to their relatives in Europe.

We may be sure that the steamship companies will seek to turn to their profit any unsettlement of mind among the various peoples. For emigrants, who load and unload themselves and their effects, and cost but little to feed during the voyage, are the most profitable cargoes that can be carried. And the normal activities in this direction are likely to be further stimulated by a large increase in merchant shipping, and of commerce especially with the United States, resulting in keen competition with temporarily lower rates. Great Britain and this country will have an enormous tonnage for commercial purposes, and Germany has already taken steps to restore her merchant marine and to compete for her former place in transportation. Never have the steamship companies been more active at Washington than at present; and the fact that more ships are flying the American flag than before the War helps the arguments of the transportation interests. America is also sure to be better known and more talked about in Europe than ever before; and the comparative scale of wages and comfort which we provided for our soldiers will be an object lesson to reinforce the letters of earlier immigrants here, and their remittances to Europe on which whole districts have prospered.

For the past thirty years a large part of our annual immigration has not been what might be called a normal flow of population; but has been artificially stimulated in every way by the transportation companies. Although there has been legislation both here and abroad to check misrepresentation and fraud, there has been an emigration propaganda carried on by thousands of steamship agents reaching into the most remote hamlets of Europe and Western Asia. The schoolmaster and the parish priest have been agents to sell tickets on commission; and much use has been made of former emigrants returning home for a visit. Although, just at the moment, no persuasion is needed

to secure enough immigrants to fill the ships, this sort of thing will be resumed whenever necessary, and on a larger scale than ever before.

In addition to the foregoing general considerations, there are special conditions in several countries which call for notice. What may happen in Russia no man knows; but it is pretty safe to say that at the present moment a considerable part of the people of Russia would like to be somewhere else. What was said above as to the uprooting of home ties and the fear of future disturbances will *a fortiori* apply to Russia for some time to come. Mr. Schiff, who was as well informed as anyone, expected three million Jews to come to this country after the war. Russia contains more Jews than any other European country, and most of those millions will come from there. Others will come from Turkey and the Balkan States. For the Zionist movement is more sentimental and formal than practical; and Palestine under any system of government, and with the help of extensive irrigation works and industrial plants, is yet incapable of supporting any large population.

The British Government took steps, even before the war, to make India more self-governing. Lord Morley started this movement; and, since his time in the India office, much more has been done in the same direction. If India becomes in fact a self-governing commonwealth, this will tend to assimilate it in the public mind to the other commonwealths in the British Empire, and to validate the idea of a similar treatment of its citizens. At the present time, Hindus are, with few exceptions, excluded from the United States under the geographical limitations in the act of 1917. They are likewise excluded from Australia under the law which requires an immigrant to be able to read in any language prescribed by the inspecting officials. From Canada they are excluded by the indirect actions of two Orders in Council. But now India has contributed most important aid in protecting the Empire as a whole; and may not this fact change her status not only within but without the British possessions?

Of more immediate interest is the Japanese situation. Japanese of the laboring class are now theoretically excluded from this

country by an agreement with Japan, made in 1907 and commonly referred to as the "Gentlemen's Agreement." They are also excluded under the law of 1917 as being among those excluded at the time of the passage of the law by an arrangement with a foreign country, although the specific compact with Japan was not mentioned in the law. Japanese laborers exceeding five hundred in any year are also excluded from Canada, under an agreement with Japan. Here, again, the future of Russia creates uncertainty; and for the following reason. Japan is not a democratic country. She is absolutely governed by the Genro, a body of not over seven men, choosing its own successors. Neither the emperor nor the Parliament really counts. These seven men make their plans for many years ahead. Hitherto, the eyes of the governing body have been fixed on two things: the commercial supremacy of the Pacific, and the right to colonize in the Western hemisphere. But to these has been added recently another element,—a Monroe doctrine for Asia, of which Japan is to be the administrator, coupled with a free hand in leading the awakening of the East. Now if she can play the rôle which she aspires to in the peaceful penetration and development of China, Mongolia, Manchuria and perhaps Siberia, her attention may be turned in that direction for some time. Both England and the United States gave her a free hand during the war, partly in consideration of her services to the Allied cause, partly from the necessities of the situation. Before the war Japan was poor; now she is relatively rich. But she has not put her money into redeeming land for cultivation, although she is always complaining of pressure of population. She has instead doubled her army, and probably her navy. These things may assure her freedom of action in Asia, if Russia should for a long time be disorganized and helpless. On the other hand, if Russia should be rehabilitated speedily, and England be free to interfere, Japanese ambitions on the continent may be checked, and in that case she would concentrate on the other two points of her policy. It must be remembered also that at the present time there is little inducement for Japanese laborers to settle in Asia to compete with coolies who can live on two or three cents a day. They would much rather come to this country and underbid a wage of two

or three a dollars day. Japan acquired Formosa twenty years ago; yet today there are only 120,000 Japanese there as compared with 3,000,000 natives. A similar situation exists in Korea.

But, while developing her scheme of the hegemony of Asia, Japan does not forget the other two principles of her policy. Commercial supremacy in the Pacific is practically already hers; and she means to keep it. And this leads directly to the third principle—that of colonizing in the Western hemisphere; for trade requires agents and immigrants in the various countries; and the steamship agents of Japan are no different from those of other countries, and would like to build up a large emigrant business. The campaign for the right of free immigration, apart from asking for it at the peace conference, which will be referred to later, takes two forms. First, colonizing in Central and South America wherever opportunity offers, with the idea of later exerting pressure upon North America. The relations between Japan and Mexico are close, and not entirely a dream in the brain of a futile Zimmerman. A case might arise in one of these southern countries where we should either have to assert the Monroe doctrine or abandon it. If we abandon it, the logic of uniformity would be invoked to change our policy as to oriental immigration to the United States.

The second form of propaganda consists in a direct agitation in this country to place Japanese immigration upon the same footing as that from other countries; and particularly to secure the right of naturalization. This agitation has been skilfully and vigorously directed. Able publicists, both Japanese and American, are engaged in the work. Churches maintaining missionaries in the East have been pressed into service, and they in turn have enlisted large numbers of philanthropists and social workers in the cause. The arguments employed are well set forth in a recent article by Mr. K. K. Kawakami, in the *Yale Review*. Some of the agitators, and many publications in Japan, even hint at the use of force if necessary; and it is known that the Philippine authorities organized for possible trouble in the early spring of 1914. A bill has been prepared, representing the views of the committee on oriental relations of the Federal Council of Churches in Christ, designed to put all immigration upon

a percentage basis, and to abolish the special treatment of orientals. Organized labor is, however, unalterably opposed to permitting the economic competition of oriental labor; and the statesmen of the Pacific Slope are equally opposed to admitting Japanese, Chinese and Hindus on social and other grounds. Under certain conditions in Asia, no trouble is likely to arise: with other conditions there may yet be a war between the white and the yellow races. Meanwhile Japan, according to Mr. Uyehara, a member of the Parliamentary Commission which visited the United States two years ago, intended to ask at the Peace Conference for the right of free immigration to Australia, India, Canada and this country. Furthermore, she would like to have asked for the independence of the Philippines, and the neutralization of Hawaii. These last demands probably would have been makeweights, but were in line with the principle of Japanese hegemony of the Pacific.

Over and above these special perplexing questions remains the perpetual problem of a sound immigration policy. There are those who take account of racial differences, and who believe that the legislators of the present are trustees of the inheritance of our past for the benefit of future generations of citizens; and who do not wish to see extensive race substitutions in this country. On the other side, those who value present wealth created by cheap labor join hands with certain philanthropists who believe that all men are brothers and equally entitled to any part of the earth's surface.

It is often falsely said that this country was founded to be a refuge for men of all lands; yet even in the days of sparse settlement Washington, Adams, Jefferson and many others were strong in their demand for immigration restriction, and since 1882 it must be considered to have been the fixed policy of the nation. Under the present law, passed in 1917, thirty classes of persons are prohibited from landing, constituting from two to eight per cent of those applying for admission. It is, however, characteristic of this country that there has to be much more law on any subject than one expects to get enforced; and the lengthy enumeration of debarred classes does not prevent the entrance of most of the physically and some of the mentally defective, or of many

who quickly become public charges in our hospitals, prisons and charitable institutions. Nor does the requirement that an immigrant must be able to read in some language, valuable as it is, prevent the entrance of those who remain aliens in mental outlook and traits of character.

The facts that immigration practically ceased when the War began, and that, in spite of the millions taken for warlike occupations, business went on with as little disturbance as it did, conclusively prove that the necessity of a million immigrants a year to keep our industries going is a myth. Undoubtedly, there is always a demand on the part of employers for labor willing to work at less than the current wage. But, if wages are to be kept down, how is the average citizen to progress in comfort and refinement, or indeed in consuming power? It must not be forgotten that every wave of inferior immigration to some extent sterilizes every stratum of our population above it; so that the question is not of adding new racial elements, but of substituting the new for the old. Indeed, many eminent economists agree that our population would be larger today than it is, if we had received no immigration since 1820; and, what is more important, that it would be more homogeneous in ideals and national spirit. For there is no shibboleth that can in a twinkling change a man's heredity. Neither naturalization, nor the expensive but very superficial "Americanization" campaign now going on, nor the public schools, can effect any fundamental change in a short time. This is well shown by the recent testimony of Capt. Trevor, formerly of the U. S. Military Intelligence Department, before the Senate Committee on Immigration. He pointed out that in every case centers of revolutionary and communistic agitation are found in the colonies of recent immigration. Everyone knows that many of those prominent in the Russian revolution had lived for a considerable time in New York. A number of agitators personally known to me are well educated, speak English fluently, and are entirely familiar with the Constitution and history of the United States. In this connection, I may say that the argument against the reading test, because it does not exclude persons of this sort, is quite illogical. It was never intended for this purpose. The reading test does exclude much of the ignorant

material upon which agitators can best work, as well as many of the mentally and physically defective who might not be excluded under the express provisions dealing with such classes. But for dealing with the revolutionist other provision must be made.

I do not object to the "Americanization" movement in itself, although it is expensive. I doubt if it will be very successful in the case of aliens whose habits, ideals and historical background are different from ours. But I maintain that no plan of Americanization can or will succeed if a million new aliens come in every year; and I do object to its being used, as it frequently is, to draw attention away from the need of immigration restriction.

Still another favorite red herring of the anti-restrictionists is the matter of distributing immigrants. They say that the trouble is not that there are too many immigrants, but that they do not go to the right places. We have had a Division of Distribution in the Immigration Bureau for a number of years. It has spent a good deal of money and has accomplished very little. The alien wants to go where his friends are, and to the big centres where construction jobs are easier to get. It has been suggested that an alien should not be allowed to come in unless he agrees to go to a certain place. Well and good, but how are you going to keep him there? The city of Charleston some years ago imported a picked shipload of immigrants; within a few months not one could be found within the State. Of the Mexican laborers recently imported, under what is practically a peonage system, to do agricultural work for a certain time and then be returned to their homes, already over twenty per cent have disappeared, according to the *Report of the Commissioner General of Immigration*, so that they cannot be deported according to contract. It would require a Russian police system to enforce any permanent distribution of aliens. There is also some question as to the legality of favoring particular localities and trades in the matter.

Another suggestion often made is that matters would be much improved if inspection were made at the ports of emigration instead of at our ports. Assuming that inspection were equally efficient on each side of the water, the gain would be entirely that of the aliens and steamships. But the proposition assumes that the whole theory of our immigration laws since 1882 has been

wrong. This theory is that the steamships, to avoid carrying inadmissible aliens back and the fines imposed for bringing them, will cause inspection to be made at the place where the ticket is sold. Counting in local agents, priests, teachers and returned immigrants, there are probably not less than 50,000 ticket agents in Europe. These men know the native dialects and often know the intending immigrants personally; and they execute our laws without expense to us. Further, the steamships have their own doctors to make a medical examination at the ports of embarkation, again without expense to us. Now it is obvious that an American inspector at Danzig knows no more about an immigrant from the interior of Poland than if he were in New York. We must therefore have inspectors in interior places. But where are we to get 50,000 or even 20,000 men who know the native dialects and are competent to inspect, at any wages we are likely to pay? And if inspection is often defective at our ports where we can watch it, what assurance have we that it will be any better thousands of miles away with almost no oversight? Many natives will certainly be employed as assistants, and our recent experiences with medical inspection in Italy show that these cannot always be depended on. But the conclusive argument against inspection abroad is that foreign Governments have always refused to allow it. It amounts to a species of extra territorial sovereignty engaged in taking their good citizens and leaving the defectives, delinquents and agitators. Why should the foreign Governments favor it? If they do not, political and trade considerations will probably always prevent our attempting to force them to sanction it.

In view of the foregoing, those who feel that we need some elbow room to work out our problems with regard to the aliens already here, are convinced that we should cut down substantially the annual total of immigration; and, further, that this cutting down should be done in such a way as to favor the races kindred to those which originally built up the country. Before the Civil War the population was almost entirely Nordic, and our political and social institutions were developed along the lines of the Nordic spirit. Today, perhaps a little over one-half our population is Nordic, while our immigration is almost entirely

Alpine, Mediterranean, Semitic and Asiatic. If such immigration is allowed to come in at the rate of a million a year, the balance of race-stocks will be changed in a very few years.

The best plan in sight for cutting down the total number of immigrants and at the same time favoring the kindred Nordic races is that based on the natural capacity of the alien for assimilation. Such a capacity is indicated roughly by his desire to become naturalized, when this is voluntary, and not the result of what seems to the writer shortsighted and misguided zeal on the part of others to induce him to change his allegiance. A bill now pending in Congress[1] limits immigration from any country in any year to from twenty to fifty per cent of the natives of such country who were naturalized at the date of the last census. The exact percentage is to be fixed each year by the Secretary of Labor, with reference to labor conditions. The bill in practice would let in all who want to come from Western Europe, but would cut down the numbers from Eastern Europe and Western Asia. In 1914, under the maximum limitation, the effect of such a bill would have been as follows:

	Actually admitted	Admissible under bill
Northern and Western Europe.....	189,177	1,090,500
Southern and Eastern Europe.....	945,288	279,288

If the United States is to continue to stand for that which it has always represented, not only within its borders, but to the world at large; if it is to be protected from that preponderance of those who are foreigners, not only in name but in character, which as Le Bon says destroys a nation's soul, some such legislation should be speedily enacted.[2]

PRESCOTT F. HALL.

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[1] H. R. 10837, 66th Congress.

[2] Since this article was written, the Dillingham bill passed the 66th Congress by very large votes, and was pocket-vetoed by President Wilson. This limited immigration annually from any country to three per cent (with some exceptions) of the natives of such countries who were *residents* here according to the census of 1910. The three per cent in the Dillingham bill is nearly equal to seventeen per cent under the bill referred to above, as regards Southern and Eastern Europeans; but the bill based upon the *naturalized* would allow proportionally more Northern and Western Europeans to come in, and therefore, in the opinion of the writer, is a better bill. But either measure would be a long step in the right direction. The Dillingham bill will be introduced into the new Congress, and is likely to be speedily enacted.

RELATIVITY AND LIFE

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

BEFORE we begin to discuss this subject, let us agree that we shall not attempt to imagine ourselves on a moving railway train, computing the velocity of a ball thrown from one end of a car to another,—or in any other place save where we are. We shall not attempt to make clear involved and intricate problems of cosmic physics to which Albert Einstein applied the principle of relativity. We shall not even pucker our foreheads over the details of Einstein's great work in regard to a subject that requires immense scholarship in mathematics and physics to understand; what we propose will be easy to comprehend. The difficulty lies in the doing.

Our present purpose is to discover whether this great principle may be applied to everyday life, which it is our business to study and to master as well as we can. The principle is simple; the word means just what it always has meant, just what we think it means, and what the dictionaries tell us it does. We understand the relativity of parents and children in a family, or of chairs about a dining table, or of persons and things to one another. When Einstein considered how all bodies in space are in constant motion and how they are all related to each other by the forces of nature he noted that they were all in greater or less measure in bondage to one another. Then he took the first step in the leadership of human thought when he resolved to determine the relations of bodies in space to each other, despite the fact that the relations never cease to change. He did it by his supreme genius in physics and mathematics, and by the same token he measured and compared, *quod erat demonstrandum.* We shall not attempt to follow him into those regions. Let us merely note that a dimension is not simply a line. A dimension is a measurement used for measurement. If we would know the dimensions of velocity, for instance, we must recognize them as

distance and time. We cannot conceive of velocity otherwise. We shall soon find other dimensions besides lines in space and time.

I have said it is our obligation to study and master this business of living as well as we can. Let us see how far we have advanced in the art.

Of all our senses we cultivate only two: sight and hearing. Smell we neglect; touch we do not understand, and taste is a sense that responds to a few stimuli, such as sweet, sour, bitter, etc., while its more subtle responses are not taste at all, but smell.

Suppose we were as ignorant of the use of our eyes as we are of our noses. We should be unable to tell one another apart from appearance. Indeed, if someone were to say, "I can tell who you are by looking at you," we should declare the statement to be indelicate. Of course we should not be able to read or write; we might see the letters, but we should not know their significance, or we should assume printed pages to be vestiges of some primitive kind of a game or of the practise of idolatry by a race of people that, in our vanity, we should call inferior. We might even abstain from cultivating the use of our eyes on the ground that there are so many unpleasant things to be seen that it is better not to see them.

In short, we are only comparatively intelligent in that some have gone beyond the rest of us in seeing, hearing, and thinking, and in the exercise of fingers and hands. There is not a fully developed man or woman alive on the earth to-day. We have attributed qualities of divinity to a number of historical and mythical persons, but we have hardly had imagination enough to attribute to them sensory intelligence beyond our own. We are indeed only modified savages, and our understanding is very slow in growing.

The advances of later days, over which we have been inclined to boast, have been external rather than intrinsic; objective rather than subjective. We have increased conveniences and ease, we have acquired a great deal of uncorrelated information, but we have not improved our method of thought, our habits of mind, nor is it evident that we have improved in character for many generations.

We do not know what consciousness is, but we seem to have two kinds of it: one of which is active and leads us, while the other kind is little more than the passive acknowledgment of facts that are, as it were, filed away and locked up outside our thinking apparatus. Such facts are tools of knowledge, out of use. But what I want to emphasize is that, with all respect for our learning and achievements, we still live in great darkness; our lights are very dim, and we have reached no more than half way to the understanding minds which we might possess if we were to do our best from generation to generation; if we had the art to find and the character and diligence to cultivate our hidden talents.

Just as every particle of matter is constantly changing in its relation to every other particle, so we are constantly changing in regard to one another. We are growing older, and changing in our structures. We are never for two minutes the same. But we still have another point to observe, and that is that every particle of matter has an ever-changing, but nevertheless a persistent relation to every other particle, and that, in like manner, we men and women have a persistent relationship to every other man and woman. This is an application of the principle of relativity to life instead of to cosmic physics. But whereas Einstein applied the theory definitively to cosmic physics and followed up his application by strokes of amazing genius in mathematical demonstration, we are merely expressing the hope that this may be done in regard to life. This present essay is a plea for study; it is not an achievement in research.

The mere concept of relativity, however, teaches us that there is no such thing as absolute freedom. Freedom itself is always relative. A wheel, for instance, may be free to revolve on its axis, subject to friction, but it cannot revolve sideways, nor is it free to go up and down. It is bound in relation to the axle. So are all bodies bound, and so are we bound in our relation to one another. We cannot get away from our bondage. If we run away from one place or community the bondage will attach somewhere else. We can never be free, because there is no such thing as absolute freedom. Freedom is always circumscribed, and always relative.

Many have fought and died for liberty, but the rest of us have not held true to the faith. We have rested in liberty; we have not built the temple for future generations. While praying devoutly for our own privileges and ease and salvation we have let others go to the devil. We have called in the publicity man to advertise liberty and to preach it, and then we have let him go uncensored, which is always a mistake. The publicity man undertakes to get an idea into the public consciousness and to make it alive there, which is a legitimate occupation. But if we engage him to do this thing we must see to it that he does not change the idea in the process. There is his danger. His business is publicity first, and he turns to us to give him the facts and their relation to each other. If we do not pay attention he is likely to do some guessing. And his guessing, which is designed to arouse, is more than likely to lack the inspiration of truth. He changes the idea to make it easier for him to succeed with it. We have been very negligent of precision in our demands upon our silver-tongued orators. Now relativity calls for precision. For years and years, up and down this and nearly every other land, men have been preaching liberty with far more fervor than precision. They have let themselves go until they have lost sight of the dimensions of liberty; they have presented it as a function of rights, without thought of anything else; the only limitation they have put on it has been the objective one of indefinite liberty for all, while they have forgotten the subjective one of obligations. Now there are dimensions of liberty, just as there are dimensions of velocity, and the attempt to find them is an attempt to apply the doctrine of relativity. If we cannot conceive of velocity without the dimensions of time and distance, neither can we conceive of liberty without freedom, restricted though it be, and service. Let us call this our first analysis: that freedom and service are the dimensions of liberty.

A test example to prove this would be the rich young man who goes about seeking only his own pleasure, corrupting other youth and contributing no service whatsoever. Nevertheless he enjoys liberty. We shall imagine such a person to be the child of a man who achieved great wealth, and who, being gathered to his

fathers, leaves that wealth to his son. When it is spent the young man must work or starve, or live on the services of somebody else. If the fruit of these services is given to him willingly then the recipient may proceed to enjoy his liberty, but if he takes these fruits without permission, we call the process theft, and our established organization of laws provides for the capture of the thief and for his imprisonment whereby he is deprived of his liberty.

Relativity thus in its demand for dimensions leads us to the fact that liberty is a two-dimensional concept, and that these dimensions are freedom and service. Even though we go to the woods and live wild, our freedom is restricted to the will of civilized humanity to come and use these woods when it needs them, and to drive us away or capture us, or kill us if we do not give way. We must produce something needed from these woods,—that is, we must render service—or we must leave. I do not know how to measure these dimensions of liberty, but let us admit that if they exist they are measurable. Our inability to measure them offhand does not make measurement impossible.

Relativity calls for greater precision in thinking. The value of the doctrine in life, as in physics, is its mathematical basis. Of course we cannot spend our lives with slates and pencils figuring consequences, but suppose we were to compute consequences much more than we do, would not this be a better world?

Quantitive thinking, indeed, is the first step, because, without it we cannot apply relativity. Judging by preponderance of evidence is an effort at quantitive thinking, and it is the best we can do, but relativity calls for more than this, and always for better than we can do. This is why it seems to me one of the great progressive doctrines of the ages. It is not expressed in the assertion that everything is, to a certain extent, relative. It calls for the resolution of that unknown factor of x hidden under the word, "certain," which means uncertain, into a known quantity. It calls for mathematics to apply relativity as it should be applied.

To return to the gospel of liberty, the orator and the publicity man in spreading it as they have amended it to make it easy, have threshed themselves into a frenzy about our privileges and our rights, but they have forgotten all about our obligations. Now

our obligations are factors of relationship; we cannot run away from them, and in our hearts we know we cannot. In the face of this our cuttle-fish anger at others to hide our own shortcomings loses its weight as an argument. I wish we could get some publicity man to put that fact about our obligations and how they are bound to us, into a trumpet-blast! They continue in spite of all our shouting and boasting and wrath. They keep right on, while we call God to witness that we are doing our best while we are doing our worst. Relativity teaches us that we cannot guide ourselves by a single shibboleth, for even these are relative, and the watchword of to-day is not the watchword of to-morrow.

Is it not evident, then, that relativity as applied to life as Einstein applied it to cosmic physics, demands a new or at least a more advanced habit of thinking? It requires the analysis of our concepts into their component parts and the correlation and measurement of all the factors without fear or favor or precedent or vanity.

The doctrine indicates that ignorance in action is an offense against general welfare, because it appears that understanding is a dimension of conduct. Here I confess myself in deep water, because it is not clear to me at this writing what the other dimensions of conduct are. But let us postulate that what we call character is another dimension, and even though we despair at the measurement of understanding or of character, we shall find it worth while to consider these two dimensions in our studies of conduct. Then let us apply the theory to public affairs. Suppose a candidate for the post of engineer of public works of a State is to be selected. Under the plan of direct nominations this is done by vote of enrolled voters of a party. What do the citizens as a body know of engineering? Practically nothing. Of what value is their choice, then, made in ignorance? It is very low. What is the measure of their understanding of the requirements of the task? It is nearely zero. *Mere numbers of uninformed voters do not make for wisdom.* We know this, always have known it, and yet we have allowed our knowledge of it to become passive. The public works of the State are likely to suffer because the administrator is selected by blind guessing. Suppose

a body of party delegates nominates a State engineer in convention. They are not engineers; they do not know the problems either, and their choice is little better, if any, than that of enrolled voters. The relation of these many minds to the concrete problem is nearly zero. Indeed, the lines of relativity of the many minds, whether they be delegates or enrolled voters, lead to the *performance of the work* of the State engineer, rather than to the *appointment of the man to do it.* The many minds can understand whether the work is well-performed or not, but they cannot predict how competent an unknown engineer will be. It would seem to be our business to plot the lines of relativity in regard to voting through problems of choice that the public *can* weigh and understand. It is wrong to plot these lines through anything else. A mere sense of the relations of things teaches us that it is not only folly, but defective government, to throw upon the public the burden of decision of questions which it cannot understand. The public has every right to call for the best, and the public can and will make its own decisions as to the character of general administrators, but to ask the public to decide what medicine a sick man should have, or what design should be adopted in building a great dam, or even who should draw the plans, is not real democracy at all. It is evading responsibility. It is passing the buck.

Suppose on the other hand the Governor appoints the State engineer. The Governor may not be an engineer, but he is supposed to be an intelligent man, and it is only the intelligent who know their own limitations. The stupid ones do not. And we must remember that the stupid ones all vote. The Governor is in a position to take advice from men of understanding and knowledge, and to make a good and competent appointment, because competent minds may be brought into relation with the choice. The threads of relativity are thus selected and brought into function. Relativity, therefore, seems to point to the wisdom of a short ballot, to a ballot that records our choice of representatives, and not to that curious illusion which is called pure democracy in which the public passes on every question. Representative government is government; blind guessing at answers to questions that we do not understand is not government at all;

it is chaos, anarchy, a sedative for freedom while some unnamed despot rules us in spite of ourselves. The public can recognize and know character and intelligence if it will. It cannot be informed as to the learned professions. Vapid guessing by vote at questions not understood is mathematically incorrect, because the factor of understanding is left out of the formula. Another reason is that it provides only a method of trial and error, and since conditions are constantly changing we do not learn from error. The decision that is wrong to-day may be the very decision that will be right some day next year. Therefore progress is almost impossible from experience alone. The factors of intelligence and understanding must be brought into the process of government and the administration of affairs; otherwise we are bound to go backward rather than forward. And if the public does not know enough to elect competent and able and honorable representatives, then it not only does not know enough to govern itself, but it does not know enough to prevent the coming of a more competent people of another race to conquer and to rule. Here is an immense thesis on relativity in politics, and we can hardly do more than mention it in passing. If we had the habit of considering relativity in connection with persons and things; of thinking quantitively of causes and effects, and of plotting the lines of relativity, we should have different procedures and nominations and different kinds of elections. We should know that the requirement to perform most public service rests on some other talent than speech-making, which is our principal test of candidates at present.

Suppose psychologists were to develop a method of testing minds so that the conclusions were really reliable and it were possible to determine the relativity index of a man; to know in approximately what measure he is able to sense relations, to measure and compare them, and to deduce consequences in economics and in welfare from such computations. Suppose this could be actually determined and recorded. Then experience would teach us that to select a man with a low relativity index to administer the affairs of a State or a great city would surely be fraught with evil consequences. Our greatest cities are familiar with such experiences.

Relativity confers a great distinction, but it also imposes a great burden upon citizenship. Herbert Spencer at one time thought that every man, woman and child should have the "right" to vote. Later he amended his doctrine, and concluded that children, after all, were incompetent to exercise the necessary judgment. In time he would probably have agreed with many others that the votes of a vast number of men and women are to be deplored, for the reason that they cannot discern consequences; as men and women they are too low in the scale of intelligence and character to sense their obligations, or even their advantages, beyond a few weeks or months.

Shall we then deny the office of voting to such men and women? There is no cure in that. We shall find the incidence of relativity in looking for our obligations toward them as fellow men and women. Suppose we deny to one half of the present voters the electorial franchise. Would they develop under the restriction? Probably not. They might deteriorate, as many have deteriorated, by the denial to them of decent surroundings and decent living, so that they cannot compute beyond next week or next month . . . so that sympathy is atrophied and good will destroyed, and they know no emotion beyond anger and hate. The lines of relativity lead right back to those men and women from us. We cannot dodge our obligations towards them. Enlightenment is a slow process, but without it progress is impermanent. We can make advances without it, but these advances are usually swallowed up and destroyed in the reactions against our own omissions.

Relativity does not make good simple and evil complex. It enlivens the fact we knew before, but passively, that progress calls for, not only our best, but the best of the best.

In the councils of labor where strikes are often declared which injure only the innocent, and in the councils of business as well, it is called a shrewd move to get an advantage over an opponent by close jockeying for position; as, for instance, by threatening to withhold the production of a necessary commodity without which mills must close down and men and women be thrown into idleness unless great sums are paid to those in power —whether in prices or by bribes does not affect the situation.

If I can threaten you and you cannot threaten me I have an advantage, and can make you pay me well for my advantage of position. I may use you up and destroy you, you and your family and your associates in business. But by next week or next month somebody cleverer than I may do the same thing to me and mine. And so we may continue, with one person using up many others to his single advantage until we end in slavery or anarchy. Relativity teaches us to beware of this, and to consider character as a dimension of ability, if we would permit ability to guide affairs.

I cannot emphasize this point strongly enough. We *must* consider and compute the consequences of our acts, whether we know the persons affected or not. The law tries to provide for it, but we fall by far too short in the process. Relativity teaches us that we must be quicker in this sense, and that we must hold it alive and active in our minds.

It may be claimed that what I have been calling the requirement of relativity is merely a plea for goodness and morality, which has been taught by good priests and ministers of religion since the beginning of history. But consider the introduction of a new aspect of quantitive thinking. The vice of priestcraft has been in the acceptance of revelation as a definite and closed formula, and the consequent confusion of conformity with righteousness. I believe that the introduction of relativity into the Organization of Ideals—which is the main business of religion—would soon bring back the influence and authority of the enlightened priest and minister among men. This would mean the plotting of lines of relationship which bear upon ideals, and also their comparison and measurement. I admit frankly that in considering relativity as applied to life I have found myself drifting constantly over to its bearing upon ethics, but is not that after all the most important thing in the world to-day? Will any thoughtful person admit that we are free from the hazard of a complete breakdown of civilization from an epidemic of wrath? And how may we avoid such a breakdown better than by the quantitive computation of causes and effects?

Of course relativity is too big and too complex for us to work out its bearings in every detail. It would not be a gospel of

progress if we could bring it into function by a mere twist o' the wrist. It starts as a generality, but if we follow it up it leads to precision, to definite dimensions, and to mathematics. When we have reached mathematical precision we have only begun, because we need this quality of exactitude in applied relativity, not only once, but every day. And the factors do change so continuously that every formula in regard to life must include many variables. There is no completion ahead to human achievement, neither can human welfare be a state of rest. This is as it should be, for it keeps us from complacency as to our achievements. Lafcadio Hearn once said to me, "What a dreadful thing it would be if everyone knew the complete and ultimate effects of his every act! I doubt if we could bear it." He was right; so far as we have developed ourselves we could not endure it. But we can endure a far greater consciousness than we exercise, and relativity teaches us this. The wise man computes consequences, and when he has done this he has practised relativity, although even approximate relativity has not yet been applied to human affairs, because we do not know enough. What we need is more of it, always leading to greater precision. We cannot get much into our heads at once, but there seems to be no limit to what we can feed in gradually. This slow assimilation of wisdom is the true method of progress.

Some of us are incapable of grasping the subject. Some of us cannot think otherwise than subjectively, fighting for our rights and our privileges, with no consideration of the effect upon the whole, upon society; demanding our rights and neglecting our obligations. In such instances the doctrine of relativity denies us our rights; for, without fulfilling our obligations the rights are not ours. There is no single and independent right. A right is a function of liberty which is circumscribed by its dimensions, of which one is service. Here again is an immense thesis which we can only touch upon in passing, but if rights emanate from service; that is, from services which we have rendered ourselves or which have been rendered by somebody else, is it not time we began to trace out the origin of rights, to sense them for what they are, to measure them, compare them and consider them? Rights do not grow wild, they are not free, and nearly every

statute restricts them. If, then, rights are earned rather than inherited by birth, if they are derived from services rendered, then the rights of the child, as we call them, are not, properly speaking, rights at all, but rather our obligations. Here is another big thesis which we can merely mention, but I cannot avoid the query whether, if we fulfilled all of our obligations, all rights would not be conserved? Why discuss the rights of the child while we neglect our obligations toward him?

The profession of law in this country has for many years enjoyed the greatest distinction, but here, too, it is hard to find the functioning of relativity. Let us consider the shadowy nature of its presence in a trial at court. We may define the truth as a proper coördination of all the facts in adjustment with the factor of time. The purpose of a trial at court is the search for truth, and the publication of its findings. At court the search is divided into opposed angles of vision, and the effort itself is shifted into a fight, a duel of wits. Attorneys who are officers of the court are privileged to exercise the maximum of ingenuity to distort the order and arrangement of the facts so as to win a case. In the process, the truth may and often does fly out of the window before a decision is reached. Relativity teaches us that any distortion of the right order of the facts is an offense against the truth. Now we do not know what the right order, the right arrangement of the facts is, and a process at court is declared to be a search to find this very order from preponderance of evidence. But is not the alleged search a pleasant sophistry, so far as the attorneys are concerned? And are not they the only ones who do the seeking? Judge or jury render their decisions on admitted evidence, although the substance of the greatest activity and the most intense effort of the working officers of the court is to win the case rather than to find the truth. The judge often does his best, and the members of the jury try to get a common notion of the truth, but the apparatus seems defective as a means for seeking and finding it. It is the best we have, but common-sense would indicate that the greatest effort of the court should be toward the same result as its avowed purpose. The truth is subtle, hard to develop, and often hard to see. The decision rests in good part on the outcome of a fight instead

of on the development of a diligent and sincere search. Therein lies its subtle fault. How to bring about improvement in the processes of law is beyond my grasp, but in better days these improvements may come. A more mathematical sense of the actual relations of things would help. It is greatly to be desired that the administration of law be developed to the achievement of such confidence of the people that revolutions may cease. Revolutions offer the most expensive road to advancement, and they do not even guarantee that advancement will be reached. We know this, but are we always conscious of it? If we knew that every fact were earnestly perceived in its relation to a decision, and that decisions were reached by careful appraisal and measurement, we should have greater confidence, and revolutions would be less likely to occur.

Is there, then, no concrete definition of relativity? I am afraid not. We might call it a living concept of relations that are, but with this we must bring to mind the ever changing nature of the whole. I can hardly imagine a party or society of relativists with a constitution and by-laws. The best constitution known is that of the British Empire, and it has never been written. Therein is its great merit. Relativity reaches so far beyond our present habit of thought that efforts at definition would be likely to circumscribe it.

Relativity, in conclusion, is a method rather than a thing, and it calls for a higher standard of intelligence than we are in the habit of even seeking to achieve. But it teaches us something that is not hard to learn if we look for it. It teaches us our obligations. And if we recognize these we shall find ourselves along the road that leads to the higher intelligence, the greater understanding and the more abundant life.

ELLWOOD HENDRICK.

IN A BALKAN CAPITAL

BY HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

Liège—Verdun—Belgrade: a triumvirate in martyrdom and in honor. I read to-day that the Serbian capital, twice bombarded by the Austrians, twice captured and pillaged, had been awarded by France the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. She takes her place with her sister cities which in the first years of the war showed the world how to die, but, dying, to stand firm in defiance of the enemy.

I saw Belgrade first across the Danube from Semlin very early on a winter morning when the Austrians and Magyars had been gone only a few weeks from the city, after holding it for three years. Patches of snow covered the tumbled debris and capped with white the mounds and ragged bits of wall that marked where the old Turkish quarter had formerly stretched along the river-front. The ruins of an ancient European town are very different from the remains that one sees after a fire in a modern iron-and-concrete American city. The masonry and plaster simply crumple up in a disconsolate mass, with only here and there a protruding wall or strange-shaped chimney to mark the work of some old mason who builded better than his fellows.

Only one of the former fleet of Danubian river-ferries was then in commission, the others having been disabled by the Austrians when they were finally forced to flee northward in the fall of 1918 before the armies of Mishitch, the Serbian Voivode, and his French allies. They left in such a hurry that they did not get all the loot available, for although they had been in possession of Belgrade so long, they had not stripped it of its more bulky treasures, being quite convinced that they were to remain there as masters forever and convert it into an Austrian city. Then, when the Allied force came sweeping up from Saloniki in unexpectedly rapid jumps, the Austrians only had time to load the loot on barges and ferries; they did not have a chance to unload it on the

opposite shore, and consequently the Serbians regained part of it when they arrived, including several barge-loads of pianos. There were over six hundred of these pianos, practically all that Belgrade had owned. The fleeing Austrians had had time to sink some of the barge-loads of spoil which they were forced to abandon, but part was still on board the nondescript craft moored along the Semlin wharves or stuffed into the old water-front storehouses. There it remained for some months, despite the great shortage of household goods across in Belgrade, for there were more serious problems for the new Jugoslav Government to handle than sorting over this great mass of ownerless property.

A week or so afterwards, when my wife and I discovered an enormous grand piano in the house which we rented in Belgrade, we became possessed of about the only one remaining in the city. It was a colossal affair (I think it must have been built on that very spot for some giant performer), and evidently the Austrians had found it at the last minute too big to get out by any door or window. The picture of luxury called up by mention of the fact that we had a grand piano, however, is quite misleading, for in all the rest of the twenty-four rooms which our house boasted there was not, when we moved into it, another stick of furniture of any description except for a broken operating-table and several cases of detonating fuses!

To go back to Semlin. All the Danube ferries save one having been sunk or maimed, the early morning trip of the surviving craft was a popular event. It had been built to carry maybe two hundred persons. But just as the only train arrived each day carrying its load on the tops of the cars, on the running-boards, and squeezed in precariously on the couplings, so the ferry was loaded down until every spot except the top of the old ramshackle funnel was plastered solidly with humanity. It was a fearful crowd, wonderfully arrayed,—peasants in dilapidated costumes that had once been models for the "local colorists" of many a *Chocolate Soldier* production,—soldiers, Serbian, but dressed in the uniforms of every army under the sun, including that of the former crack Hapsburg regiments, minus only the insignias of rank,—farmers from the Roumanian shore down the river, in conical sheep-skin hats and extraordinary concoctions of frayed

coats and untanned leather trousers,—and chocolate-skinned gipsies, their black hair hanging in strings about their faded calico and linen dresses, shoeless, though it was a bitter winter morning just following the heaviest snow of the season. Part of this motley crowd were bound for the city market to sell some last remainder of a herd of goats or a sack of potatoes; the rest were making their way back to homes in the south from which they had been deported by Austrian orders. Accompanying the latter was a great accumulation of household gear,—battered tin kettles, bits of stove-pipe with a chicken or two stuffed in the top, bundles of frayed comforters and sacking tied up with forlorn harness,—all the junk which destitute persons, returning to desolated homes after exile in a foreign land, might be expected to cling to with passionate faith in its value and usefulness.

As the boat neared the Serbian side of the river this jam of man and beast managed in some miraculous manner to break up into groups and to move about. Squirming babies escaped from their parents and were screamed after and pursued through the tangle of legs and among the goats and chicken-coops. Orders were shouted by several officers in as many languages at the man supposed to be steering the boat. He managed to retain control of his faculties, however, and by some heavenly guidance brought the careening old craft into collision with the shore in the general neighborhood of the place where its arrival was awaited.

We landed amid universal pandemonium, and trudged up the hill through deep snow in search of the hotel which we deluded ourselves into thinking might still be functioning after four and a half years of war. An old Baedeker "starred" one hotel, the Moscow, and spoke of another, the Grand, "with a glass dome and sun-parlors." The Moscow we found with its side caved in, doorless and windowless; it stood empty and staring at us from a hundred vacant eyes through all the months of our stay in the city. The Grand had only had its roof and top floor removed by a bomb, but this accident had left the remaining tier of bedrooms without any ceilings, and the proprietor contented himself with running a restaurant on the ground floor, where some tarpaulins and sacking took the place of the former stained-glass dome.

This landlord who had no hotel turned out to be a genial and

talkative person. Moreover, he talked in English, for he had lived in New York once, where he had been employed as chief "bouncer" at Terrace Garden. He was eager to converse of Harlem and the Pabst Casino and the pleasures of Brighton Beach, and in return for the opportunity to air his knowledge gladly offered us assistance in the difficult matter of finding a roof to cover our heads. With his aid, and, more important, that of the American Minister (who had arrived a few days earlier with the Serbian Government from its exile in Corfu), we found a place where there actually was hot-water, food, and a steam-heating plant, though a frost-bitten one. This haven was—a hospital! We felt this to be exactly the place we needed, after six days and nights consumed in making the trip up from Trieste which normally should take only twenty hours,—days of argument with railroad officials who did not see any necessity of running trains, nights spent in railway stations or in windowless compartments of cars stranded on some siding while the engineer and his engine were off searching for enough coal or wood to haul us on to the next town. We were about ready for a hospital, and we rejoiced greatly at finding a friendly one which consented to take us in.

I will not attempt to describe minutely the aspect of Belgrade in the first days of our stay there, any more than I can tell in this brief account the details of the heroic defense of the city against the invaders in 1914 and again in 1915, or the strategy of the Serb commanders which, combined with the unconquerable spirit and hardihood of the peasant soldiery, kept at bay Austro-Magyar-German forces three and four times the strength of the defenders. I must, however, speak of Field-Marshal Zhivoyin Mishitch, who not only was responsible for the decisive operations at Rudnik in December, 1914, as a result of which the Austrians under Portiorek were driven headlong from Serbia with a loss of over 40,000 prisoners, but who later was the chief hero of the astonishing resurrection of the Serbian nation, the man who led the Serbian armies through the valley of defeat to the heights of victory.

Mishitch was invariably spoken of by his countrymen, as well as by their kinsmen across the Danube whom he helped free from the Hapsburg yoke, simply as the "Voivode"—"The Leader of

the People,"—an old title of medieval Serb leaders which was revived to do honor to modern commanders. The Voivode died just the other day at Belgrade. Though his name was so little known on this side of the Atlantic that the papers ignored his death, it is proper to recall that he was one of the really great captains of the war, one of that small group of men who decided its course and at last made sure the common victory. Almost the first of that little group to die, his name should not so soon be forgotten.

Anyone who chanced to know Mishitch in every-day peace-time life would doubtless have found difficulty in visualizing him as a great leader of men. He was so unassuming and mild that one imagined the stories of his indefatigability and inspiring bravery and canny strategy in the field must have sprung up out of the native love of the Serbs for a mythological hero rather than from anything he himself had done. But no error could have been greater. Mishitch's modesty and kindliness covered an iron will. His great tactical talent was the admiration of the Allied soldiers with whom he was associated. And of all the Allied leaders it was he whom the British Government chose first to reward with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George as well as knighthood in the Order of the Bath. As he received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, the Croix de Guerre with seven palms (and, incidentally, he was prouder of that than of any of his honors), and a dozen other of the most exalted decorations, there seems to have been plenty of recognition in military circles of his standing among the commanders of the Great War. Such rewards and honors, however, are superfluous evidences of his genius. The real evidence is to be found in the actuality of the free state of Jugoslavia, toward the creation of which he contributed so much.

I met Voivode Mishitch the day after our arrival in Belgrade, and saw him frequently during the difficult interim that ensued. Peace had been declared to exist, but no evidences of it had made their appearance. The minds of the soldiers and government officials who had just returned to their desolated country-side and wrecked villages were still filled with memories of the bitter days of the slow retreat southward which had ended only after the

terrible Albanian mountains had been crossed and the remnants of the army—the "Army That Can Never Die"—were gathered sadly at Corfu.

It was at that moment of despair in Corfu that Mishitch began a task which to everyone, Allied advisers included, seemed all but impossible of fulfilment. Taking those disconsolate battered fragments of an outmatched army, those exiles who had seen their homes over-run and destroyed and who feared that few of their relatives could have escaped butchery, those weary refugees who only by some lucky chance had escaped the death from disease and famine and cold which had overtaken most of their comrades, he set to work to recreate out of them a fighting force. None but those hardy mountaineers, inheritors of a precarious existence and inured to the hardships and sufferings of incessant warfare with Turk and Austrian and Magyar, could have responded to such a call; and no one but a man of iron determination like the Voivode would have dared suggest it. Three months after he had begun his work the first reconstructed fighting units of the Serbian Army began arriving at Saloniki and taking over a share of the Macedonia front.

It was a miracle, British and French observers said, and it was Mishitch who worked it.

Thoughts of these years of exile and hardship filled the minds of those who began straggling back to Belgrade as soon as the Armistice was declared. It was a difficult and uncertain time for the new Jugoslav state. There was the harassing knowledge that revengeful or ambitious neighbors kept watch from every side for first signs of disunity and internal discontent. To the north were the Austrians and Magyars, traditional enemies of the Slav; to the east were the Bulgars, whose entry into the war in 1915 on the side of the Central Powers had been the last straw that broke the Serbian back; to the west were Albanian komitadji bands and Montenegrin royalist hangers-on who were only too ready to make themselves the instruments of Italian intrigue. Amid these uncertainties, and a hundred equally disconcerting internal problems, the Jugoslav Government was attempting to consolidate its position, centralize authority over the new districts, restore communications, build up normal economic processes, and

reorganize the army so that some of the older and more worn veterans might be released from service.

Most of the Serbian soldiers who marched up the long winding Shumadya road that leads into the capital from the south—one of the most ancient roads in all Europe, trodden almost continuously through the centuries by the feet of victorious invaders and weary captives—had been in the field, away from their homes and families, for five, six and even seven years. They were desperately anxious for demobilization and a chance to find out who of their relatives were still alive and whether any part of their little farms had escaped the destruction spread broadcast by the invaders from the north. Their discontent when they discovered that they were not even yet free of their enemies, that there might very possibly be still more fighting to be done, was natural but none the less dangerous. Without a strong man like Mishitch at their head, a man, moreover, who had their affection as well as their admiration and obedience, the Serbian troops, having proved the saviors of their country might easily have become a menace to it. Confusion and discontent were gaining ground in various parts of the country as it became evident that peace, even though better than war, was not to bring back at one leap all the supplies of food and clothes and lodgings which had so long been lacking. But such was the loyalty of the army to the leader who had brought them back in triumph to their country, that in spite of delay in demobilization and in spite of the lack of uniforms and the absence of almost all essential military supplies, there was never any real doubt that the young Government could depend on the integrity and faithfulness of its armed forces. It was enabled to deal firmly with discontented elements at home and present a united front to jealous neighbors abroad, and finally to bring comparative order out of chaos.

Belgrade itself was a forlorn place when we arrived, without light, with only occasional trickles of water, with scanty and strange supplies of food, with no coal, and with only such wood as could be brought in to town on ox-carts for sale at fabulous prices. Even this high-priced wood could be obtained only with the greatest difficulty, and when one heard the creaking of ungreased cart-wheels outside the window one tore out to see if a load of

wood were going by and if so whether it could be bought for any sum.

The office where Voivode Mishitch carried on all his business and where he could be found from seven in the morning until late at night, was probably unlike that of any other commander of a European army. As is the case with all Belgrade buildings (and the barn-like structure which housed the Voivode and his aids was one of the most substantial in the city) the Staff Headquarters was made of putty-colored stucco and plaster, and as it was placed below the level of the street, the lower floors were damp and retained their primitive smells and vapors to a degree unusual even in Serbia. The Commander-in-Chief's room was reached by means of a dark, windowless corridor, paved with uneven bricks and flanked by black wooden doors opening into cubicles where the members of the General Staff had their offices and where their orderlies, to judge by the air and the crumbs on the floor, ate and slept at night.

Like his predecessor, Putnik, the hero of the first part of the war in the Balkans, Mishitch liked a room with the most terrifically high temperature. I think it was usually kept at about eighty degrees. After five minutes' conversation with the Voivode in that oven one's brain began to reel, one's eyes to water, and the walls, hung with their large-scale staff maps, went dancing off in hazy wiggly lines. He sat at an enormous unvarnished wooden table, piled high with maps and documents, the latter written out laboriously in long-hand, as is the case with practically all communications in the Serbian army, where typewriters and field-clerks are as unknown as quadruplicate requisition blanks and vouchers and ten-page "endorsements through channels." The Voivode's movements were quiet, and he sat very still while conversing. It is highly improbable that his eyes were blue, as I remember seeing few Serbians with blue eyes; the impression that they were is possibly the result of his grey hair and ruddy cheeks, which one usually associates with eyes of that color. I can see the old fellow now, wreathed in the smoke of the cigarettes which he smoked incessantly, and which (to salve his conscience for disobeying the doctor) he always announced that he used *très très rarement.*

With the death of Voivode Mishitch, Serbia loses one of her most striking and, to my mind, one of her most useful leaders. His main work was, indeed, accomplished, in that the tasks ahead of the new state of Jugoslavia are now economic and political rather than military. His mere presence in the capital, however, was in the nature of a call to patriotic unselfishness, a reminder of the dangers and difficulties through which the Serb people had passed before achieving unity and freedom. With him passes one of the outstanding figures of Serbia's most heroic age; and we have broken one chief link with the greatest war of history.

Despite its heritage of crime, despite the opportunities for fresh crime presented at every turn, Belgrade was an extraordinarily well-behaved place. As I have said, it had been occupied for three years by an alien invader, who had pillaged the houses and shops and terrorized the inhabitants. It had been a mecca for all the secret agents and propagandists and general riff-raff that follow in the wake of an army. Even those houses which had not been utterly wrecked had been broken into and then deserted, with doors smashed in and belongings strewed about in the wildest confusion. Yet only once while we were in Belgrade did I hear of any robbery of importance, and there were no acts of violence of any sort. It was absolutely safe to walk about the pitch-black streets at any hour of the night. One was not molested either by bandits or by over-zealous guardians of public order. Occasionally after dark one met small patrols of soldiers from the garrison over in the old fort that juts out above the confluence of the Danube and the Save Rivers, but they were not forever making burdensome demands to see the identification papers of passers-by, as was the habit in most European cities at that time. This city of the Balkans, famous in fable and comic-opera song as the haunt of brigands and desperados, pictured in the story-books as teeming with bandits with belts stuck full of daggers, was safer than any of the capitals of western Europe and certainly safer than New York to-day.

I can account for the good behavior and sobriety of Belgrade under such disorganized circumstances only by the character and spirit of its citizens. They had known the heel of the oppressor, they rejoiced exceedingly to be able to call their souls their own;

determined to give an example of earnestness and patriotism to the rest of the country, they kept their city safe and calm when the big cities of nations which proportionately had known only a tithe of Serbia's rigors of war were in a state of riotous anarchy and crime. Belgrade is a dull little place to outward view, not in the least mysterious or exciting or gay. But a city cannot be for years, as Belgrade was, the centre of a great nationalistic and spiritual awakening without making that cause part of its own daily life. It is possessed by that spirit which has made the Serbs, perhaps of all the peoples of Europe, the most jealous of freedom, the most determined to control their own destinies free from the political or economic domination of other nations. Belgrade stands for the soul of Serbia. She has been well chosen by France to receive the salutations which one heroic state addresses to another when the common victory has been won.

HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG.

THE IMMORTALITY OF MAN

AN INTERPRETATION

BY REV. PHILIP S. MOXOM

In the Christian mind, belief in immortality is intimately associated with the belief in the resurrection of Jesus, which is an original and permanent element of the Christian creed. But belief in immortality antedates the fact, whether objective or subjective, of Jesus' resurrection, and, while not dependent on it, is in many minds greatly strengthened by it.

I raise the question of the resurrection of Jesus here, not to use it as an argument, but to remark that the now fixed disposition to associate that transcendent fact with the general idea of immortality is significant, though the naïve gospel stories of Jesus' bodily reappearance have less weight as evidence than in the past. This does not militate against belief in human immortality. If a friend who has died impresses himself upon me in recognizable ways as still living and influential, so that conviction of his individual persistence in being becomes absolute in my mind, it does not matter whether there be any physical reappearance or not. Indeed, a physical and tangible reappearance might confuse my belief by raising a doubt as to whether the death had not been a semblance instead of a reality. Passing from the physical through death to the physical again is no advance in life; the true advance is from the physical to the spiritual. The fatal weakness of "spiritualism" is its professed materializations. These stamp it as a reactionary rather than a progressive faith and as contradicting the logical ascent of life. If there were reason that Jesus should resume his physical body, there would seem to be reason that he should have continued in it. But this would have obstructed the revelation of the spiritual life which humanity most of all needed. That man must die is no essential contradiction of life. Death is as clearly in accordance with nature as

birth. When the physical cycle is complete it ends, not in extinction but in the beginning of a new cycle. Life passes on from the one to the other and thus mounts from stage to stage and from form to form.

However the early Christians may have conceived the resurrection of Jesus, however crude may have been the fancies in which they embodied their faith, the vital element in that faith was their conviction of the persistence of Jesus as a living personality on a new and higher plane of power and of relation to themselves. He had risen out of the limitations which necessarily invested him while in the flesh. Instead of being local and temporal he had become universal and eternal.

The essential element in our belief in his resurrection is not that Jesus resumed the physical life, but that he lives in the spirit and is henceforth the contemporary of every soul and of every age, existing *sub specie aeternitatis*. When we think of our loved ones who have died, especially of those who had reached a ripe age and had sunk under the burden of years and the process of physical decay, we do not believe or wish to believe that they can or should come back to us in physical form as we knew them; but we wish to be assured that they live in the spirit, and this is the essence of our belief in their immortality. We think of them also as existing *sub specie aeternitatis*, invested not with the earthly but with a heavenly form, finding life's fulfilment in the liberation and exaltation of personality, and thus realizing in their experience the advance in life which the resurrection of Jesus reveals as the proper sequent of earthly existence.

In the Christian belief in immortality there are two elements of especial significance. One is its firm grasp of conviction as to the persistence of personal identity; the other is its instinctive and indissoluble association of the future life with moral character. In a true sense, from the Christian point of view, immortality is a moral achievement. The supreme end of discipline in this earthly life is the development of moral personality.

It is a great misfortune that much religious teaching has separated so widely "the life that is to come" from "the life that now is." The future life, if we conceive one at all, must be not another life so much as it is a continuance of this life on a higher plane.

The processes of mental and moral activity must go on inasmuch as they are constitutive qualities of personality.

A question often asked is, "After death will there be mutual recognition of one another by kindred and friends?" The answer to this question depends on the answer to the question, "Does one live at all after death?" In discussing it now I shall hold myself closely to that phase of it already indicated, namely, the preservation of personal identity through and beyond physical dissolution. I do this because so many, confronted by the mystery of death and oppressed by the power of the senses over the imagination, sink into deepening doubt. Human love is so mingled with sensuous passion and clings so tenaciously to its visible and tangible objects, that the passing of the soul from the body seems to be the absolute passing away of the individual life. Unconsciously they identify reality with materiality, and when the latter dissolves the former seems also to vanish. Even when belief in spirit survives, it is often so vague that the sense of personality is weakened and the individual is lost in the totality of being.

It is evident that recognition after death depends on the preservation of personal identity. If you are not you, after death, of course I shall not know you; strictly speaking there will be no I and you. What reasons have we for believing that the continuity of personal existence is uninterrupted by death?

First, then, immortality involves the persistence of personality; it is not mere post mortem existence. The soul cannot be dissolved into a vague essence which somehow is absorbed into the vast whole of being. Life in the highest sense is of the soul; it is the activity of intelligence, sensibility and will and these, cohering in selfconsciousness, constitute personality. Self-consciousness is essential to personality and personality is essential to moral existence. The sense of selfhood is the persistent witness to the reality of our personal being, running through all our experiences and giving them unity and meaning. It has been affirmed that in man there is no persistent ego, but only a succession of states of consciousness which have no vital continuity. But this is absurd in view of the obvious truth that there must be something which has these states of consciousness. That

something, as Dr. Thomson, in his *Brain and Personality*, has so clearly shown, is the soul which is conscious of itself and of its multifarious experiences, fusing them into the continuity of a personal life.

The facts contributed by mental physiology on the relation of brain to mind show, not that brain produces mind, but that mind produces brain, that is, develops it into the organ of mind. The brain at birth is material which the mind shapes into the complicated instrument by which the elementary powers of sight, hearing, speech and purposeful action are developed into capabilities of distinguishing and discriminating colors, distance, the significance of sounds; of articulating words and coördinating them into the intelligent expression of thought, emotion and purpose. Different areas of the brain, and these in only one lobe, are set apart and developed for specific uses. What develops these? The inference is irresistible that an entity, an embryonic personality, acts on the brain and creates its functional capabilities. "The brain of man does not account for man"; on the contrary, man accounts for his brain. He fashions the brain into the facile instrument by which he acquires knowledge, develops power of expression, and fulfils his various functions in the vast and complex organism of human society.

By developing the brain area which is the instrument of memory and by the purposed exercise of memorizing habit he knits up his life into one whole. Thus we are bound to all our past. I am I, the same I that thought and felt and spoke as a child, that planned and strove and hoped and despaired and sinned and suffered as a man. When I cease to be I, with the full content of the ego, I cease to exist. Thus every man testifies to his persistent selfhood.

There are apparent exceptions to this, cases in which men lose consciousness or even pass for a time into a new and different consciousness. The record of such may be found in current books on psychology and kindred subjects. But these cases confessedly are exceptional and abnormal; they witness to the dependence of the psychical life on an organism for manifestation and expression. Perhaps also they indicate a largeness of the soul and a scope of inherent capabilities which for most persons lie outside

the realm of present verifiable knowledge. In this world, so far as we know, the soul or mind is dependent on a body somewhat as a musician is dependent on a musical instrument and in much the same way. But, as shattering the instrument or changing it does not annihilate the musician, so we may reasonably believe that destroying or modifying the physical organism does not annihilate the soul. Further, through all the varying phases of experience, even with temporary interruptions of the continuity of consciousness, personal identity abides.

With the persistence of self-consciousness the desire for continuance of life also persists. The desire for immortality, which is a practically universal characteristic of human nature, is a desire for personal existence through and beyond death. It has been said that the desire for personal existence after death is selfish. If this were true it would have no special bearing on the fact, but it is not true. It is no more selfish to wish to live hereafter than it is to wish to live tomorrow or to live at all. An over-refined and morbid ethicism tells us that we should be satisfied with the years, whether few or many, that are allotted to us here; but years do not constitute life. *Sat est vixisse*—it is enough to have lived—is not the verdict of the soul on mere longevity but on experience. Real life is greatness of experience, and greatness of experience does not extinguish, it stimulates and increases, the appetite for life.

On the other hand, when we consider life from the viewpoint of character, or the moral quality and powers of the soul, the desire for personal existence after death instead of being selfish becomes a noble aspiration, an exalting passion; it is a desire for life's fulfilment, the attainment of a state in which the prophetic hints of spiritual experience here shall be realized. The contrary desire, the desire to sink and die and end all thought and effort, may be selfish and cowardly. The brave soul wishes to live and to experience all that even eternal life may bring.

In the second place, the loss of personal identity, besides being the loss of existence for the individual soul, would involve a reversal of the whole process of creation or its termination in futility and failure. As Coleridge long ago suggested, the whole world of life exhibits a struggle toward individuality. Individu-

ality develops toward, and finally, in man, develops into, personality. The selfconscious moral person is the climax of the creative or evolutionary process. Thenceforth the process continues in the development of the person. The farther life advances the fuller and the more sharply defined is the personality. Common men, like savages, are much alike; great men draw apart from the mass of mankind by force of an intensified individuality, as lofty mountains, in proportion to their height, separate themselves from the continental mass of rock and earth. The best, that is the most developed, man is the most of a person; yet really great persons are not separated from their kind, from even the humblest. On the contrary, by their widened intelligence and enlarged capacity for sympathy they are more perfectly joined to all mankind. But they are distinguished from the crowd by elevation and fineness and power of personality. The loss of this developed personality would seem to be the utter failure of the divine purpose and process by which life had been brought to such consummate flower and fruit.

Man has just begun greatly to be man, and life is just beginning to open up its marvellous possibilities along the line of spiritual growth and achievement, and lo! the sudden end is a lapse of all this glorious promise and of the glorious person, man, the conscious child of God, into the gulf of nothingness. So far as we can see, such an end would stamp the universe as an insoluble riddle, a riddle putting the moral sense as well as the reason to hopeless confusion.

The preservation of personal identity alone preserves the priceless results of the educational process of life. Man carries in himself the long result of time. If personality perishes there is no perceptible meaning in the severe discipline by which he is trained and purified and unfolded into beauty and force of character. Character, the finest product, the only durable product, of time is lost with the loss of personality. Man has character; it is his quality; it is the stamp of the die on the metal which makes it coin; it is the impress of the multiplex forces which have wrought within and upon him throughout his experience—the forces of knowledge, of endeavor, of trial, of love, of resolution, of aspiration, of suffering and of hope. But he *is* a personality;

his personality is himself, the perdurable noumenon beneath all phenomena. Only by the continuance of that can the precious result of long experience be preserved. Man's life is a story begun and carried on toward sublime meanings and suddenly interrupted, inanely left unfinished, if he cease to exist.

In the third place, the development and discipline of society, that perfection of the race which is the cherished dream and aspiration of all noble minds, the ideal toward which humanity continuously though often blindly gropes—the kingdom of God —involves the perpetuity of the social units, and these are persons. Society is not mere mass, an aggregation of unindividualized particles; it is a cosmos, an ordered and vital union of intelligences and wills established in permanent moral relations. If the individual perishes society perishes.

Even in this world the influence of character, that is, the influence of persons, persisting though they die, prevents human existence from being a mere succession of transient generations, mere waves following each other in endless sequence without even the unity of a sea. Society is created by personalities; it is perpetuated and led on to higher levels of thought, feeling and achievement by personalities. There is thus a demonstrable immortality of these in the ongoing life of mankind. If they cease to be, even the semblance of society must cease to be with the end of earthly existence. Thus human history becomes a prophecy without a fulfilment, a drama without a *dénouement*, a beginning without completion, and creation itself issues in failure.

If we consider the last two points in their mutual relations it becomes evident that the perfection of the individual person and the perfection of society alike require the continuance of personal identity; for the unit is necessary to the whole and, in moral beings, loss of identity is loss of being.

The two words which most accurately express the spirit and purpose of right life in the world are *culture* and *service*, but the reasons and motives which underlie both culture and service are maintained in permanent validity and vigor by the soul's deep conviction of life's unbroken continuity. There is no culmination, no true end, here. Man never perfectly fulfils his highest idea of culture nor absolutely achieves his highest ideal of service.

He ever aspires, and his noblest attainments and ministries are only prophetic of what he will become and do.

In view of all these considerations, is it not just to say that the burden of proof is on him who denies the continuance of personal identity after death? His only ground is the nature of matter, and that does not support his contention. The body decays and dies and, in the realm of sense, the soul has no instrument through which to express itself to beings dependent on sense perception. Hence he argues that the soul has perished. But the same argument would make sleep or any other form of temporary unconsciousness destructive of personal identity. It is a daily experience that he who wakes in the morning is the same person who fell asleep at night. Is it an incredible assumption that he who falls asleep in death will wake the same person into the life beyond? So, at least, by many converging lines of probability we are lead to believe. He who denies this cumulative probability, amounting to moral certainty, must prove the contrary or at least show as strong an improbability. This no one from Plato down has been able to do, and the inability rises from the fact that the denier takes account of only one phase of human experience, and that the narrower and least significant phase.

I turn now to what has been designated as "the Biblical argument." This is confined almost entirely to the New Testament, and a considerable part of it is purely inferential. When we look for explicit statements we do not readily find them. Like the being of God, the persistence of the soul, that is, the personality, is assumed, but the entire message of salvation rests on that assumption. It is this which gives meaning and weight to much of Jesus' practical teaching. This gives inspiration and scope to faith and hope. This lifts righteousness from a temporary and utilitarian morality into a permanent regimen and discipline of the will. This transforms love from a fleeting passion into an eternal and progressive experience and activity of the soul. The promises and warnings which point to the future have significance and can have validity only on the basis of personal immortality.

Certain critical moments in the experience of Jesus witness powerfully to a sense of such relation to God as only his participation in a life independent of time and death can adequately

explain. Such experiences in less degree appear in the lives of others. There are moments when the soul seems to burst its investiture of clay and to realize immortality through conscious participation in the eternal life of God.

More striking and to many persons more significant is the fact of Jesus' resurrection. I have already spoken of the transcendent nature of this fact as belonging in the sphere of spiritual rather than of sense perception, and I revert to it now because it is central among the phenomenal intimations of immortality in the New Testament. Jesus rose from the dead: so the faith and the consciousness of the earliest Christians reported. He who died was alive, whether in the body or out of the body matters not now. The disciples, at first not only incredulous but even hopeless, yielded to evidence which invaded and mastered, not merely their senses, but their minds. They felt anew the presence of the radiant personality. It was not the marks of nails and spear that convinced them, though a late report speaks of these; it was himself that awakened their dead faith to a fresh and permanent life.

Readers of the gospels often fail to realize the nature and force of Jesus' self-manifestation to the disciples. They linger over naïve and contradictory reports of the scene on the way to Emmaus, and again in the upper room where the doubt of Thomas had its dramatic removal. But these have no weight compared with the evidence which streams from the transformed characters and the heroic labors and the invincible confidence in a living Lord of these founders of Christianity. Paul had no tactual manifestation of the risen Jesus, yet it was his clear and unswerving faith in the resurrection which made him, more than all the others and next to Jesus himself, the chief founder of Christianity. To him the immortality of Jesus and his continued presence in the world were the ground and guaranty of his whole gospel.

It is a startling but inevitable reflection that the loss of personal identity in death would be the loss of Jesus to humanity, save as he survived in the meager record of his life and teaching. If he who rose from the dead and thus entered upon a higher and wider life was the Jesus who died, then we must believe that we who die will through death enter upon another life. What that life shall

be depends on the capacity and fitness which we have developed in this life. The continuity of the personal life of Jesus is no more certain than the continuity of our personal life.

If, now, personal identity survives death, in other words, if we survive death at all, as we have such strong and cumulative reasons to believe, what follows? More than I may now attempt to say, yet this much I venture to suggest: we shall know our loved ones on the other side of the estranging grave.

Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside,
And I shall know him when we meet.

PHILIP S. MOXOM.

THE MIDDLE YEARS

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I

Women in mirrors, I am told, may see
The wings of beauty as, with anxious eye,
They trace the legend of mortality
And day by day watch the old magic die.
In different wise, I in my glass behold
The flight of what no springtime can replace,
And start with terror of things grim and old
When chance confronts me with my mirrored face—
Where the long seasons have engraven deep
So many an epitaph of satiric rhyme,
And sent so many a flaming light to sleep,
And branded immortality so with time,
That where a stranger might see youth alone
I view the ghosts of things that now are gone.

II

This is the burden of the middle years:
To know what things can be or not be known;
To find no sunset lovely unto tears;
To pass not with the swallow southward-flown
Toward far Hesperides where gold seas break
Beyond the last horizon round strange isles;
To have forgot Prometheus on his peak;
To know that pilgrim-miles are only miles.
Then death seems not so dreadful with its night
That keeps unstirred the veil of mystery.
Then no acclaimed disaster can affright
Him who is wise in human history
And finds no godhead there to earn his praise
And dreads no horror save his empty days.

III

Not all my will can change this casque of bone
That predetermines what each thought must be;
And I have learned to bear with these my own
Enforced defects and doomed futility,
And with reproach no longer rack a skull
Whose rigid plan, conditioned long ago,
Left such low arches for the beautiful
To pour its summer light through. Now I know
Somewhat the measure of what may be done
And may not by this child of a dark race
Who in the long processions of the sun
At last for a brief moment takes his place.
I bid him bear his banner with the rest,
Nor too much blame the dusk that haunts his breast.

IV

I can more tranquilly behold the stars
Than once I could. Their alien majesty
Awakes in me no longer desperate wars
Against their far indifference circling by.
For I too have my orbit, and intent
Upon its rondure I no less than they
Decline the test of warlike argument.
They go their several ways; I go my way.
Nothing of all my hopes have they denied,
Nor do I storm against them as of old.
We pass, the sovereigns of an equal pride.
Some day shall I be dead and they be cold.
Until that hour, untroubled in our flight
We seek our own paths through the spacious night.

V

It thunders in the west, where the clouds roll
Ominously; and as the winds arise
Once more the lightnings cry out to my soul.
How often have I stood with passionate eyes
On some bare hilltop whence the miles of plain,
By sudden flashes torn forth from their sleep,
Were for an instant scrutable, till again
Atlantis-like they sank to oceans deep.

And such is life's true image: no clear day
On plain-lands luminous and defined and grave—
But a wild dusk where flashes far away
Swiftly illumine shores that from the wave
Are for a moment lifted, soon to be
Merged once again in the concealing sea.

VI

What good, I ask myself, what fortunate thing
Amid so many evils that we taste
Do these strange years of middle-passage bring
Where thief and rust and moth have so made waste?
And as I count them over one by one,—
Patience and prudence and more generous thought,—
I see none here to match the great gifts gone,
Nor any fit atonement time has brought.
—Save perhaps one: the calm and certain will
Whose baffled purpose still relentless goes
Across the world, unconquerable still,
Seeking the unknown goal that well it knows—
Like a bleak eagle that with blinded eye
Drives on its way across the wind-swept sky.

THE NEW EDUCATION

BY HANFORD HENDERSON

It is, on the whole, a salutary thing when a man is able, good-naturedly and decently, to laugh at himself once in a while, or even at his own class. It is quite mannerly, for example, for me to poke a little fun at old bachelors, at school-masters, at literary folk, at country people, at the leisure classes, at ritualists, at perfectionists and aristocrats, because I belong myself, happily, to all these amusing categories. This is not by way of saying that I mean to make merry over the vagaries of so serious a performance as the New Education, but only that on the same principle I feel that I may criticize it not ungraciously since I stand myself inside the movement, and have, in a very modest way indeed, done something to push it along.

And I am moved to make this criticism just at the present time because the New Education, it seems to me, has fallen headlong into a number of distressing pitfalls. Some of these were, I suppose, inevitable, (we learn to walk, do we not, by falling down?) but some of them, I am sure, could have been avoided had the movement taken itself a little less solemnly, had it measured in ounces rather than in hundred-weights some of our pet phrases and catch words, and above all had it allowed thought to play more freely and critically about some of our major premises.

I should not myself go so far as to say that at the present moment our precious New Education is more conspicuous for its faults than its virtues, but if some outsider said it, I should not perhaps,—if he said it nicely—be too severe upon him. As Bergson so wisely remarks, "Common sense is very fatiguing." We started out, I think, with a genuinely common sense idea, namely that Education should be made real and vital. We wanted it to fit life. We wanted it to be something, not that a child could capriciously take or leave, but something so over-

whelmingly advantageous that no child could do without it. This laudable ambition has not yet been realized.

It is not my purpose to review all our regrettable vagaries, for they are far too numerous. I will content myself with the mention of two blunders, the one in secondary education, and the other in the college. I refer to the sophistries of school practice growing out of that phrase so dear to modernist ears, "the rights of the child," and to the incomplete and fragmentary culture which the colleges offer under the pseudo-liberalism of the Elective System. Both blunders, though separated by the deep chasm of college entrance requirements, have precisely the same root and are fairly typical of a considerable group of educational disasters. They grow out of an essentially false conception of the function of the teacher. He is made to blow a very uncertain blast on the educational trumpet and as a result both children and youth prepare themselves indifferently for the battle. The typical teacher in the New Education is so anxious to please, to placate, to interest, to make happy, to be tolerant, to be popular, that he stands, much like an upper servant or a cheap actor, ready to give whatever is asked for. He would never have had the backbone to drive the money-changers out of the Temple. He serves, in consequence, not the high ideals of character and scholarship, but the caprices, whimsies, prejudices, half-knowledge of children and youth and parents. This is an utterly impossible view of the office of the teacher, and brings him into deserved disaster and contempt. The one permissible view of that important office clothes it with authority. The teacher must be a leader. He must lead by virtue of wider knowledge and deeper insight. If he lacks this knowledge and this insight, it is an impertinence for him to teach. A reputable physician does not ask his patients what is the matter with them or what he shall do for them. He makes a careful diagnosis of the case and administers the indicated remedy. The patient may decline the treatment and in this event, any self-respecting physician simply withdraws from the case. An honest teacher must do precisely the same as an honest physician. It is emphatically a teacher's business to know what to do educationally, and loyally to do it, without consulting inexperienced

children or callow youth or less informed parents. And if his knowledge or competence be doubted, one has only to decline his services. When a teacher bids for the interest of his children, or for the support of their parents, he is morally lost and ready for any educational crime. If his methods be sound, he will ultimately win both the interest and the support, but they may not be made the immediate criterion.

It is an alluring phrase,—"the rights of the child"—but I, who love children, know that as many crimes are committed in its name as in the fair name of liberty. These abuses spring, I think, from the current confusion between rights and privileges. Children have few rights but in civilization they enjoy immense privileges. One might almost say that the measure of these child privileges is the measure of the civilization. But there is an immense difference between a right and a privilege. A right is inherent and self-contained, and may ask only a free field for realizing itself. In most cases, however, it must be confessed that our rights are more rhetoric than reality. It sounds wholly re-assuring to be told that we have the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but after we have duly warmed ourselves in the glow of this fine phrase, and turn around to ask who is going to bestow such tremendous gifts we discover that the whole meaning was that no one may take them away from us. Rights would be most convenient investments if there were only some substantial home office that would honor their multitudinous coupons. But I cannot discover such a home office. When I prefer claims against individuals they are often good-naturedly and graciously met, but on reflection I find that in the majority of cases they are out-and-out gratuities and not genuine obligations. When I prefer such claims against society, I do an extremely futile thing, for society is a mere collective noun, not an entity that one may hail into Court.

I should like to remark parenthetically that a belief in rights has wrecked more human relationships than any other discernible cause. One is only free when one puts aside this mirage of rights and claims, and asks absolutely nothing for oneself. Then all the gracious and friendly acts which surround our daily lives appear in their true light as out-and-out gifts of the gods and one is

truly happy and grateful. If I demand nothing of my friend then all he gives me is a wonderful benefaction.

To one who has at last gained this freedom for himself it must seem highly unfortunate to surround childhood with an aureole of false claims and rights. Aside from the parents themselves there is no one to whom such claims may reasonably be addressed. Society did not invite the coming of the child, and made not the most remote promises in the way of maintenance and welfare. Even in the case of the parents the point must not be stressed too far. If we believe in immortality we must, I think, believe in it at both ends of the earth life, and must accept the view that the child sought incarnation, and was ready like the rest of us to meet a risky adventure. And while I would not willingly do anything to lessen the wholesome sense of parental responsibility, it is only fair to remember that in the great majority of cases the parents themselves were the somewhat blind agents of a powerful Life Force and not wholly the voluntary actors that older and more passionless and more reflective persons are disposed to picture them. The mere gift of life is in itself such a marvellous gift, that when one reflects upon it, and especially when one recalls that every mother who gives birth to a child puts her own life in serious jeopardy to do it, one is tempted to regard children as the real debtors and parents as the real creditors, and to esteem all the devotion and daily service which attend infancy and childhood and youth not as the satisfaction of juvenile "rights," but rather as a divine gratuity.

Believing as I do that the disinterested love of excellence is the one practical path of salvation, I should be the last to reduce morals to an economic basis, but this unwillingness must not blind me to the fact that money, as the symbol of human effort, never enters into a new relation without involving a moral issue. It is then pertinent to remember in this connection the utter economic dependence of children. Under the most favorable conditions imaginable it would be a very unusual child who could survive a twelve-month without both the care and the material support of the adult world. Happily for all concerned, the responsibility for this maintenance is gladly and generously assumed by parents or relatives or friends; even in case of necessity by the State. It

is, moreover, a service much to be desired, and those who have no children of their own are frequently moved to tempt fate by adopting them. But to keep the matter quite straight in our own minds we must not lose sight of the essential dependence. It extends to every detail of the physical life,—to food, shelter, clothing, all the long list of human needs—and passes from these to the varied and multitudinous necessities of the mind and spirit. In assuming this heavy responsibility, the adult world must also assume entire authority; or else it cannot in any effective way discharge the responsibility. It is as reasonable as it is just that those who grant privileges should determine both their nature and dimensions. Those of us who love children know how beguiling the little beggars are, or as our lady novelists still like to say, how intriguing, but the welfare which we want for the children can better be shaped by our own experience and maturity than by their utter inexperience and immaturity. It is worth remembering, too, that a spoiled child generally means a spoiled man.

A lively, imaginative boy often finds parental wishes and commands so altogether irksome that he is tempted into the open rebellion of direct disobedience. This is not necessarily a crime or even an ingratitude. I am myself very frank about it. I tell my own boys that if they want to run away and be sailors or cow-boys, trappers or explorers, they have just as much right to do so as a boy of a less adventurous spirit has to stop at home and study for holy orders. But,—and this is the point—they must play fair. Rebellion is only respectable when it is self-supporting. The officer who takes pay from the tyrant and fails to obey commands is plainly a traitor. He is a patriot only when he turns his back upon the loaves and fishes, and plays the game openly and above board. This very obvious loyalty is not, I think, made sufficiently clear to our children and young people. The boy who imagines that he can accept from his father food and clothing and shelter and equipment, social standing and consideration, and all the other good things of a prosperous life, and all the while disobey him either openly or in secret, is a poor sort of creature and ought to be made to see it. And the same is true of young men in college, and young girls in society. A little audacity, a little experimenting within the bounds of decency

will not hurt them, but a very little disloyalty introduces a veritable dry rot into the heart of things. This disloyalty is not only a base thing in itself but it leads to many of the larger infidelities of mature life.

There is such a wealth of sophistry in our adult world that it would be too much to expect children and youth to escape all share in it. While they are very young, and still have about them the aroma of another world, that touch of the divine which makes perfect childhood so adorable a thing, they may safely be left to their instincts. But morals grow frightfully confused when children come into the sentimental atmosphere of "the rights of the child"; when young people misinterpret "the right to live one's own life," and wobbly adults declare that "the world owes every man a living." There are mantras and sacred texts, which as every follower of the Path knows, have a genuine saving power, but these false phrases would seem to be the very seed of evil.

When we pass from the uncertain and fantastic world of child "rights" to the more secure world of child privileges, we are once more on firm ground. As Emerson and other wise men long ago expressed it,—all life *is* discipline. We are all of us educated, willy-nilly, by the unescapable events of the day. But the process is slow in time, costly in suffering, uncertain in results. If acting upon some theory of the childish right of choice we leave the child to discover the world for himself, to follow each day the line of childish least resistance as prompted by his own spontaneous interests, to exercise prematurely in childhood the liberty of choice proper to maturity, as extreme advocates of the New Education would have us think wise, we would indeed allow the child to educate himself, and there would be about this self-gained and self-directed education a certain rugged sincerity which is wholly admirable. But such an education would have grave defects, and those of us who are happily committed to a life of effort, to the way of the gods, must regard it as a lost opportunity. Compared to the more wisely directed and far broader culture of an older generation this cultivated spontaneity of our New Education yields a fragmentary and limited harvest. If it prevailed the world at large would enter upon

another retrogressive phase, and civilization would be a declining rather than an augmenting quantity. The events of the past few years have shown that civilization is not automatically progressive. It cannot be left to itself any more than a garden or an orchard can, but must be tended and advanced by the fidelity and devotion of each on-coming generation. As I have been pointing out, education, happily, is unavoidable; it comes in a natural form to children and adults alike. To live is to become educated, and the more fully and eagerly and disinterestedly we live, the more divinely do we become educated. We have here, I think, an indication of what all human attempts to further education ought to be,—they ought to be very clever, very subtle, very carefully devised attempts to lead children out of the narrow, restricted world to which their inexperience and ignorance consign them, into the immense and luminous world of those who intelligently seek perfection. To mis-state the cause of education and to affirm that children have the "right" to pursue their own limited aims in their own inadequate way, and that grown-ups are bound by some strange compulsion to lend a hand to the futility, is to surrender *in toto* the whole evolutionary process as a consciously directed human effort and to hark back to Nature. In certain moods all of us who go in for the New Education travel this road, and are ready quite savagely to throw over all schools and school-masters, and to give the children their head. But a single day's uninterrupted converse with one of these "powerful, uneducated" persons is generally enough to dispel the mood, and to make us once more in love with the best sort of sophistication.

The childish "right" to be inadequate might logically stand if the children could fend for themselves, but even then it would carry no compulsion upon the adult world to lend a hand to the folly. Those who love children and who also love perfection regard education as an immense privilege, a boon which they have won partly through their own fidelity to high ideals, and partly as an out-and-out gift of the gods bestowed through the inscrutable channels of personal and racial heredity. And they would pass it on, these lovers of the divine, to the on-coming generation, not to satisfy any claims, not to meet any illusory rights, not even on their own part to discharge any self-assumed duty, but solely

for the sheer love of it, as a privilege whose dimensions must in the nature of the case be determined by the grantor, but whose ultimate significance will, it is hoped, be enlarged by the recipient. True teachers,—I omit, of course, the large class of mere pot-boilers—are bent upon precisely the same quest as their children are, the quest of a larger and more satisfying and more beautiful life, but they have presumably gone much further in the quest, have acquired a broader vision, and have won a greater command over ways and means. It is only fitting that they should lead and that the children should follow. It is true that this view of education throws everything upon the teacher, but that is unavoidable and is indeed the crux of the whole matter. If the blind lead the blind,—we all know what happens.

The motive of the New Education is sound, beautifully sound, and it will eventually win out in spite of the vagaries of its friends. It is in the application of the motive that one meets with a fatal lack of discrimination. This is vividly illustrated in the way in which extremists of the New Education handle the question of interest. It is a commonplace of elementary psychology that a man can only do what he wants to do, and that he will do it more effectively the more eager his desire. Education has properly seized upon this principle of interest, and given it a prominent place in modern educational methods. But this is a far cry from the blunder of the extremists in insisting that childish interests shall determine the *direction* of education. Childish interests are essentially fugitive, uncertain, transitory. It is a most unusual child who can occupy himself successfully and happily for a single day. A wise teacher will employ the principle of interest to the utmost, but it will always be as a *method*. He will determine in advance, and very definitely the *direction* in which the interest is to be aroused and expended. He will see that it is directed to some worthy end and not to some passing caprice.

A similar lack of discrimination is found in our colleges in the vagaries of the Elective System. As stated by its early friends and advocates, the Elective System was quite as alluring as "the rights of the child." It seemed to sum up the rights of youth. But in practice it has proved equally illusory and even more harmful, since it has given us a generation of very partially

educated young people. The underlying thought is eminently sound and beguiled many of us into early advocacy. And we were further beguiled by the fervent advocacy of one of our most distinguished American educators. At its best, the underlying thought was that since life consists so largely in choosing among the multitudinous alternatives that destiny offers, it ought to be an essential part of education to teach youth to choose wisely. At its worst, the Elective System once more displaced interest from its legitimate rôle in psychological method, and made it the determining factor in the direction of effort. In a word, it encouraged a youth to follow the unprogressive line of his own limited, ready-to-hand interests instead of setting his heart and mind on fire by the revelation of those new and liberating and illuminating interests of which the mature custodians of culture in the college are the natural and qualified guardians. In brief, the Elective System permits a youth to follow the line of least resistance and applauds him for doing so. But no earnest student of the workings of the human spirit believes for one moment that such an effortless policy can carry a soul very far along the Path.

I am not forgetting that the Elective System, at its best, presupposes a competent adviser for each student who must officially sanction the course of study selected. But it has not been my own experience that this service is at all well rendered; and often it is completely nullified by the conflicting hours of our present ill-devised curriculum. I found one of my Harvard boys taking five languages, *and nothing else;* another lad whose head was so far in the clouds that he could not be trusted to do the simplest errand, was busying himself wholly with airy subjects admirably calculated to confirm him in his sins. And only the other day I found a bright young friend of mine, a sophomore at one of our excellent smaller universities enrolled for English, Latin, biology and biblical history,—no modern language, no mathematics, no fine arts, no modern social studies. (Happily his course has since been modified.) Everyone familiar with college life can call up similar examples. But it is not necessary to go into details,—one has only to examine the Elective System in its attitude towards any basal study, such as mathematics. It is

commonly and erroneously believed that mathematics requires some special aptitude and should not be pressed upon those who on first trial, or indeed without trial, express a distaste for the subject. In reality, mathematics requires no special aptitude, but it does require what many students are too lazy or too indifferent to give,—it requires accurate, quantitative thinking in place of loose, qualitative wool-gathering. So many of the values of life depend upon the quantitative element that the student who declines to think quantitatively can hardly be called educated.

It is a mistake, for example, to consider the calculus as meant only for engineers and physicists. As a matter of fact the calculus is for all of us who aspire to think at all, for it offers a new and fruitful way of thinking about quantity itself, and therefore in effect about life. One may not care to study Einstein in the original, or to go into all the intricacies of the Theory of Relativity, but since this Theory seems destined to take its place alongside of the older Newtonian Theory of Gravitation, and to modify it profoundly, it becomes necessary for every intelligent student, in order to be in any large sense intelligent, to be able to follow the general argument for Relativity, quite as necessary indeed as for every intelligent person to know the difference between the Ptolemaic and the Copernican astronomies. In a word, the quantitative element is an unescapable factor in all sound thinking and if we allow our young people to dodge it on the shallow ground that they have no turn for mathematics we open the door to all those current inaccuracies that make our modern life so complicated and so difficult.

I do not, for one moment, maintain the democratic thesis that all persons, or even all university students, can be made to think accurately, for I know only too well that the aristocrats of thought, as well as the aristocrats of manners and morals, have won their distinction as the fruit of long and patient self-discipline and effort, and I am under no illusion that the majority will pay so high a price. As Emerson so tersely puts it, "Men are as lazy as they dare to be." But it seems to me unfortunate that the official guardians of our culture, the universities, should have no definite and carefully-thought-out programme for making the thinking

of the whole student body more complete and more accurate. If education means anything, we older and better educated persons who have been over the ground ourselves, and who are now able to view life somewhat in the retrospect, ought to be able to formulate more perfect and more liberating courses of study for the on-coming generation than it can, in its large inexperience, formulate for itself. And we can then render the further service of a compact and time-saving scheme of hours.

Life means choice. So much depends upon wise choice,—happiness, prosperity, life itself—that one is tempted to class it as the major function. It should obviously be the major purpose of education to help youth choose aright. But when we place before youth the sealed packages of academic culture and require that he possess himself of five or six of them each year, we are not helping him to choose,—we are forcing him to guess, and as I have been pointing out, his guess is more likely than not to be unfortunate. Our more intelligent service would be to make him soundly acquainted with those varied aspects of life and thought which seem to our more mature vision to be most genuinely worth while, to open as many spiritual vistas as possible so that when he comes at manhood to face the major choices of life he shall have it in him to choose wisely. One need not be contemptuous of youthful wisdom, but neither may one properly assume a prescience which it cannot as yet possibly have attained. Callow youth is never so callow as when it is led prematurely to believe that it is not callow.

After having myself attended three great universities,—Pennsylvania, Zürich and Harvard,—and prepared many boys for entrance examinations, and watched their subsequent careers, I should, if called upon to choose between a rigid, prescribed course of study representing the mature wisdom of a scholarly faculty, and an elective course formulated by my own youthful immaturity, or with the questionable help of a casual college adviser, unhesitatingly accept the prescribed course. In order to emphasize this choice I have purposely used the offensive word *rigid*, but it goes without saying that a course of study may be prescribed without being rigid. In order to help out my own bewildered boys, floundering in the morass of the Elective Sys-

tem, I devised some years ago a general formula for the four years of undergraduate work, which for obvious reasons we named the *Balanced Course*. It provides six headings, six general terms representing the major departments of human culture; and under each heading there is given a list of special studies in their recommended sequence. Each semester or year, each general term is to be translated into an offered course of specific work. Such a frame-work of general terms prescribes a many-sided direction of undergraduate effort but in the specific work extends to each student the flexibility of individual choice. The six general terms are as follows:

1. The vernacular (English).
2. A foreign language (preferably one, pursued to the point of mastery).
3. Mathematics.
4. Science (a laboratory course).
5. Fine Arts (involving always some form of actual personal achievement).
6. Humanistic Studies.

An average boy following such a frame-work for the four undergraduate years, would in the end find himself possessed of at least the rudiments of an all-round education. The carefully arranged lists of special studies would offer him a sufficiently wide field for choice. They would also suggest helpful lines of subsequent reading and study, by calling his attention to the many interesting things that he does not yet know.

In all successful navigation of the seven seas, it is essential to have trustworthy charts. It is not a bad idea to provide them for the initial stages of the far more adventurous voyages of the human spirit. One may properly run risks in exploring the unknown, but it is a bit inglorious to suffer ship-wreck in sight of your own front-door.

HANFORD HENDERSON.

PROVIDENCE IN FLORENCE

BY STARK YOUNG

For our first day in the pension on the Arno the only other guest at our table was an American young lady. We had been told that the other guests were out for the day. But both my friend and I were so worn with the table amenities of our Assisi headquarters that we felt like holding to a prudent silence. I meant to be polite, precisely that. And so we were seated, said good evening carefully, and busied ourselves with the dinner. Two courses passed and only a few murmurs between my friend and me. Then the young lady took the situation in hand and wholly shamed us. She looked up and smiled at us and said:

"How long will you gentlemen be in the city?"

I started. "In the city!" Who would have ever thought of that for Florence? And "you gentlemen!" But I replied that we hoped to be there for some time.

"I see you are from the States, are you not?" she went on with the straight manner of a war girl, evidently. "I am in the Red Cross here."

We explained ourselves and that we were travelling. She was a tall girl with auburn, crimpy hair; honest freckles sprinkled on the bridge of her nose; and a figure in a long high corset. She had a quick way of talking, slightly indistinct even to an American.

Then, shortly afterward, the happy mention of antiques and of buying in general started us all off, at the beginning at least, together. The young lady, it developed, drew her salary, and also her allowance, in American money, which she turned into lire at 22 on the dollar. That made her rich beyond her dreams. She was thrilled with the buying. Did you ever see anything like it in your life? Wasn't it terrible in Italy? What did you think she had paid for this dress? Sixteen dollars, made on Via Tornabuoni! Her house at home was very plain, just mis-

sion furniture and blue and white curtains, not bad, but you know. And so she was buying all sorts of things, and Auntie would be delighted.

It appeared that she had bought a hat for two dollars; and had found copies of all her favorite pictures at the print shop for ten lire each, less than fifty cents! After dinner she showed us cigarette cases, majolica, lace, table linen, filet, cameos, frames, pictures, mosaics, every sort of thing. I perceived that she had orders out all over Florence and seemed to have her lacemakers, woodcarvers, milliners, jewellers, and bookbinders, like a great Medici princess. Sometimes, she confessed, she did not like the things afterwards so much as she had when she bought them.

The next day at luncheon the Conte appeared. He was a man past thirty, compact, alert, almost short in stature, with auburn hair and mustache. His eyes were quick and grey; he wore on his right hand a sardonyx ring with arms. His beautiful, rapid Siennese was clear as a pattern in a book and recklessly elegant and witty. The Conte's name was one of the oldest in Italy and his arms were scattered over all Rome, by one of the Popes that had come from his family.

The Conte bowed and wished everyone a good evening as he sat down at the table, and explained that he had been absent in Pistoija, where he had gone to look after a palace that had been left him by his ancestors, damp, dark, with one caretaker and thirty-eight apartments, and fit for nothing but growing mushrooms. "One wears these palaces exactly as one wears this ring," he added, holding up his right hand, "but the ring is less trouble. I shall try to leave nothing but rings and bankstock behind me. Let us be modern!"

He relapsed then into his *ravioli*, after a glance at the Red Cross young lady, who was plainly about to begin an account.

She began to tell me about her life, official so to speak, in Florence. She was in the office at the top of Berchielli's all day. But there was every sort of thing to be done: people to be found; connections established between members of families; pension money sent to the right people. Then there were inquiries to go to Washington, and goodness knows when you got an answer and the people coming every day and making a row.

There were all sorts of passport troubles for old people who wished to go to America, and for ex-soldiers who were trying to dodge the clutches of the Italian army. And then at four you had tea sent up from the hotel and went shopping. Sometimes on Saturday nights she ran off to Rome to see her friends in the office there, taking the midnight express and getting back for Monday morning. And whenever she heard of a festival in the near-by towns, she went. They were adorable, the procession at Grassina, and the festival she had seen at Moncepulciano, where they led a little child dressed in white, with a golden wig and a wreath of flowers, like a little angel, and standing on an ass, right down the valley into the town and into the church and up to the altar. She had even been to Paestum, where she had spent the night in a peasant's house. She had gone to tell them about their son; for they could not read at all the information sent them in English from Washington, and nobody in the village could read it, but the priest knew that it was English. Why did Washington do this? She loved the church, though they seemed like pagans and Auntie would be shocked. And she adored walking up through the Porto San Giorgio to hear the nightingales when the moon was out. Alfano, her Florentine friend, often went with her, he had been thirteen months in prison in Austria and was so interesting. It was so interesting getting to know the real Italian nature this way!

The Conte listened and looked at me, and his clear eyes flickered for half a second; but he said nothing. She turned to him:

"Oh, Conte, you have such a wonderful country," she said radiantly, "I simply love it."

"We are fortunate that you help to make it so," he answered with a little bow to her. "What extraordinarily happy lives American ladies lead, *cara Signorina.*"

Dinner that night proved not to be for those that dream international dreams. Two ladies had arrived in the afternoon and had been seated at our table next to the plump little Austrian baroness who had been absent for the day in the too sweet environs, as she called them. One of the arrivals was from New York, a miniature painter, with clear features and firm sharp motions that suggested a Colonial doorknocker. Beside her

sat the Irish lady, whom she had met a day or two before in Perugia. This lady had thick grey hair like a powdered wig, round eyes far apart, and flattish nostrils, round and wide. "A Louis Quinz mule!" the Conte said to me later, when we were better friends.

At the beginning of the dinner while the anchovy *antipasto* was served, the painter, merely by way of conversation, I think, asked in her cool, clear voice:

"Miss Townshend, I suppose of course you are a Home Ruler?"

"You do?" Miss Townshend put down her fork and roared at her friend with a huge voice and a manner like a stump orator. "Did you ever hear of a Townshend who was a Home Ruler?"

A pause.

"Did you ever hear of a Townshend who was a Catholic?"

A pause, and this time silence in the whole dining-room, to hear what the lady was roaring about in this fashion.

"Did you ever hear of a Townshend who was a —?"

"I never heard of a Townshend," the painter interrupted, coolly, and went back to her anchovies.

The dining-room went back to its clatter, but an awkward silence reigned at our table.

But the Providence young lady had not worked for nothing with consuls and parents and Latin officials.

"Why, I'm sure I've heard of lots of Townshends," she said, and added enthusiastically, "Some of them were historical heroes, weren't they?"

Miss Townshend lowered her voice a little as she answered, "If they spell it with an *h*, Madame, I think I may say there were."

The Conte saw the point of the American young lady's efforts with this hardened old clay of Europe, and joined in gaily toward the peace basis. He had already had two round goblets of Capri Bianco.

"Speaking of heroes," he began, "now what's one's idea of a hero? How many ideals there are! Now my ideal is a man like Nerino Gamba. You have not heard of him? But he is known as a financier, a patron of the arts, an impresario, a director of theatres, a prince."

"Indeed," I asked, "where is he, in Rome?"

"No, just now he is in the prison at Volterra. For forging checks. Yes, *Signorina*, that is the way he started his fortune. This is the way he used to do it. He would find out a very rich man, one with a name that could be duplicated of course, some not unique name, and then he would get a secretary with the same name. He would have this secretary write out checks and these he would cash. And since he was a great and rich person no one thought of making trouble for him for a long time. He changed secretaries when there was need for more money some time or other, and got thus another rich man's name. In this way he became very rich and bought up many objects of art. Have you not heard of the Crivelli that he has, that they tried to buy in America? At any rate he loved the theatre and so financed a great many companies, and gave the actresses whom he loved magnificent gifts. And now that he is caught they have all had to give the things up to be sold for the creditors, is it not terrible, poor women! All but Mimi Grammatica, she was more fortunate; he had given her only money, fifty thousand lire, and she had spent it all, and now they could not get any of it back from her. It is droll, and what a great actress she is! Nerino Gamba has been in prison two years now—they had to do something about it of course, but he was given only three years. He is planning now for several fine companies in the theatres, directing them from prison, and he will soon be out and making his career again. Now that is what I call a hero!"

The Red Cross young lady looked at him blankly.

"Why not, *cara Signorina*, he has brains, power, imagination, daring, taste, what would you have?"

"But of course you are only joking," she laughed.

"Oh, no, no, no, no, not at all!" the Conte waved his hand, "I assure you. This man is like Machiavelli, the intention, the cool mind."

The young lady's face became very serious.

"Oh, if you really mean it, Conte," she said, "I can't let you go on thinking like that. It's so cynical."

"Exactly, *cara Signorina*, it is cynical. It is Continental," the Conte replied gravely. "It is Italian. We are a cynical race, we have three thousand years of history behind us."

The honest young face looked troubled and slightly indignant; this sort of problem that cannot be changed by believing in the best was not to her taste. She thought a moment.

"Well, I just don't understand Italians," she said then, "but I suppose I never shall do that. It just shows that America is the place for me after all."

"On the contrary," the Conte answered, bowing again, "let us hope that you can be in both, in both countries at the same time even, like the holy Apostles."

"Well, I don't quite understand even my friends in Italy," she said, now very serious, "Now even Alfano, he is different from my—"

"Oh, Alfano?" the Conte interrupted. "Ah, I know Alfano. And I know his ex-wife. But how beautiful the moon is from San Giorgio!"

"His wife? Why, is he married?" the girl asked quickly.

"Alfano *was* married. He is not married now, *cara Signorina.*"

I could see that this was a great shock to her, but her frontier American control, or whatever good thing it was, helped her to go straight ahead without a blink.

"Really, Conte?" she said. "Well, I was going to say that Alfano is so different from a friend of mine at home—"

At this the Austrian baroness came in sympathetically; romance was her only connection with life.

"You mean your *fiancé*, dear Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, Baroness." This time she flushed crimson.

"Now that is too pretty!" the Baroness cooed. "Do tell us about him. What is he like?"

"He's a big fine fellow," the girl said, proudly.

"Ah, yes, a beeg fine fellow," the Baroness repeated, "now there, *ma chère*, I do not quite understand you. Why is it that American young ladies have told me so often of the beeg fine fellow? With us the beegest men are the porters. It is too droll but we learn from the animal kingdom that the most intelligent animal is the ant, and he is the smallest. The elephant is the beegest animal and all the sense he has is to deeg a hole in the ground and put his foot in it."

"But we must not spoil the signorina's dreams!" the Conte proffered quickly.

"Oh, you don't at all, I think it's very interesting. You see I've got used to being in foreign countries."

"And so you wouldn't like an Italian husband?"

"I'm afraid it doesn't sound very polite, Conte—"

The Conte made a little, martyr's gesture not to be spared.

"But I'm afraid I don't think I should. I suppose it's only natural that an American girl should prefer an American husband."

"I know, *cara Signorina*, but that does not say that they are superior."

"I'm sure they are, just the same." She was getting a little excited with the argument.

"And why, *Signorina?*"

"Well, for one thing, you know how Italian husbands act. And nobody seems to mind about these affairs, everybody takes it for granted. Our husbands are different, *that* you can certainly say for them. They are not like—American husbands are faithful."

"Exactly, *cara Signorina*," the Conte answered, "of course they are faithful. But what good are they?"

The young lady was floored. She had never thought of this approach to the argument. "Yes, but—I mean—" she murmured, and made a little laugh, and retreated, for the time being, to her cherries.

The Baroness began to lisp about a visit she had made that morning to San Domenico—it was too sweet—and the lovely brother there in a black cowl who had given her a rose.

STARK YOUNG.

CONCERNING FATHERS

BY EDITH RONALD MIRRIELEES

When Valdez, the Spanish critic, named Samuel Richardson "the father of the modern novel," his purpose was a compliment, but his performance may well have sent a shudder through Richardson's shade, loitering in the aisles of some celestial bookstore, while from a warmer corner Fielding, at the words, cocked up an appreciative eye.

A rich minute that for Fielding and all the satirists! It was as though some applauding foreigner, memorializing George the Third, had named him in good faith the mother-in-law of his country. A rich minute and one from which the flavor has not yet departed. Instead, from Richardson down even to Wells, its pungency increases with the passing of the years, until now, as we turn the pages of our "best English novels," it is overpungent, acrid upon the tongue.

Every English author has had a father; nearly every one has been a father in his turn. In the light of these two facts, where do they come from—this brood of blackguards, this monstrous regiment of fictional fathers that whines and blusters and sneaks and bullies down through the pages of two centuries?

Richardson himself, though his case is bad enough, is by no means the chief offender. The notable Mr. Harlowe is a bully indeed, but he is a straightforward bully, whose children know the worst at the first clap.

"No words! I will not be prated to! I will be obeyed! I have no child, I will have no child but an obedient one!"

A thought arbitrary, but at least the tearful Clarissa creeps away with eyes unblackened and mind unpolluted. Of another mould is Richardson's other creation, Goodman Andrews, model parent of the still more model Pamela.

"I hope the good squire has no design." So he adjures the fifteen year old on hearing of the gift of a gown from her dead

mistress' wardrobe. "We fear—yes, my dear child, we fear—you should be too grateful and reward him with that jewel, your virtue."

Fear it? Yes, and expect it too. Not a letter but does its best to accustom her to the idea. The money she sends him he does not return—oh no!—but tucks it away, wrapped in a rag, among the thatch, "lest we should partake of the price of our daughter's shame." A case for the psycho-analysts here! It is not until *after* Pamela, pelted by paternal warnings, has become "suspicious and fearful" that any indignity is put upon her.

An eye for the main chance too has the good Gaffer Andrews, along with his other charming qualities. Let Pamela be tormented, abducted, and still escape the worst, and he will acknowledge her, even summon up courage to rebuke her oppressors—in a gentle, slightly squeaky tone, not unworthy of Pamela herself. "'Great as you are, Sir, I must ask for my child,' and burst into tears." But let the worst come upon her, through however little fault of hers—No, no! No neighborhood opprobrium for the family of Andrews! Honesty is more than their jewel in that household; it is their first-rate life insurance.

And yet with Gaffer as with Mr. Harlowe, some virtue must be allowed him. He poisons his daughter's mind, but he refrains from battering her body. It remained for Fielding, the chuckler, to experiment in combinations and introduce into *Tom Jones*, in the person of Squire Weston, an archtype, a model, for the fictitious fathers of a whole century. There is no quoting from the conversation of this gentle parent with his young daughter; it will not bear quoting. And as for missiles heavier than those of conversation—"Sophia, just risen from the ground, with the tears running from her eyes and the blood trickling from her lips." Has the charming Sophia been thrown from a coach? Has she been set upon by robbers? Not so! She has merely been questioning, in language of the mildest, her father's decision that she marry the neighborhood nincompoop. "Father of the modern novel" indeed! No wonder there was hilarity among the angels!

And Fielding knew paternal goodness too when he met it. That he shows us in another character in this same book. While

Sophia abides, locked in, in her bedroom, feeding upon forebodings and bread and water, or goes out, if she go at all, in fear of her life of her father, Tom Jones, the rascal, finds his, till treachery alienates him, useful for the paying of bills, for bed and board and friendly counsel. An ideal father, this Squire Allworthy, as good as his symbolic name, an all but perfect father—only, unfortunately, as the plot betrays to us, a foster father, not a real one at all. It is always the foster father who scores in these annals. Only when you have begotten a child, have you a patent for hating it.

The elder Random enlarges his patent a little and hates his grandson as much as his son and throws in his daughter-in-law for good measure, but, on the whole, it is Squire Weston who creates the father tradition for his generation. Some obscure fathers there are, to be sure, both in this generation and in the next one, who are good enough—Mr. Moreland, for example, in *Northanger Abbey*—but they are merely neglectedly good, as though the author had not taken the trouble to make them otherwise. It is always the full-size tyrant, never his halfway well-meaning brother, who gets the spotlight and the centre of the stage—except, of course, in the case of those fathers who are slightly touched in the head. A fool is almost invariably kind to his children, the more fool the kinder.

But it was an unlovely age at best, that flat, miasmic, middle eighteenth century. I turn from its output to novels later written though earlier read. Dickens, champion of all the maligned, must have fathers enough in his pages. . . . And yet, to speak truth, it is Mr. Pecksniff who comes first to mind, with Mr. Turveydrop to follow. Mr. Bray I remember too, whining tyrant of Madeline, beloved of Nicholas (Curious, how seldom the curse of heredity operates inside the pages of a novel!); and Mr. Podsnap; and Rogue Riderhood, with his rooted objection to poll-parritin'; and Gaffer Hexam, with an aversion as deep to the lower education of women; and Mr. Cruncher, his rust-reddened fingers forever in contact with the ears of his son; and Mr. Skimpole; and the elder Harmon, true descendent of eighteenth century forebears. Mr. Wilfer, father of Bella, goes back to the simpleton type, for the rule established by his predeces-

sors holds good with Dickens still—more fool, less tyrant. Mr. Crummles is a gentle father to the insufferable Phenomenon. Mr. Jelleby is as mild as silly. Not once do we find Wilkins Micawber laying the heavy hand of correction on one of his offspring.

No, in spite of the foolish fathers who are tolerably affectionate, Dickens does nothing to lift the curse of an earlier century. The Jew comes into his own in his pages, the mendicant finds his apologist, and the failure, and even the sneak thief, but the father wanders outcast still. *David Copperfield*, indeed, best loved of books, escapes from the domination of the unhappy race, but its escape is accomplished only by strong measures. David, Em'ly, Steerforth, Uriah—every important character but one is orphaned before the story opens. And while the one remaining does his best—falls to drink and to forgery, to daughter-auctioning and other pecadillos—he cannot, unsupported, cast a gloom over all of the pages.

It is no wonder that other enterprising novelists read the secret of Dickens' formula for winning affection and took advantage of it. The amputation of a father or two from its pages would have turned almost any tragedy of the time into an applicant for a place among the "glad" books. *Hard Cash* for instance! Richard Hardie begins with the familiar eighteenth century gesture of forbidding his son's marriage—a mere tyro at the beginning, but he improves fast, takes to rages, to embezzlement, to shutting his son up in madhouses, so that in four hundred pages the unhappy lad is scarce rid of him. A grand old parent that, of the noble antique mould.

Mr. Osborne in *Vanity Fair* is another antiquity. No whining about him; rages and caning and disinheritance are his weapons, and Sir Pitt on the one hand and Lord Steyne on the other bear him worthy company.

And yet, in spite of the trio, Thackeray alone among his fellows has, underneath his conformity, a kind of a sneaking tenderness for fathers. He takes the Dickensonian path of escape more often than Dickens himself, kills them early and often in his stories and presents us with fatherless heroes and heroines galore. And once, even, he permits one to live and in Colonel Newcome—

but it should be remembered in extenuation that Thackeray, left orphan at five, lacks the fillip of personal experience in his writing.

George Eliot is another who believes in the death sentence. The Misses Brooke are bereft in their early 'teens when their dispositions may well be supposed to be not yet entirely soured. Eppie, though she has a father, escapes the discomfort of knowing him. Adam Bede is almost as unparented as David itself; Hetty, Dinah, Arthur, Adam, Seth—not a father amongst them except one who is drowned (and good riddance to him!) by falling, drunk, into a stream in the first chapter. By the time the Grand Triumvirate had finished its work, the father bade fair to vanish from fiction altogether or to survive, along with fairies and ghosts and the devil, as a form of modified myth.

But though the middle nineteenth century might shield itself behind the grave, its emancipated later years could do with no such subterfuge. By the 'eighties, shields were out of fashion. Off came drapes and pantalettes from a host of subjects, and out popped the father again none the worse—which in his case means none the better—for his bout with mortality. The costume, to be sure, was altered a little. The heavy-handed parent had shifted his residence from Picadilly to Seven Dials. Vituperation was out of date along with bodily violence, but oppression held its own, and the essential element of the father by which he may be known under all disguises—his disregard for his offspring, his willingness to profit by its misfortunes—remained unaltered. That "sire of Richard Feverel" shows black against a midnight of bad fathers. And Dr. Middleton in *The Egoist*, how did he ever produce an uncontaminated Clara?—who, by the way, with the twentieth century in full sight, pays him mediaeval reverence still.

The twentieth century was, indeed, actually on the threshold before a break appeared in the league against fatherhood. Then Kipling, who had already rescued a continent from obscurity, made a try at father-rescue too—an ill-fated try, its outcome not the father aided but the child destroyed. What he produced was less a new race of parents than a shuddering newness in children—monstrous children, pigmy men-about-town, living

according to a code mature and cynical. Witness Wee Willie Winkie, for example, with his carefully considered chivalry, rooted beyond the reach of panic, and his fellow, the young gentleman who purloined the " 'parkle crown," whose tongue, to be sure, has a childish affliction, but whose spirit was thirty on the day he was born. I say nothing of *The Drums of the Fore and Aft* nor of the inimitable *Kim*. Nobody has ever supposed that immaturity of years in those cases gave pretensions to childishness.

And the new race, alas, was not for Kipling alone. Through the early years of the twentieth century, it has grown and flourished in the pages of many books. In *The Tree of Heaven*, May Sinclair has lately created a typical member of the clan. Listen to him in the schoolroom with his father, debating the grazing of the pony's knees on an extra dangerous hill:

> 'That,' said Anthony [the father], 'is why you're forbidden to ride down it. You've got to be spanked for this, Nicky.'
>
> 'Have I? All right. Don't look so unhappy, Daddy.'
>
> Anthony did it (the spanking) much better this time. Nicky, though he shook with laughter, owned it very handsomely.

Later he confides to his dupe that he really had not ridden the pony at all; he had only thought it a "jolly sell" (oh, very friendly and condescending he is!) to get himself spanked for a deed he had not done.

And Nicky is representative of all the race. Some are a little better than he, some a little worse, but not one of the horrors can actually be said to have a father at all—not if fatherhood depend on the presence of a child.

And yet, in spite of the Kipling fumble and its disastrous aftermath, it is with the twentieth century that hope does dawn for male parents. It dawns not in Kipling's well-meaning pages nor in those of his followers, but with a group whose intentions are of the worst. Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy—one and all, they fall upon the father with a kind of gleeful ferocity. They make him a fool and a boor; they make him a bore insufferable; they make him a tyrant and blandly contented with tyranny, but they begin his rescue for all that, for his children have found him out.

"'I wish to please you, papa. . . . I will obey you, papa. . . . I am anxious to perform my duty.'" So, in *The Egoist*, with paragraphs of parental diatribe between, speaks Clara Middleton of the year 1880.

The tune is different with the heroines of Wells. Watch Anne Veronica in her struggles! "Duty" has gone into the discard at last. At last, after generations of weeping and fainting and heartbreak, the victim has taken to other weapons; the Englishman's house is invaded, no longer his castle, though the ogre is still inside.

A flouted tyrant is scarcely a tyrant at all, and, his children now flouting him, we watch hopefully to see, little by little, the father of the English novel draw in his horns, shear off his expletives, rein in his temper, till, in a decade or two, he sidles through the pages as meek as his American contemporary.

Edith Ronald Mirrielees.

ON WRITING FOR THE FILMS

BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

I KNOW very well that it is unbecoming in me to express my opinion on the subject of writing for the screen, since I have busied myself with the matter only for a few weeks. But in these weeks I have learned a good deal and I pretend only to jot down my first impressions. Everyone now allows that the pictures have reached a stage where they can no longer be treated with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. If you are of a pedagogic turn of mind,—as apparently many authors are in these days,—and wish to improve your fellow men, there is no medium which gives you a greater opportunity. You read your newspaper cursorily and what goes in at one eye goes out of the other. But what you see at the pictures impresses you with peculiar force. It may be deplored that the novelist and the playwright should think it their business to preach; but apparently they often do, too often, perhaps; and they are fortunate enough to find many people who are willing to take them with the utmost seriousness. They can certainly expound their views of life more effectively on the screen than between the covers of a book or even within the three hours' traffic of the stage. The screen is an unrivalled method of propaganda. This was widely realized during the war, but the means employed were ingenuous and sometimes defeated their own object. Little allowance was made for the frailty of human nature, and the pill of useful information was so little coated with sugar that the wretched public refused to swallow it. I shall not forget seeing a picture in a remote province of China which showed the President of the French Republic shaking hands with the Minister of Public Works. This was designed to impress the wily Oriental with the greatness of France, but I do not believe it achieved its object. If on the other hand a writer aspires to be no more, and no less, than an

artist, the film is not unworthy of his consideration. There is no reason why the picture should not be a work of art.

But on this question the attitude of many of those who are concerned with the production of pictures is somewhat depressing. For if you wander about the studios you will find that some of the more intelligent men you meet are frankly pessimistic. They will tell you that the whole business is no more than a trick. They deny that there can be any art in a production that is dependant on a machine. It is true that for the most part the attempts that are made at an artistic result support this argument. There are directors who desire to be artistic. It is pathetic to compare the seriousness of their aim with the absurdity of their achievement. Unfortunately you cannot be artistic by wanting to be so; but the lamentable results of these endeavors, often so strenuous and so well-meaning, must be ascribed rather to incapacity in those who make them than to unsuitability in the material. You will not achieve art in a picture by composing pompous titles or by bolstering up a sordid story with the introduction of a Russian ballet or a fairy tale. The irrelevant is never artistic. The greatest pest of the moment is the symbol. I do not know how it was introduced into the pictures but I judge that it was introduced successfully; the result is that now symbolism is dragged in by the hair. Nothing, of course, can be more telling, nothing has greater possibilities; but it must be used with tact, appositeness, and moderation. To my mind there is something grotesque in the way in which an obvious symbol gambols, like a young elephant, through the middle of a perfectly commonplace story. No, the gentlemen who direct pictures will not make them works of art in this fashion. I think they would be well advised to set about the matter more modestly. There is a good deal of spade work to be done first. The sets might occupy their attention. They have yet to discover the aesthetic value of simplicity. They will learn in due course that the eye is wearied by a multiplicity of objects. They will not crowd their rooms with furniture and knick-knacks. They will realize the beauty of an empty wall.

Then I think they can profitably occupy themselves with the subject of line. It is distressing to see, judging by the results,

how little thought is given to the beauty that may be obtained from graceful attitudes and harmonious grouping. The lover can clasp his beloved to his heart in such a manner as to make an exquisite pattern; but unless he is a very fortunate young man, whom the gods especially favor, he will not do this by the light of nature. I have been amazed to see how often the lovely heroine has been allowed to be photographed in a position that makes her look like a sack of potatoes. I venture to think also that those directors who pursue beauty (I have nothing to say about those who merely want to produce a picture that will bring in a million dollars: I have no doubt they know their business much better than I do) might explore more systematically the photographic possibilities of atmospheric effect. The camera is capable of a great deal in this direction, and the delight of every audience at the most modest attempts in this field, such as scenes by moonlight, show that the public would not be unresponsive. There is immense scope for the director who wishes to make beautiful pictures; but the Reinhardt of the screen has not yet arrived.

It will appear from these observations that I think the director should be definitely an interpreter of the author. Since I am a writer it is perhaps natural that I should have little patience with his claim to be a creative artist. I think he has assumed this impressive rôle because in the past he has too often been asked to deal with material which was totally unsuited to the screen. He could produce a tolerable picture only by taking the greatest liberties with the story he was given, and so he got into the habit of looking upon the story as a peg upon which to hang his own inventions. He had no exalted idea of the capacity of his audience (the commonest phrase upon his lips was: Remember that my public doesn't consist of educated people. It is not a two dollar public it is a ten and fifteen cent public); and—if I may say so without offense—he was no genius. The stories he offered to an eager world were inane. For the most part the motive was absurd, the action improbable, the characterization idiotic; and yet so novel was the appeal, so eager the desire for this new amusement, that the public accepted all these defects with a tolerant shrug of the shoulders. The mistake the director

made was in supposing the public did not see that they were defects. The most successful showmen have always credited the public with shrewdness. Now that the novelty of the pictures has worn off, the public is no longer willing to take these defects so humorously. They find them inconvenient. It seems to me that a few years ago I did not see bored people in a cinema: now I see them all around me. They raise their voices in derision. It is refreshing to hear the burst of laughter which greets a pretentious title.

The picture companies are discovering, what the theatrical managers might have told them long since, that no matter how eminent your stars and how magnificent your production, if your story is bad the public will not bother with you. The picture companies have put a bold face on the matter. They have swallowed their medicine with fortitude. They have gone to the highways and hedges and constrained the author to come in. They have brushed aside his pleas that he had no wedding garment: the feast was set.

The story is now all the thing.

It remains to be seen how the author will meet the situation. I do not think it will be surprising if he does not create very great works of art, for they come as the gods will, sparingly, and should be accepted with surprise and gratitude, but not demanded as a right. It is very good to receive a barrel of caviare now and then, but for the daily meal one should be satisfied with beef or mutton. At all events there will be no excuse for the author if his stories are not coherent and probable, if his psychology (to use the somewhat pompous term by which the play of motive is known in the world of pictures) is not reasonable, and his characters and the incidents he chooses to illustrate them not true to life.

In the past probably the worst pictures have been those which were made out of plays. Because there are certain similarities between moving pictures and plays it was thought that a successful play would make a good picture and, what is more eccentric, that an unsuccessful play might do the same. The fact that a play had been acted in London or New York was supposed to be a valuable asset, and for all I know this may be a fact. But it was

constantly found either that the play offered insufficient material, or material of a character that was useless on the screen. We have all seen pictures purporting to be versions of well-known plays and found the most outrageous travesties. And what is more, they were dull. The fact suggests itself that the play as a play is seldom suited for the screen. When you write a play you take an idea from a certain angle. You quickly learn how much you have to eliminate, how ruthlessly you must compress, and how rigidly you must stick to your point. But when the result of these efforts comes to the screen only a bare skeleton remains. The director is not to be so bitterly blamed when he claims that he has had to invent a story to clothe these naked bones. The technique of the modern stage is very sharply defined, and to my mind the modern play as it stands has very little to give the pictures. The moving picture much more suggests the plays of the Elizabethans. But of course an idea can be looked at in all sorts of ways and there is no reason why a story which has proved effective on the stage should not prove equally effective on the screen. It must be written entirely anew from that standpoint. I think a writer might make a good picture from a theme upon which he has already written a good play, but he will probably need incidents other than those which he has used in the play, and, it may be, different characters. He is absurd if he expects real invention to be done by the scenario writer to whom the management who has bought his play will entrust the work of arranging it for the screen. That is work that he alone can do. No one can know his idea as well as he, and no one can be so intimately acquainted with his characters.

I think there is more to be said for the screen version of novels, since here the case is reversed and it is not a matter of expansion and elaboration but of selection. I do not see why very good pictures should not be made from novels. They will serve as illustrations for those who have read them, and may induce those who have not to do so. This may be a good enough thing. It depends on the novel. For myself I look forward to the time when, the present dislike of costume having been overcome, all the great novels of our literature are shown on the screen. I hope, however, that the scenarios which must be prepared for

this purpose will be devised by a writer who is not only acquainted with the technique of the film but is also a man of letters and of taste.

But in my opinion all this in relation to the screen is by the way. I venture to insist that the technique of writing for the pictures is not that of writing for the stage nor that of writing a novel. It is something betwixt and between. It has not quite the freedom of the novel, but it certainly has not the fetters of the stage. It is a technique of its own, with its own conventions, its own limitations, and its own effects. For that reason I believe that in the long run it will be found futile to adapt stories for the screen from novels or from plays—we all know how difficult it is to make even a passable play out of a good novel—and that any advance in this form of entertainment which may eventually lead to something artistic, lies in the story written directly for projection on the white sheet.

W. Somerset Maugham.

LILULI: A TRIUMPH OF DISILLUSION

BY GERALDINE P. DILLA

Two master minds of this age—Hardy and Rolland—have given to the twentieth century two masterpieces. *The Dynasts* surveys all the universe—mankind and God (the Will), heaven and earth, and dispels all hopes except for the remote suggestion of the Pities in the closing chorus:

> But—a stirring thrills the air
> Like to sounds of joyance there
> That the rages
> Of the ages
> Shall be canceled and deliverance offered from the darts that were,
> Consciousness the Will informing, till It fashion all things fair!

Jean Christophe, not so perfect nor so colossal an achievement, still sums up all human experience in the history of one genius and thereby shows the futility of life, though not so openly but that a majority of its readers see it as a discoursive novel with a musician for its hero. Unconsciously, it seems, but no less frankly, M. Romain Rolland in *Colas Breugnon* presents an altogether different life history only to demonstrate again the futility of effort. But he did not stop there. The tragedy of *Jean Christophe* and the comedy of *Colas Breugnon* have their logical sequel in the farce of *Liluli*. This last is the brilliant, daring metamorphosis of current history into fantastic drama, just as *Jean Christophe* is current thought and life, and *Colas Breugnon* is medieval life. These three works of M. Rolland lead us to about the same conclusion—a disillusionment as keen though not as far reaching as does *The Dynasts:* for the latter is the poetic expression of the profound pessimism of a Saxon, whose disillusionment is cosmic, while these three prose works are the less unified expression of the Latin genius who, having seen both life and art steadily and seen them whole, is disgusted with our present civilization.

The production of the remarkable *Liluli* may be accounted for

in two ways. We can say that it is merely the reaction from the agony of the war, as M. Rolland himself says *Colas Breugnon* was "a reaction from the tragic key of *Jean Christophe*." Indeed, in *The House*, Christophe and Olivier, after the panic of a European war had died down, are represented as engaged in a work that slightly prefigures *Liluli*. "In reaction against their recent gloomy thoughts they had begun to collaborate in a Rabelaisian epic. It was colored by that broad materialism which follows on periods of moral stress. To the legendary heroes—Gargantua, Friar John, Panurge—Olivier had added, on Christophe's inspiration, a new character, a peasant, Jacques Patience, simple, cunning, sly, . . . who said: 'I know that you [Panurge] will go on playing your tricks on me: you don't take me in; but I can't do without you: you drive away the spleen and make me laugh.' "[1] But in *Liluli*, written during the last year of the war, the peasant, the laughter, as well as all the others, are completely crushed.

It seems more likely, however, that *Liluli* was not written as mere amusement for its author or readers, but is the sparkling presentation of a most sombre idea. The quotation from *Colas Breugnon* that prefaces this play is illuminating here: "Laughter does not prevent me from suffering; but to suffer will never prevent a real Frenchman from laughing. And whether he laugh or shed tears—first of all, he's got to see!" Is not *Liluli* the work to make us see—to make us see our civilization as it really is?

As Polichinello says, "Laughter is a weapon against illusion,"[2] though in his case it finally loses its power when even the laugher is buried under the cataract of debris in the end. Perhaps the key to this apparent contradiction is in the rebuke of Truth to Polichinello when he refuses to follow her to the stake or the scaffold: "You can laugh and make fun, but behind your hand like a school-boy. Like your great fathers, the great Polichinellos, the masters of free irony and laughter, like Erasmus and Voltaire, you are prudent, prudent; your big mouth closes down on your snigger. . . . Fine fellows to look at, my lovers! . . . My love for them makes them free, but me they leave captive.

[1] *Jean Christophe*, vol. III, p. 458.
[1] *Liluli*, p. 40.

. . . Ah, you don't love me, you don't know how to love Truth; you only love yourselves, you wouldn't risk a hair to deliver me. . . . Ah! When will the lover come, the great all-conquering Laugh, who shall rouse me once more to life with the sound of his roaring?"[1] In fact the only hope in this drama—the only promise of relief or improvement for the state of civilization that it depicts—is the coming of the great all-conquering Laugh, the real lover of Truth.

Just here it is interesting to note what M. Rolland says in his essay on "Shakespeare the Truthteller" translated in a recent number of the *Dial:*

> One of the points on which men of all times have been in accord is the platonic love they profess for truth, and the very real fear they have of it. Man does not bear willingly universal criticism, the too sincere vision that depreciates the world, this "nutshell" where he lives. Secretly, he dislikes whoever prevents him from dozing on the pillow of illusions. He knows well they are illusions; once in a way he consents to be reminded of this,—but suddenly, only in passing, with laughter, without insisting. In order to have man accept her, truth must equip herself with a mask—symbol or paradox. In order to have him accept her, truth must appear a lie.

Now what does *Liluli* make us see? What truth of value does this drama give us? *Jean Christophe* is the epic of racial congeniality; it demonstrates the essential need of both Teutonic and Latin elements, the identity of the highest interests of both. For instance, Christophe "felt the mutual completion which the two races could give each other, and how lame and halting were the spirit, the art, the action of each without the help of the other." He "realized the absurdity of moral frontiers between the honest men of different nationalities." His "destiny . . . was to carry through the hostile peoples, like an artery, all the forces of life of the two sides of the river [Rhine]." *Liluli* is the comedy that presents the same idea in a lighter guise. The two peasants, the two idealistically minded youths, the same God in two costumes, and the two crowds—they are nearly the same in essence.

But here we must note the difference that M. Rolland shows between the two races. In the epic treatment of his theme, he

[1] *Liluli, p. 68.*

writes: "In France he [Christophe] had the joy of better knowledge and mastery of himself. Only in France was he wholly himself." "The conquests of Louis XIV gave Europe the splendor of French reason. What light has the Germany of Sedan given to the world? The glitter of bayonets? Thought without wings, action without generosity, brutal realism, which has not even the excuse of being the realism of healthy men; force and [self] interest: Mars turned bagman." In the drama *Liluli*, we see that the Gallipoulets and the Hurluberloches treat Truth differently. The first crowd gag Truth, but allow her to see things clearly; and her bonds are not so strong but that she succeeded once in breaking them and disclosing herself to the people, who appear to like her, although Master God keeps all but a few daring persons from beholding Truth. She is revered as an idol; and while she is tied down to her seat, it is done with respect. But the Hurluberloches blindfold Truth and envelop her with coverings until she appears as a condemned prisoner being led to the scaffold. Then the fate of the two youths is different: Altair is kept by Liluli (Illusion) in order that he may suffer more; while Antares dies; in other words, the idealistic youth of the Hurluberloches (the Teutons) is crushed in the struggle.

If these distinctions seem too weak for the work of a Frenchman, that is, not unfavorable enough to the Germans, we should recall the purpose of *Liluli*. The play is addressed first of all to men of M. Rolland's own nation; it satirizes especially French vices and failings. Like Mr. Bernard Shaw, M. Rolland knows best the faults of his own people, and he has the sometimes dangerous courage to make an exhibit of all these short-comings before not only his fellow-countrymen but the world also. What Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells have been doing for England, M. Rolland does for France. But while *Jean Christophe* makes specific analyses of the racial characters, *Liluli* more often generalizes. Other people than the French may well ponder over the weaknesses of thought, life, and character ascribed to the Gallipoulets, for these are merely the incisively drawn types applicable to all modern civilized nations.

If more is needed to show that *Liluli* is a logical successor to *Jean Christophe* and *Colas Breugnon*, a sublimated essence of the

disillusion that colors these other works of M. Rolland, then we should consider the ideas of each book that are shown to be illusions in the end. In *Jean Christophe* the loves, the marriages, the children are all unsatisfactory; the civilization of four generations is reviewed, but only doubtful improvement can be discerned in the later ones; the music that Christophe devotes his life to create is misunderstood and unappreciated; this genius at last declares that "Art is the shadow that man casts upon Nature. . . . Our music is an illusion." Even the laugher Breugnon, a creative artist of a different though no less true type, who spends his life in sincere work because he loved to create beauty and because he wanted to preserve always his independence, finds at last all his work destroyed and himself the broken object of the charity he has always striven against. True it is that Breugnon seems to have created a soul in his little apprentice; but what assurance have we that a better fate awaits the next bearer of the torch?

Now in *Liluli* Altair and Antares are the simplified types of Olivier and Christophe. What does Altair find his ideals really are? Life is a headless monster; Liberty, a slave-driver; Fraternity, a cannibal; Love, a snivelling idiot; Reason, blind; the Church, an organization of dervish-imposters; God, a selfish master of Truth, a time-serving politician, and a fetish-monger! The play itself is most unusual in its completeness, for it omits no ideal nor idol of our present civilization, nor any important type of our humanity. It is remarkable in scope and at the same time in its apparent artlessness, which, like the ironical naïveté of Anatole France, are the result of a most carefully wrought design and a finished art.

In *Jean Christophe* and in *Colas Breugnon* there is some hope, some light: in *Liluli* there is practically none. Has M. Rolland then evolved a social philosophy that in darkness rivals Mr. Hardy's conception of the universe? If he has, then *Liluli* is an adequate expression of his idea. If not, then one may justify this latest work by a statement from his earlier: "Skepticism and faith are no less necessary. Skepticism, riddling the faith of yesterday, prepares the way for the faith of tomorrow."

GERALDINE P. DILLA.

RECENT AMERICAN BIOGRAPHIES AND LETTERS[1]

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

I HAVE heard all my life that the age of letter-writing has passed. We are too busy now, they said, to write letters. The shorthand secretaries, the typewriter, the telephone, made letter-writing unnecessary. There is no more leisure for calm reflection or for well-ordered composition. Can you picture to yourself Horace Walpole talking into a dictagraph? Could Madame de Sévigné, queen of the realm of epistolary correspondence, have allowed herself to be hurried in order to catch the next mail collection?

Happily, however, the predictions of the pessimists have not come true. Just as down to July 1914, good persons gave a dozen unanswerable reasons why there could never be another war, so the arguments against the survival of letter-writing were clear, cogent, unanswerable—and untrue. In both cases only one thing was lacking—the Fact. The argument was perfect, but the Fact did not bear it out.

In looking over a few of the Biographies with letters which have recently appeared, I am impressed by this truth. I doubt whether any other similarly brief period has witnessed the publication of more or better letters. We find no equivalents, perhaps, to Walpole's carefully premeditated sketches of English social life and manners in the eighteenth century, or of Thomas Gray's delicate vignettes of foreign travel, so restrained in their emotion, so perfect in their culture, so high-bred. But though

[1] *A Cycle of Adams Letters, 1861–65;* ed. by Worthington Chauncey Ford. Boston and New York. *Houghton Mifflin Co.*

Letters to A Niece; by Henry Adams. *Houghton Mifflin Co.*

Theodore Roosevelt and His Time; by Joseph Bucklin Bishop. N. Y. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

The Life of Joseph Hodges Choate; by Edward Sanford Martin. N. Y. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

The Letters of Henry James; selected and edited by Percy Lubbock. N. Y. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

The Letters of William James; edited by his son Henry James. Boston. *The Atlantic Monthly Press.*

we lack these we have our compensations. The rôle of the nineteenth century epistolographers begins with Byron, and who has equalled, much less surpassed him in the special range of his art where he excelled?

Letters worth printing and reading may be of several different kinds. They may reveal, for instance, the traits and nature of a rare character. The writer may have been a public personage, so that his letters will have a more or less historical interest. Or in their workmanship, or style they may be so excellent as to live on the strength of that. Most persons write routine or informational letters. Contrasted with these writers are those endowed, if not overweighted, with temperament. You recognize at once the difference between those who describe things seen and things felt. The charm of Lord-Byron lies in the spontaneity with which he pours out opinions, passions, emotions, with a vital phrase or an unforgettable epithet. Sir Walter Scott, on the other hand, seems often merely to have sent pages from a descriptive chapter of one of his novels.

The essentials of all letters of whatever class are spontaneity and the personal touch. These two qualities may even suffice to keep letters alive. We reluct, instinctively, against letters which are not spontaneous, letters in which the writer indulges in flowery diction or artificial sentiment. Few modern letters have appealed to more readers than have those of Robert Louis Stevenson; but I cannot rid myself of the impression that they are seldom, if ever, spontaneous. Stevenson was almost obsessed by the desire to be literary. Therefore, if he were sending only a hasty note on a commonplace subject, he would take care to make it literary, premeditated. Very different from Byron who never considered whether the public was looking over his shoulder or not; whereas Stevenson seems always to have had in mind that whatever he wrote would be printed. You must judge such literary letters, therefore, as you would judge imaginary correspondence, like Montesquieu's "*Lettres Persanes.*"

Among books which I wish to consider here, I will choose first *A Cycle of Adams Letters, 1861–1865*, because the Adams family ranks easily first among those who have most enriched American epistolary correspondence. "My grandfather, John Quincy

Adams," I once heard the late Charles F. Adams remark, with a characteristic mock indignation, "had the terrible diary habit." And so true is this that the published diaries and letters of the family extending through four generations, would now easily fill a twenty-foot bookshelf. Before John Quincy Adams came his father and mother John and Abigail, and after him were his son Charles Francis, the great Minister to England, and then his sons, Charles Francis Jr., and Henry.

The men of the newer generations seem to have formed themselves on John Quincy Adams, who learned from eighteenth century models—the men who caught something of Dr. Johnson's magisterial style, but rarely showed traces of his wit. This style became the accepted dialect of State papers and diplomacy. You could be very accurate in it but you could neither be light nor brief. Your sentences required plenty of room to deploy themselves in. J. Q. Adams, from long practice, limbered a little, and the tendency to unstiffen easily traceable in him, becomes marked in his son Charles Francis. The latter, in the *Cycle of Letters* which Mr. Worthington C. Ford has selected, is a fine example of those among his contemporaries who were educated about 1830. He writes from London, where he was American Minister throughout the Civil War, and his letters are addressed to his son Charles F. who was fighting in the Union Army at home. He has that tendency to moralize, that sense of obligation to give didactic advice, which belonged to the solid men of his time. Thus, in replying to a very racy letter, he says: "We were sufficiently edified by your report of the conferences with various parties in authority. I am not much surprised by it. Human patience is not great. . . . It is an excellent thing to cultivate good manners as a habit, for thus comes an artificial rein on the passions that benefits all parties almost equally." (II, 197.) Sometimes, the Minister describes the political situation as he sees it in London, or some of the public men with whom he is thrown. In sum, the Minister's correspondence supplies many interesting and a few important facts about his diplomatic labors during the four years when he held the American Union outpost in Europe. We admire his steady judgment. Even in crises where a rupture seemed imminent and

unavoidable he did not lose his nerve, and his prophecies came true much oftener than did those of the young men who were more easily swayed by the portents of the hour.

His sons' letters may be read in either of two ways: you may read them as you would any narrative, for the incidents and information which they contain; or you may read them for the revelations which they give of their writers. Charles at twenty-six, and Henry at twenty-three, were already potentially the men whom the world has known by their after-careers and by their autobiographies; but Charles at least, leaves a more pleasing impression on one in these pages, which he wrote without any autobiographic intention, than he did in his actual Autobiography in which, at eighty, he painted the portrait of himself which he wished men to regard as true. I know of no officer of our Civil War whose correspondence from the field compares with his in entertainment. He describes everything—the humdrum of daily life, the chance happening of the hour, the rumors that flitted through the camp, his opinions on his subordinates and on his superiors, the blunders made and the difficulties ahead. His keen and active mind speculated on the larger aspect of the war and on the practical questions of strategy and logistics. He possessed in full measure the Adams characteristic of speaking out, which has marked the family for a hundred and fifty years. In another person it would have required courage to utter his criticisms but an Adams would have been ashamed of himself if he had dignified by the name of courage what was the obvious thing to say.

The letters between Charles F., Jr., and Henry are filled with strong affection, without which, the brothers could not have continued to assail each other as frankly as they did, and remain friends. Throughout life they not only agreed to disagree in their opinions, but they seemed to delight each in telling the other just what he thought of him for holding that opinion. I doubt whether either would have allowed a third person to criticize his brother so roundly. Already, in 1862, Charles regarded Henry as a poseur, an opinion which he held to the end. But he duly appreciated Henry's keen intellect and enjoyed his wit even when it seemed to him cynical. Listen to this searching analysis

of Henry, which Charles, just approaching Port Royal for active service, sent to him:

You set up for a philosopher. You write letters *a la* Horace Walpole; you talk of loafing round Europe; you pretend to have seen life. Such twaddle makes me feel like a giant Warrington talking to an infant Pendennis. *You* 'tired of this life!' *You* more and more 'callous and indifferent about your own fortunes!' Pray how old are you and what has been your career? You graduate and pass two years in Europe, and witness by good luck a revolution. You come home and fall upon great historic events and have better chances than any young man to witness and become acquainted with them. You go abroad while great questions are agitated in a position to know all about them. Fortune has done nothing but favor you and yet you are 'tired of this life.' You are beaten back everywhere before you are twenty-four, and finally writing philosophical letters you grumble at the strange madness of the times and haven't even faith in God and the spirit of your age. What do you mean by thinking, much less writing such stuff? 'No longer any chance left of settled lives and Christian careers!' Do you suppose the world is coming to an end now? Hadn't you better thank God that your lot is cast in great times? How am I throwing myself away? Isn't a century's work of my ancestors worth a struggle to preserve? Am I likely to do so much that it won't do for me to risk my precious life in this great struggle? Come—no more of this. Don't get into this vein again, or if you do, keep it to yourself. . . . We shall come out all right and if we don't, the world will. Excuse me if I have been rough, but it will do you good. (January 1862. I, 100, 101.)

To follow the frank give and take between the brothers is a point of unfailing interest in this Cycle of Letters.

Henry Adams's *Letters to A Niece* have autobiographic value of two kinds. Some of the letters show him at the top of his style, and they all reveal that side of him which made him dear to children. Persons who have formed their opinion of Henry Adams from his *Education* and nothing else, think of him as a cynic or as a man of Voltairean wit. Few know that he was the peculiar and unique "Uncle Henry" of the children of several families—those of his brothers John and Charles Francis, those of John Hay, and of the Hoopers, who were his wife's nieces. Mrs. Bancel LaFarge, to whom most of the letters in this small collection were written, was one of the children who found the way to "Uncle Henry's" heart, and for whom he was an unfailing source of fun and information. His letters to her from the South Seas are very beautiful, giving not only descriptions of things

seen, but also of the atmosphere of places visited. In the sympathetic introduction prefixed to the volume, Mrs. LaFarge, who is a Roman Catholic, perhaps unintentionally, leaves on the reader the impression that Henry Adams was at heart almost if not wholly a Roman Catholic. Nothing could be further from the truth. As a historian, he understood the place which that religion had occupied in human development, and through his historic imagination he has given in *Mont St. Michel and Chartres* the most exquisite and emotional glorification of the Virgin in English, or perhaps any language; but he was no more a believer in Roman Catholicism than was Voltaire or Leopardi, or any of the other pretended converts. Mrs. LaFarge publishes in this volume Henry Adams's Hymn to the Virgin and to the Dynamo, in which we may suspect he characteristically wished to give an example of the cosmic irony with which life abounds and which he made it his business to describe.

These letters and the poem cannot be overlooked by any one who desires to know all the elements of Henry Adams's genius.

Theodore Roosevelt and His Time, by Joseph Bucklin Bishop, has whatever importance attaches to the fact that it is the "official biography" of a great man. Very often "official" lives are not finally accepted as the true lives, and I cannot believe that this one will be. But as it contains a large number of Roosevelt's letters on the public events with which he was connected, it must always remain the first source or quarry from which readers and later historians will draw.

That this method of arranging a public man's letters is not equivalent to, or can ever take the place of a first-rate biography, Mr. Bishop's work will forever bear witness. If you doubt my statement, compare *Theodore Roosevelt and His Time* with John Morley's *Life of Gladstone*. Morley had an even greater mass of material to sift and put in order; but as he was a born biographer—next to Sir George Trevelyan, the chief British master of the art in our time—he constructed a large, dignified and symmetrical edifice. Mr. Bishop, however, not having either by nature or by training a biographer's endowment, raises no edifice, but leaves his material heaped up in separate blocks awaiting

the coming of a builder. The connecting passages by which he joins one episode to another do not rise in thought or in style above the level of respectable journalism. After all, a journalist who waits until he is over seventy, before he begins to practise biography has a serious handicap.

The first, the essential truth for a biographer to cleave to is that a man's life is continually flowing from birth to death like a river. Unless the biographer gives the impression of motion forward, he falls short very seriously. No mere crowded assembling of a lot of episodes can be a substitute for the fluent narrative. Mr. Bishop does not always choose wisely. Perhaps it was justifiable in order to pique the society curiosity of magazine readers to insert the chapter on "Roosevelt and Royalties" when the material was first printed in a magazine, but most of the contents are trivial, and some of the royal letters would not have been printed if their authors had been plain John Jones and Peter Hogan. I remember that in the middle of the Great War when I happened to be at Sagamore Hill, Roosevelt handed me three autograph letters which he had recently received from three European kings. "Read these," he said to me in substance; "but don't mention them or else the public would accuse me of being cocky at having kings for correspondents." The letters written on delicately tinted paper with conspicuous monograms and slightly perfumed, contained nothing of importance.

The quality which most attracts in Mr. Bishop is the sincerity of his devotion to Roosevelt. Of Roosevelt's letters themselves what shall I say? I do not remember any which leaves any doubt as to its meaning. They show that his mental energy never flagged and that he had the faculty of bringing his whole mind to bear on whatever subject he was dealing with. Inevitably, in order to keep up with the immense correspondence which poured incessantly upon him, he had to resort to dictation, and dictation is the tomb of style. Had he had more time, he would have written more compactly, and by so doing he would in some cases have avoided looseness of tissue. But taking the mass as a whole, it is a worthy expression of its writer, and that is essential in the best letters of any writer who happens to be

also a genius. I need not dilate upon the value, both biographical and historical, which these letters possess.

Mr. Edward Sanford Martin, who has assembled the *Life of Joseph Hodges Choate*, "chiefly from his letters" has been known for a long time to the readers of *Life*, as a clear and pungent writer, a kindly wit, and a man of illuminated common sense. One would have thought of him, therefore, as well qualified to write the biography of Mr. Choate, and his actual performance does not disappoint expectation. Having the definite purpose to allow, so far as the documents permit, Mr. Choate to tell his own story, Mr. Martin keeps himself more in the background, perhaps, than was necessary. It is natural, I suppose, for any one who has lived in the very throb of New York life for forty years, to take it for granted that allusions to persons and places in Gotham would be as readily understood by readers in Walla Walla or in Tombstone, or even in Boston, as by those in the metropolis itself. The absence of sufficient footnotes and of explanations of local events, is the chief point which I should criticize adversely in Mr. Martin's work.

Part of Mr. Martin's first volume is devoted to a reprint of Mr. Choate's Autobiography, which he wrote shortly before he died and covers about the first thirty years of his life—an interesting fragment with recollections of Salem, Massachusetts in the 'thirties and 'forties of the last century, and of Harvard College during the presidency of Jared Sparks, and of the experiences of a young lawyer beginning practice in New York City in the 'fifties. Before Choate's marriage in 1861 Mr. Martin draws chiefly on his letters to his Mother. After that event, his source is the letters to Mrs. Choate, uninterrupted for more than fifty years, and supplemented later by letters to his children. The result is, a complete revelation of Mr. Choate by himself, and seldom, so far as I recall, has so intimate a family portrait of a prominent man been compiled. We see Choate as he saw himself and as he revealed himself to his dearest intimates.

Some readers may complain that we should like to know not only how his wife and mother and children knew him but how also outsiders or closest friends saw him. But although Choate

had many friends in many cities, he does not seem to have kept up a regular correspondence with any of them. Such a correspondence as gives not only items of news and external happenings, but records convictions and opinions from the deeps of a man's life. Nevertheless, Mr. Martin somewhat fills this gap by quoting remarks on Choate from his associates at the Bar, and his fellow workers in other interests. We see unmistakably, therefore, what a dominant citizen Choate was from before his thirtieth year until his death. As a lawyer, a member of the great firm of which William M. Evarts was the head, he had charge of several of the most famous cases of his time. He served on innumerable committees, civic, charitable, political and artistic, and he helped to revise the Constitution of New York State. Among his triumphs was his prosecution of Tammany and the Tweed Ring in 1871.

Almost half of the second volume is taken up with Choate's life in London as American Ambassador, from 1899 to 1905. You will find few revelations of historical importance, but instead a running commentary by a brilliant observer of diplomatic affairs and especially of English high life. Interspersed among this material, also, are citations from some of Mr. Choate's addresses delivered in England.

He came home to enjoy more than ten years of a happy old age, and when the Great War broke out in 1914, he lifted his voice against the atrocities of the Germans and the supineness of the American Government under President Wilson. It seems a singularly appropriate ending to his long career that he lived to welcome Mr. Balfour, head of the British Mission to the United States, when he came to New York City in May 1917. Mr. Choate went through every detail of his programme with spirit and with every satisfaction. "Remember," he said to Mr. Balfour, as they parted after the service in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, "we shall meet again to celebrate the victory." Three days later, he died.

Fifty years ago, when Americans spoke the name of Choate, they referred to Rufus Choate. To most of us now the name means Joseph Hodges Choate, Fortune's darling if ever there was one.

The *Letters of Henry James* have had the good fortune to fall into the hands of an editor both sympathetic and competent, Mr. Percy Lubbock. Mr. Lubbock furnishes all the information necessary and he has certainly chosen the letters that best illustrate Mr. James's development in literary style and in character. Perhaps he has not drawn sufficiently from the letters which illustrate certain important sides of James's nature and of his varying attitude towards England.

Among American writers, Henry James is the only one who seemed to make a parade of obscurity. These letters confirm, what was long ago discernible in his books, that his attempts to be involved and strange are deliberate; but you must do him the justice to believe that he adopted his method, not to excite a vulgar sensation, but because he thought that by it he could best express himself. If you read Henry James when he was young—when he contributed sketches and essays and reviews to the New York *Nation*, or wrote his first stories—you find nothing unusual in his manner. He was more than fifty years old before he had succeeded with infinite pains, in bringing the style which was peculiarly his own, to perfection. Perhaps it is not fair to imply that he deliberately chose to write obscurely, in order to arouse vulgar astonishment; for he had, as these letters show, an almost pathological desire to record the most minute or finical or casual impressions. He was the Master of *nuance* in our time. Flaubert used to be acclaimed by the preachers of "Art for Art's sake" because he rolled upon the floor, and groaned, and wept when he could not think of just the fitting adjective to serve his purpose. It is not reported that Henry James went through similarly absurd antics in his search for a desired *nuance*. But sometimes in reading him we feel that he was too preoccupied with these matters. Instead of rolling on the floor and groaning and tearing his hair, however, he avoided his difficulty by a plain dodge—he strung six or eight adjectives in a row and left the reader to choose. He even followed one string by another string of adjectives of opposite meaning, or color. The Letters prove that all was carefully premeditated.

To be frank, I am not qualified to criticize James's later novels, for I never got beyond *The Golden Bowl*, and I gave that

up early in the first volume. But his style encumbered not his fiction alone, but all his work. Nearly twenty years ago, in reviewing his *Life of William Wetmore Story*, one of the most disloyal biographies I ever read, because the biographer devotes the larger part of his text to himself, and the smaller to his subject, I wrote:

> Such writing approaches painfully near to intellectual locomotor ataxia—first a shuffle forward by the space of two or three words, then a comma for pause, then the shuffle forward and another comma, and at the end of the toilsome trip one wonders what it was all about. If this were an unavoidable disease by which Mr. James has been attacked, we should pity him, and say nothing; but it is, as any one who has followed his degeneration can verify, the result of a deliberate attempt to have 'style.' It is artificiality, prepense, literary foppery,—grimaces, gestures, powdering, and rouging done before a mirror. Like all affectation it is suicidal.

Readers who wish to verify for themselves the transformation in Henry James's style, will find ample means to do so. About 1890, being chagrined by the almost widespread lack of recognition which his novels had received from the public, he determined, after issuing *The Tragic Muse*, to abandon fiction and to devote himself to play-writing. He planned to make the experiment thorough and scientific, and, indeed, he wrote five or six plays during the following five years. He told his brother William, enthusiastically, that he had found his proper form of expression. But, at the final account, only two of his plays had been put on the stage and these had enjoyed no real public triumph. With reluctance, and greatly depressed he brought himself to acknowledge that he had mistaken his vocation. The stuff that drama is made of is passion, and this must be expressed passionately. The search for adjectives, the straining after *nuances* cannot simulate passion. In the James novels, persons required to be dressed in certain garments, or the episodes to be staged very carefully, but as the passion of Othello concerns the soul, the color of his turban does not matter. Henry James had so long pursued externals, that he had lost contact with the deep realities which are internal. William warned him in the early days against the flimsiness of the substance of his stories, and he admitted it, but said that he did not wish to use up the great

subjects before he had perfected his style. But when he supposed that he had reached this point, he was not equal to tackling the great subjects.

After the failure of his plays he returned to writing novels. But instead of accepting the verdict of the public that his earlier works and his plays were too entangled to be popular, he now, and to the end of his life, elaborated his style which became still more involved and impossible. By what paradox was it that Henry James, who knew modern French literature more intimately than did any other novelist writing in English, missed the chief glory of the French language, which is clarity, and ended in the clumsy obscurity, which is German?

The second volume of the *Letters* embodies his later style—that "third manner" which his brother William has criticized once for all. The last ten years are sad years. Persons who thought of Henry James as one of the chief literary figures of our time, will be surprised to learn that he was much more talked about than read. That while he had staunch and even fanatical admirers they were few in number, and that he felt keenly his failure to capture popularity. Much illness and the loss of several intimate friends—including his two brothers, William and Robertson—added to the depression of this period. At times he became so self-centred that we weary of reading him. But he had a large and genuine source of affection, and evidently those who were near him were under the spell of his charm. He was most generous in recognizing the young authors and he praised extravagantly, as it seems to me, some of those whose works delighted him. Kipling alone, among the new men, he disparaged or ignored, but Kipling was the one among them all who had what James lacked, passion and the power of direct simple speech. What a difference it might have made in Henry James's productions after 1890, if a few drops of Kipling's blood could have been transfused into him!

The last letters, covering the first two years of the Great War, are a most distressing threnody. Henry James felt the tragedy in which Good and Evil were in a death grapple. He felt the shame of the American Administration which kept America, the God-ordained champion of Democracy, from going to the aid of

European Democracies. Shortly before his death he renounced his American allegiance, and became a British subject, thereby bravely bearing witness to his sense of justice and morality.

Interesting and even important as the works which I have glanced at undoubtedly are, the *Letters of William James* are the one real addition to American literature. First, they prove William James to be the best of American letter-writers, and next, they add to our gallery of American celebrities an amazingly lifelike portrait of a great man. In what other collection of Letters shall we find a writer so swift, so vivid, so varied and so spontaneous? James reveals to us all his moods, his likes and dislikes, his communing with the universe, his fun. Unintentionally, he writes his autobiography, in which we trace his intellectual development; not, of course, in a logical step-by-step narrative, but in rapid and vigorous confessions from period to period.

From the first he exhibited an insatiate curiosity. He had an intuitive conviction that he must never be satisfied until he found the occupation for which his talents fitted him, and in which he could expand to the full capacity of his powers. So he watched his growth to see whether he was getting and doing as much spiritually and intellectually as he believed he ought. At twenty-three he went on the expedition to the Amazon with Louis Agassiz—a marvelous opportunity for a young naturalist: but when he found that the work which came to him was not sufficiently connected with what he regarded as his special field, he was for leaving Agassiz's party and returning to Cambridge.

But even when prevented from devoting himself to his first choice, he discovered, as most young men do who are destined to go far in life, how to make the most of the second best. Young genius thrives better on half a loaf of bread than on cake. For several years he had also the stern discipline of ill health which was so persistent that he almost despaired of looking forward to a life of work and usefulness. Nevertheless, he did improve, he was able to attend the Harvard Medical School, and he pursued his studies in zoölogy. This led, by perfectly natural stages, to investigations of the relations between the physiological and

the psychological worlds. It would not be correct to say that the subject of psychology was like the Sleeping Beauty, and that William James was the Prince who came and awakened her; for he was not, of course, the pioneer. But through his criticism of what other psychologists were unfolding, and through his own investigations, he notably extended the limits of the science, and, when he was little more than forty years old, he was regarded as one of its chief living masters.

His attitude towards metaphysics was particularly characteristic and modern. He found that the discussions of metaphysicians and philosophers circled round assumptions which had been so often repeated that they were taken for granted. Men talked gravely and even reverently of the "Absolute," as if it rested on evidence as undoubted and as demonstrable as does that of the Multiplication Table. His own habit of accepting nothing but of testing everything, led him naturally to the doctrine of Pragmatism which he preached in his later years. Through his letters you see how he passed from stage to stage until he reached his final goal. A few of the letters may seem hard to readers unaccustomed to the *patois* of psychology, but they are in reality remarkably untechnical and unpedantic, and written in James's fresh, clear diction. In one of his essays he spoke of a young woman who was described as "bottled lightning"; that description would apply to his correspondence which simply embodies himself.

I must not pass over one very important trait which shines through these letters and was the Morning Star of William James's life—family affection. There is nothing more beautiful, so far as I know, among the letters of great men, than the last letter which William in London wrote to his father, dying in Cambridge. It ends: "Good night, my sacred old Father. If I don't see you again—Farewell! A blessed Farewell!" (Dec. 14, 1882. I, 220.) For a specimen of a very different kind, displaying James in a whimsical mood, read an inimitable letter to Mrs. Henry Whitman (June 16, 1895, II, pp. 20–22).

His affection for his brother Henry never slackened, in spite of Henry's long exile in England, his utterly different view of life, his alienation from America and from the ideals which the

brothers had grown up in together. William, the elder, and the real genius, stood in admiration and awe of Henry, the younger brother, the pet of a small but influential literary clique. No better criticism of Henry James's affected style has ever been made than appears in the following passage in a letter of May 4, 1907 from William to Henry:

> . . . I've been so overwhelmed with work, and the mountain of the *Unread* has piled up so, that only in these days have I really been able to settle down to your 'American Scene,' which in its peculiar way seems to me *supremely great.* You know how opposed your whole 'third manner' of execution is to the literary ideals which animate my crude and Orson-like breast, mine being to say a thing in one sentence as straight and explicit as it can be made, and then to drop it forever; yours being to avoid making it straight, but by dint of breathing and sighing all round and round it, to arouse in the reader who may have had a similar perception already (Heaven help him if he hasn't!) the illusion of a solid object, made (like the 'ghost' at the Polytechnic) wholly out of impalpable materials, air and the prismatic interferences of light, ingeniously focussed by mirrors upon empty space. But you *do* it, that's the queerness! And the complication of innuendo and associative reference on the enormous scale to which you give way to it does so *build out* the matter for the reader that the result is to solidify, by the mere bulk of the process, the like perception from which *he* has to start. As air, by dint of its volume, will weigh like a corporeal body; so his own poor little initial perception, swathed in this gigantic envelopment of suggestive atmosphere, grows like a germ into something vastly bigger and more substantial. But it's the rummest method for one to employ systematically as you do nowadays; and you employ it at your peril. In this crowded and hurried reading age, pages that require such close attention remain unread and neglected. You can't skip a word if you are to get the effect, and 19 out of 20 worthy readers grow intolerant. The method seems perverse: 'Say it *out*, for God's sake,' they cry, 'and have done with it.' And so I say now, give us *one* thing in your older directer manner, just to show that, in spite of your paradoxical success in this unheard of method, you *can* still write according to accepted canons. Give us that interlude; and then continue like the 'curiosity of literature' which you have become. For gleams and innuendoes and felicitous verbal insinuations you are unapproachable, but the *core* of literature is solid. Give it to us *once* again! The bare perfume of things will not support existence, and the effect of solidity you reach is but perfume and simulacrum. (II, 277, 278.)

That is the way the James brothers—like the Adams brothers—spoke out to each other. Yet in spite of it, so far as appears, their affection suffered no change. Henry had probably long before this discounted William's critical opinion of his style,—

see his letter of November 23, 1905 (II, 43)—and he made no effort to express himself lucidly. Why should he? His admirers continued to dote upon him just as gourmets cling to their favorite cheese, which repels persons of a natural healthy appetite.

I cannot overpraise the manner in which William's son, Henry, has edited these letters. He had wonderful material to dispose of, as any one can see who reads these volumes. But the material alone was not enough. A block of marble becomes through the skill of an artist a beautiful statue; in the hands of a tombstone cutter it remains a mere stone. Mr. Henry James possesses in high degree those two essentials of every artist—selection and taste. From what must be a large mass of his father's correspondence, he has chosen those letters and parts of letters which, when carefully joined in the mosaic of this work, result virtually in an autobiography. No episode, no trait, is unduly emphasized; each part helps towards the unity of the whole. Mr. Henry James himself is a remarkable writer, so unobtrusive that the reader is scarcely aware of the self repression required to furnish the passages which give the connecting links of biography. The notes are few and brief, but sufficient to supply the information needed in regard to persons, places or allusions. Mr. James carries into the third generation the literary distinction which he has inherited from his father and from his grandfather. He has introduced to the world a perpetually interesting, perpetually human American of genius.

William Roscoe Thayer.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

SOME CELTIC MUSIC, OLD AND NEW

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Oscar Wilde declared that the Irish are too poetical ever to be poets. It is a taking phrase, but no closer to the fact than Oscar ever cared to get. But if he had said that the Irish are too musical (using the word in its broadest sense) ever to be music-makers, he would have found himself in an amazing marriage with truth. For that is precisely the case with the Irish. It is one of the paradoxes of aesthetic history that the most lyrically sensitive of all peoples have produced no composer of the first —or even the second—rank. They came nearest to it when Ann McMurran, who was born near Belfast four generations ago, became the great-grandmother of Edward MacDowell—the first Celtic voice to speak commandingly out of musical art. But MacDowell was born on Clinton Street, New York, and his Celticism was intermixed with the spiritual traits of nineteenth-century America.

We have lately been reminded of these curious truths by the performance in New York of one of the relatively few attempts at a projection of the Celtic imagination that musical art can show—and the music came from a Scandinavian, not a Celtic, brain. We mean the old *Ossian* Overture of Niels W. Gade, which Mr. Mengelberg restored the other day to the New York concert list after a long period of quiescence.

Two years before Edvard Grieg arrived upon earth to become in time the chief of the Scandinavian romantic school, Gade, then a young man of twenty-four, sent a manuscript overture to the Copenhagen Music Society in competition for a prize. Wagner was then setting the wild northern seas to magnificent music (this was the year of *The Flying Dutchman*); Schumann was composing his first two symphonies; and the United States

was living through the experience of having three Presidents within a space of four years. Life was very full.

As for the young Scandinavian romanticist, he won the Copenhagen Society's prize with his overture, *Nachklänge von Ossian* (Spohr was one of the judges); and he won, too, a royal stipend from King Christian VIII, and the favor of the god-like Mendelssohn, who performed the Overture at a Gewandhaus concert in Leipzig, and afterward took the young Dane under his immaculate wing. When Gade died, almost half a century later, he was, as Mr. Louis Elson points out, "the only musical Dane who had become world-famous . . . yet outside of Denmark his death caused scarcely a ripple."

Mr. Elson (he wrote warmly of Gade in the *Famous Composers* series) could not understand why this was. Did not Gade's "direct and pleasing melody, combined with symmetry of form," constitute a bulwark against that monster of hideous mein and poison breath: "the most modern music"—with its "vagueness and amorphous style," and its "soarings after the infinite"? For instead of calling Gade "Mrs. Mendelssohn," as was the ribald habit of some, Mr. Elson puts it far more beautifully: Gade, he says, reflects the style of that master [Mendelssohn], "when at all, in a most suave and gentle manner, as a moon might reflect the rays of a sun."

Mr. Edward Dannreuther is even handsomer: he confers upon Gade "a distinguished and amiable musical physiognomy; he has always had something to say for himself. . . . His musical speech is tinged with the cadences of Scandinavian folk song, and almost invariably breathes the spirit of northern scenery." As for Schumann, he thought that Gade presented "an entirely new type. It appears as if the nations bordering on Germany were trying to emancipate themselves from the leadership of German music. In the north of Europe, too, we have seen manifestations of national tendencies. The new school of gifted Scandinavian poets must have stimulated the local musicians, in case they were not reminded by the mountains and lakes, the rivers and the auroral displays, of the fact that the north is most decidedly entitled to a language of its own. Our young composer [Gade] was educated by the poets of his fatherland; . . .

and Ossian's giant harp loomed up across the water from the English coast. Thus there is manifested in his music, for the first time, a decided and specific northern character."

Mr. H. T. Finck, who recalls this passage in his book on Grieg, alludes to Grieg's frequently quoted remark about "the Gade-Mendelssohn insipid Scandinavianism," and tells us that Grieg, in private letters to him, "regretted if he should have uttered such a sneer at Gade," whom he had always held "in the highest esteem." But Mr. Finck thinks that such a remark, if Grieg did make it, "would not have been wide of the mark, for Gade certainly does show the influence of Mendelssohn and other German composers much more than that of the Scandinavian folk-music." Yet Mr. Finck thinks that Gade has been shelved too soon: "his *Ossian* overture and one or two of his symphonies would even now give more pleasure to concert-goers than most of the contemporary products [this was said in 1909] of Germany and France, because he was a melodist as well as a colorist."

Mr. Elson observed that Gade was strongly influenced by "the songs of Ossian; and the poet who aroused the ire of Dr. Johnson awakened this musician of the north to the loftiest expression of emotion in the setting of his majestic thoughts in tones."

"The poet who aroused the ire of Dr. Johnson" was of course the Scotchman James Macpherson, who published in 1760-63 his cycle of poems purporting to be translations from the Gaelic of Ossian, the third-century bard and warrior of Celtic tradition. The conclusions of the best modern scholars appear to be that Macpherson was a resourceful but quite reckless liar; and they have shot his "translations" pitifully full of holes,—demonstrating that he confused his sources egregiously; that his third-century Ossian remembers Milton and the Bible; that the Gaelic text as disclosed represents only half of the alleged English equivalent. Nevertheless, as Professor Quiggin points out, "the worthlessness of Macpherson's work as a transcript of actual Celtic poems does not alter the fact that he produced a work of art which by the deep appreciation of natural beauty and the melancholy tenderness of its treatment of the ancient legend did more than any single work to bring about the romantic movement in European, and especially in German, literature."

Ossian (or Ossin or Oisin[1]) "the golden-tongued," most famous bard of the western lands, was the legendary poet-warrior of third-century Ireland, and the chief hero of the second of the two great romantic cycles of the Gael—those embodying the poems and tales of the Fennian period. The ancient Gaelic world survives for us in two outstanding series of epic tales and poems. There is first the body of legends known as the "heroic cycle," which takes us back to about B. C. 50 and portrays the marvellous period of Cuculain the Unconquerable (mightiest of the heroes of the Gael), of Queen Meave, of Naesi, of the matchless Deirdré,—whose loveliness was such, so say the chroniclers, "that not upon the ridge of earth was there a woman so beautiful,"—of Fergus, and Laeg, and Connla the Harper, and those kindred figures, lovely or greatly tragical, that are like no others in the world's mythologies.

"Two hundred summers after the death of Cuculain the hero," says Charles Johnston in his superb history of Ireland, "came the great and wonderful time of Find, the son of Cumal, Ossin the son of Find, and Find's grandson Oscur. It was a period of growth and efflorescence; the spirit and imaginative powers of the people burst forth with the freshness of the prime. The life of the land was more united, coming to a national consciousness." This period (A. D. 200-290) is celebrated in the second of the two great cycles: the Fennian or Ossianic—tales "full of magic and wild prodigies," but conveying "the aroma of forest and the mountain heather; one hears the echo of the huntsman's horn, and sees the rude life of the *Dun*, and the deep drinking of the chief's ale-house. . . . As the epoch of Cuculain shows us our valor finding its apotheosis," says Johnston, "so shall we find in Ossin the perfect flower of our genius for story and song; for romantic life and fine insight into nature."

It is this antique world of stupendous passions and endeavors, of bards and heroes and immense adventure, that we are invited to recognize in any music that would call itself by such a title as "Ossian"—an imaginative world in which we should hear the clashing of shields and "the quiver of stretched bow-

[1] Or "Usheen," as Mr. W. B. Yeats calls him in the revised version of that magnificent Celtic Odyssey, *The Wanderings of Oisin* (1889; 1912).

strings"; the war-songs of advancing hosts whose marching shakes the earth; the rumor of wild pagan nights, "when the Gael-strains chant themselves through the mist": music which should remember

> The swift innumerable spears
> The long-haired warriors, the spread feast,
> And love. . . .

and queens heroically passionate, full of splendor and sweetness, tragically beautiful as "a stormy sunset on doomed ships."

This world of pagan, sensuous, heroic beauty must have been in the mind of the youthful Gade when he conceived his rarely-heard overture. That he has, in his music, conveyed the sense of the Gaelic past: that he has "unbound the Island harp": that he has achieved the heroic beauty which is of the essence of the imaginative life of the pagan Celts, it would be absurd to pretend. This music is unrewarding to the imagination, trite and vapid in the ear, utterly colorless and flat.

It is easy to guess at the particular "programme" which Gade may have had in mind when he planned his overture. One might justifiably seek in it heroes and warfare and chanting harpers, and the loveliness of woman, and faëry enchantments, and the setting forth of hunters.

Perhaps Gade remembered one of the chief legends embodied in the Ossianic chronicles, wherein it is told how the poet-hero, while hunting by the River Feale, which flows westward to the sea from the mountains north of Killarney, "among gloomy caverns and ravines, passing through vales full of mysterious echoes amid misty hills," was lured to a cave by "certain ominous fair women," —demons of perilous loveliness,—and there held captive through the procession of the seasons and of the years, though not without those compensations to be expected in the circumstances; until Ossian, wearying of love, found a way to trick his captors: for daily he cut chips from his spear and sent them floating down the stream, till Find, his father, at last perceived them, and knew them as Ossian's, and came and delivered his son from durance among sweet ghosts.

In Mr. Yeats' *Wanderings of Oisin*, the hero relates to St.

Patrick the tale of his three hundred years of wandering in fairy-land, where he was the lover of Niam—three centuries

Of dalliance with a demon thing.

In this poem of Mr. Yeats, Ossian is awakened to old memories out of his dream of love by discovering on the seashore the shaft of a broken lance that recalls to him forgotten human sorrows; yet he lingers on for several centuries longer ["the first hundred years," said Mr. Briggs, "are the hardest"] wandering over the world with Niam, before he returns to his own kind. Thereafter, fulfilling a magic prophecy of evil, he touches the ground by accident, falls from his horse, and becomes at once most horribly aged —"a creeping old man, full of sleep." He is brought before Saint Patrick, unrepentant and defiant, rejecting the promise of salvation, and declaring that he will join his pagan companions, "be they in flames or at feast."

In Gade's music, at least, Ossian does not end at a feast or in hell but seemingly patterns after Mr. Yeats' young wanderer, and lies down again by the side of Niam in the long grass of the Island of Forgetfulness, where the trees drop slow silence and the dews spread peace, and

The red sun falls, and the world grows dim,

and the lovers sleep for a hundred years.—But all these things have failed to kindle the imagination of Gade. His music is as thin, as arid, as untouched by passion or glamor or heroic splendor, as if Ossian and Find and Niam had never sorrowed or loved or dreamed.

. . . . .

It would be hard to imagine a greater contrast to Gade's overture than the Chicago Symphony Orchestra offered us, at about the same time, during the recent visit to New York of that mature and mellowed and beautifully satisfying band and its admirable conductor, Mr. Stock. The Chicago band played here, for the first time, a symphonic poem, *The Garden of Fand* by one of the younger and more adventurous clan of British music-makers, Arnold Bax. Bax is still under twenty-eight, a native of London, a modernist. He proved at once that in addition to being a modernist, he is also a poet, a dreamer, a spinner

of shining tonal webs. And, best of all, he is, spiritually viewed, a musical Celt, despite his London origin. He has Gaelic blood in him, has lived in the West of Ireland, has consorted with the great men of the "Celtic Renaissance." He has composed much music of Irish content and coloring, of which we know only *The Garden of Fand.* In this tone-poem, we get the true tang and odor of Celtic poetry, for the first time in our musical experience since the unique MacDowell gave us his magnificent and valid *Keltic* Sonata twenty years ago—a score that, in its conveyance of the heroic note in the Celtic imagination, is still unapproached.

The music of Bax is in a different emotional world, though it is essentially and authentically Celtic. It is far more subtle, more delicate, more complex than MacDowell's; and it is saturated with that "Celtic magic" for which Arnold, in his famous *cliché,* taught us to look, but which is so rarely to be found in music. Bax, like MacDowell in his *Keltic* Sonata, has gone to the Cuchullin legends for his poetic material. As Mr. Felix Borowski reminded us in his excellent annotations for the Chicago Orchestra's performance, "Cuchullin, the Achilles of the ancient Irish, is a warrior of great prowess who, after a year's sickness, is lured from the world of battles and brave deeds by Fand, wife of Manannan, the Sea God. In the hour of his country's bitter need Cuchullin forgets duty and all else save the enchantments of an immortal woman. But Emer, Cuchullin's wife, follows the warrior to strive with the goddess for his love—strives successfully; for Fand takes pity upon Emer and renounces her mortal love, and Manannan, the Sea God, shakes his Cloak of Forgetfulness between Cuchullin and Fand, so that each is utterly blotted out in the memories of both."

As for Bax's music, the composer himself has expounded its poetical subject-matter.

"This tone poem," he says, "has no special relation to the events of the saga. The Garden of Fand is the sea itself. At the outset of the work the composer seeks to create the atmosphere of the enchanted Atlantic, utterly calm and still beneath a fairy spell. Upon its surface floats a small ship bearing a few human voyagers adventuring from the shores of Erin towards the sunset dream, as St. Brendan and the sons of O'Connor and Maeldune

had adventured before them. The little craft is borne on beneath a sky of amethyst and pearl and rose, until, on the crest of an immense wave, it is cast onto the shores of Fand's miraculous island. Here in eternal sunlight unhuman revelry continues ceaselessly between the ends of time. The travelers are caught, unresisting, into the maze of the dance. A pause comes, and Fand sings her song of immortal love, claiming the souls of her hearers forever. The dancing and feasting begin again, and finally the sea, rising, overwhelms the whole island, the people of the Sidhe riding in rapture upon the ridges of the green and golden waves, and laughing carelessly amidst the foam at the fate of the over-rash mortals, lost forever in the unfathomable depths of ocean. The sea subsides again, the veils of twilight cloud the other world, and the Garden of Fand fades from our sight."

Bax has put all this upon his orchestra with singular poetic intensity, singular eloquence and beauty. He is, of course, a child of his time, and he cannot forget Debussy. But Debussy, admittedly, is hard to forget; and when we think of the manifold exquisiteness of Bax's score, we have not the heart to remind him that, as Meredith once mordantly observed, "our new thoughts have thrilled dead bosoms."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

One of the earliest important acts of President Harding's Administration was marked with a commendable and auspicious exercise of "team work" on the part of members of the Cabinet. The request of the Soviet dictators for resumption of commercial relations between America and Russia was first and quite logically considered by the Secretary of Commerce, who gave the scheme no encouragement on the ground that there was already freedom of trade between the two countries, that actual trade was impossible with a country which had nothing to sell and nothing with which to buy, and that the Soviet desire was really for political recognition. Critics of the Administration, mindful of the cross-purposes and antagonism that had prevailed between members of the preceding Cabinet and assuming that this one would do no better, were quick to exclaim that such judgment of the Secretary of Commerce would probably be overruled by the Secretary of State. But a day or two later Mr. Hughes, regarding the subject from the political and diplomatic point of view, reached precisely the same conclusion that Mr. Hoover had reached from the commercial point of view, and definitively rejected the Bolshevist overtures in one of the strongest and most impressive short notes ever issued from the State Department. There was in Mr. Hughes's note no word of unkindness toward the Russian people, nor even of resentment at the almost incredible impertinence of the Soviet message, which had practically suggested that as the late Democratic Administration had been unfriendly to Bolshevism, the new Republican Administration ought to cultivate its friendship. Such is the Soviet conception of diplomatic decency. President Harding's Administration is of course true to the best principles and traditions not only of American but of all enlightened diplomacy in keeping our foreign relations entirely apart from domestic partisanship, and in consistently maintaining the policy of its predecessor wherever—as

conspicuously in this case—it was absolutely right and just. This episode was preceded by what purported to be a renunciation of Bolshevist propaganda by Nicolai Lenine and an acceptance by him of the bourgeoisie and capitalism as necessities of civilization; which was generally estimated to be nothing but a Bolshevist counsel of despair—the monkish pretences of a very sick Devil. Subsequent developments are cumulatively confirming that judgment.

An admirable beginning was made in dealings with our Southern neighbors in the prompt and decisive intervention of the Administration in the dispute between Costa Rica and Panama. Instead of abiding by an arbitral decision given years ago, those States began fighting over their undetermined boundary. An authoritative word from our Government was sufficient to stop hostilities, and Secretary Hughes's masterful exposition of the whole case convinced Costa Rica of the necessity, for honor's sake, of accepting the arbitral award as binding. Panama, unhappily, was less ready to do so, and President Porras took the extraordinary step of appealing to President Harding against the Secretary of State—just as though the latter's action had not of course been approved by the President before it was taken. President Harding's reply was a courteous and kindly but quite inflexible confirmation of Mr. Hughes's note. The argument of President Porras, that the arbitral award should be nullified because the Panaman Government did not like it, did not appeal to the Administration of a country which regards such awards as essentially binding upon winner and loser alike, and which on several notable occasions has without demur paid heavy judgments which arbitrators have levied against it.

Secretary Hughes's masterful note on Germany's responsibility for the war and her obligation to make indemnification for its losses serves two major purposes. It disposes effectively of the prolix camouflage with which the Berlin Government impertinently and disingenuously strove to persuade our Government that Germany was more sinned against than sinning, and it makes it unmistakably clear that in its attitude toward Germany,

and its insistence upon holding her to account for the war, the United States stands with the Allies just as completely and as steadfastly as it did at Belleau Wood and in the Argonne. That Germany would persist, to a certain point, in dishonest attempts to evade her responsibilities under the Treaty of Versailles, was to be expected, though the insolence of some of her pretences and excuses is exceptionally brazen, even for her. In response to the notice that she would be expected to pay on or before May 1 something like eleven or twelve billion marks in gold, that being the unpaid remainder of the twenty billions which she was to pay, she said in effect that she did not owe such a sum, that if she did owe it she was unable to pay it, and that if she was able to pay it, she would not do so. Happily, the Allies are at last agreed that forbearance with a contumacious welcher ceases to be a virtue, and are prepared to take whatever measures of military or other force may be necessary to bring her to terms. The result of the plebiscite in Upper Silesia, for all her desperate and unscrupulous efforts in it, gives Germany little comfort. Some parts of the country, notably industrial centres, voted strongly to remain German. Other parts, notably some of the richest mining regions, voted as strongly to return to their ancient Polish allegiance. The gross verdict of the whole country appears to have been in favor of Germany. In advance of the polling, apprehending a total vote in favor of Poland, Germany vociferously demanded that self-determination should be accorded to the people by provinces and even by communes, so that if the country as a whole voted Polish, those parts of it which voted German might remain with the latter country. Such disposition of it was decided upon by the Reparations Commission, not because Germany wanted it but because it seemed right and just. But the moment it appeared that the country as a whole had voted German, a still more vociferous demand was made by Germany that there should be no partitioning according to local preferences, but that the whole country should be awarded to her. The Reparations Commission naturally stood by its former decision, and Upper Silesia will be apportioned between Poland and Germany as the Allies deem just and right.

Mr. Hays begins his administration of the Post-Office Department in a highly gratifying manner. In its treatment of its three hundred thousand employees, the department is to be made human. In its service to its hundred million patrons, it is to be made efficient. Also, it is to be freed from politics; postmasters are to be appointed who will be, so far as possible, *persona grata* to their local constituents, and are to be encouraged and indeed expected to participate actively in the civic and social activities of their communities; and the civil service merit system is to be established upon a basis so comprehensive and so impregnable that nobody will hereafter venture to assail it. These, be it observed, are the very specific promises not of a candidate in advance of election, but of a man actually in office and therefore to be held strictly to their fulfilment. That they will be fulfilled, as far as it is within human power to do it, nobody who knows Mr. Hays will for a moment doubt. It is interesting to note that in addition to these promises for his department, he makes a suggestion, or a request, to the public, beginning with his own colleagues in the Cabinet, that matter for mailing shall be delivered to the post-offices as promptly as possible during the day, instead of holding it so as to dump it all together into the post-offices at the end of the day. Such a reform in mailing would greatly relieve the pressure of work in the post-offices, and would serve the interest of the public by securing earlier transmission and delivery of mail. Coöperation between the public and the department will thus be for the advantage of both.

The death of Cardinal Gibbons removed from the Roman Catholic Church in America a man of whom without invidiousness it may confidently be said that he never was surpassed among its prelates in the respect, confidence, admiration and affection in which he was held not alone by the millions of his own vast communion but also by the nation at large without regard to creed, party or race. It removed from the ranks of American citizenry, too, a patriot of most sterling worth, who did probably more than any other man that ever lived to Americanize, aggressively and effectively, a spiritual constituency comprising an exceptionally large proportion of members of alien

origin. Those who can personally recall, with the profound gratitude which they must feel, the priceless services of Archbishop Hughes in the Civil War, can estimate the value of such services in a far greater war and also through many years of peace, multiplied many times through the longer career and the more authoritative rank of the great Cardinal.

The King of the Hellenes, having been restored to his throne, apparently seeks to confirm his possession of it by rousing the patriotic fervor of his people in a war against the hated Tribe of Othman. Incidentally, he presumably wishes to show them that in dismissing Mr. Venizelos they did not forfeit all the territorial and other advantages which that statesman had secured for them. The enterprise savors much of a private war. At any rate it is one which Greece alone is waging, not only without the aid but also without the moral support, the sympathy or the sanction of the Allies. Its only possible vindication, therefore, must be in victory. The Powers are not likely to intervene in behalf of the Turks, though of course they would not countenance Greek invasion of any Turkish territory of which they have already made definite disposal. What would happen if Constantine should venture too far, and should suffer defeat and disaster at the hands of the Turks, is another and an interesting question. The Powers could scarcely afford to have the Turks too greatly triumph over Greece. But their intervention in behalf of Greece would be likely to involve an unpleasant quarter of an hour for King Constantine.

That is a singularly felicitous enterprise of numerous British towns and cities, to "adopt" for rebuilding and restoration French and Belgian towns and cities which were desolated by the war. Thus we are told that the City and County of London has undertaken to rebuild Verdun, Newcastle will restore Arras —so far as the unrestorable can be restored—and Manchester will raise Mezieres from dust and ashes to new life. It is one of the most practical of undertakings. It is also one of the most generous and most auspicious ever conceived, for it will knit together as perhaps nothing else in the world could do the affec-

tions of the two countries, the two peoples. Hereafter whenever Frenchmen speak or hear or think of the British capital, they will think of the rebuilder and restorer of Verdun, and as long as the heroism of the one is remembered with pride, the bounty of the other will be remembered with gratitude.

The twentieth anniversary of the organization of the United States Steel Corporation, the largest industrial concern in the world, provokes some interesting and not unprofitable reflections upon "big business." Down to twenty years ago "big business" meant that which was measured by millions of dollars, sometimes by tens of millions, and in a few cases, spoken of with awe, hundreds of millions. This was the first concern in history to be capitalized at a billion dollars. There were those who thought it too big to be practicable. But it has demonstrated the error of such apprehensions; being no more unwieldly or inclined to disintegration than any smaller corporation. In the twenty years of its existence it has paid out in dividends somewhat more than the amount of its entire capital, while the volume of its business in its twentieth year was equal to more than one and three-quarters times its capital. The amount which its activities have added, directly and indirectly, to the wealth of the nation and of the world, is scarcely to be estimated. As for friction and controversies between the managers and employees, they have been somewhat less than in many smaller corporations. The net conclusion seems to be that "big business" is not in the simple fact of its bigness necessarily evil, but may be conducted as honestly, as fairly and as liberally as even the smallest enterprise.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS: A Personal Narrative. By Robert Lansing. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The sub-title, "a personal narrative," truly characterizes Mr. Lansing's book. For no matter with what reluctance the distinguished author adopts the first person singular in telling his story, no matter how scrupulous his sense of propriety and of justice, no matter how impersonal his logic, the personal feeling is there, and it is this which explains the book and lends it unique interest. One does not mean to imply, in the least, that Mr. Lansing has written in pique. His motives, on any reckoning, are irreproachable. Feeling that his loyalty has been doubted, or in some manner called in question, he frankly writes in self-justification. His book is a sort of *De Corona*, without the crown—for no crowns were won at the Peace Conference. But the reaction upon one of Mr. Lansing's character and mental equipment of the feeling that he had been unfairly judged and thrust into a false and unfavorable position was inevitably—not to provoke spleen or any other unworthy emotion—but to intensify logic, to render analysis ruthless, to make of fairness and logic a crushing weapon.

Beware of the large-minded and fair-spirited man who turns at bay! Perhaps nothing that has been written about Woodrow Wilson in the heat of political controversy is half so scathing as this book of Mr. Lansing's. That it was *meant* to be scathing, is a conviction hard to resist. Certainly, if understatement may be taken as a token of irony, and if a refinement of fairness in the exposure of weaknesses may be regarded as a sign of (no doubt, justifiable) bitterness, one must come to the conclusion that few sharper indictments have ever been brought against any public man than Mr. Lansing has virtually brought against Woodrow Wilson. No "high crimes and misdemeanors" are mentioned—such things are, of course, not at all in question. But the portrait that is incidentally, and, as it were, unintentionally drawn—the portrait of a man enigmatic, inconsistent, a sort of *enfant terrible* among statesmen, a man of incalculable abilities, unfathomable wrong-headedness—this is a terrible and almost a pitiable thing.

Thus, the fact that Mr. Lansing has given, as one would expect, a remarkably clear and statesmanlike exposition of the principal issues at stake in the Peace Conference—an exposition which historians cannot ignore—sinks, for the present, into relative insignificance beside the personal aspect of the book. What is borne in upon one overwhelmingly, just now, is the conviction that nothing more damaging to the ultimate reputation of Woodrow Wilson as

one of the world's great men could possibly have been written. On the whole, one does not believe, after all, that this effect was consciously conceived; there is too great an element in it of the inevitable, the impersonal, of what is called poetic justice. But the book is, above all, a formidable book—formidable because it is honest, able, wholly natural in feeling, and because for all these reasons it will be believed.

The narrative is personal in a sort of double sense. Not merely is it Mr. Lansing's rendering of his individual account, but also it is—and by its very nature it could not be otherwise—a continuous criticism of the former President. Everywhere one encounters this enigmatic personality. The facts are all given, the reasons *pro* and *con* are all set forth, possible differences of opinion are allowed for. But what in every case was the cause which explained the action finally taken? One is left invariably to speculate upon *Mr. Wilson's motives.*

The President's determination to be present at the Peace Conference, in spite of what was, according to Mr. Lansing, the obvious unwisdom of such a course, is to be explained only on the assumption that "the idea had become so firmly embedded in his mind that nothing could dislodge it or divert him from his purpose." Still, when he announced that he would become the head of the American Commission, he seems to have done so with grave doubts as to the prudence of his decision. "This delay in reaching a final determination was characteristic of Mr. Wilson. There is in his mentality a strange mixture of positiveness and indecision which is almost paradoxical. . . . Suddenness rather than promptness has always marked his decisions." Curiously inconsistent as he was, for example, in maintaining the doctrine of "self-determination" as against the old "balance of power," while his Covenant in effect set up an oligarchy of Great Powers, he seized with avidity upon phrases which effected a purely verbal reconciliation between opposite principles. Thus he eagerly accepted the clever formula of General Smuts, that the League of Nations was to acquire the mandated territories as "the heir of the Empires." Close analysis of the meaning of such formulae made him impatient. Questions like, "Where does the sovereignty over these [mandated] territories reside?" he dismissed as "legal technicalities." The impression one receives is that Mr. Wilson was generally intolerant of anything that hampered the free and somewhat mysterious workings of his own mind. The tentative draught of the treaty which the American experts were preparing had to be abandoned because Mr. Wilson told Mr. Lansing that he did not intend that the treaty should be made by lawyers. The American Commissioners, Mr. Lansing complains, were without definite guidance, because no clearly worked-out scheme was in their possession: the only scheme appears to have been that which more or less gradually took shape in the President's own mind.

A certain intemperateness in political controversy has been attributed to Mr. Wilson; "he has been blamed for not having sought more constantly to placate the opponents of the Covenant and to meet them on a common

ground of compromise." But such criticisms, thinks Mr. Lansing, are hardly to be maintained. The intemperance was on the other side! "When one considers the personal animus shown and the insolent tone adopted by his critics, his conduct was very human; not wise, but human."

More than once Mr. Lansing defends his former chief in some such fashion as this; but it is to be feared that in this case the attribution of entire normality as regards the feeling element serves finally but to emphasize a certain want of what is ordinarily considered normality of judgment: Mr. Wilson was "*not wise*, but human."

To resume the imperfect reproduction of what is in effect Lansing's character sketch of Wilson: the latter's inability to receive advice is strongly emphasized. It is true that the President changed his mind in regard to certain provisions about international arbitration which had formed part of his original draught of the Covenant—provisions to which Mr. Lansing had objected upon what seem entirely just and definite grounds. But concerning other clauses, equally objectionable from Mr. Lansing's point of view, he remained obstinate. "I failed entirely," writes the ex-Secretary of State, "in my endeavor to divert the President from his determination to have these provisions inserted in the Covenant, except in the case of international arbitrations, and even in that case I do not believe that my advice had anything to do with his abandonment of his ideas as to the method of selecting arbitrators and the right of appeal from arbitral awards. Those changes and the substitution of an article providing for the future creation of a Permanent Court of International Justice, were, in my opinion, a concession to the European statesmen and due to their insistence."

It would be difficult to characterize a man more plainly by a mere statement of facts and of opinion concerning the facts.

Significant, too, in the same light, is the author's statement regarding the perfunctory nature of the President's conferences with the American Commissioners. "There was none of the frankness that should have existed between the Chief Executive and his chosen agents and advisers. The impression made was that he summoned the conferences to satisfy the *amour propre* of the Commissioners rather than out of any personal wish to do so. The consequence was that the American Commissioners, other than Colonel House, were kept in almost complete ignorance of the preliminary negotiations and were left to gather such information as they were able from the delegates of other powers, who, naturally assuming that the Americans possessed the full confidence of the President, spoke with much freedom."

Then there was the glaring inconsistency of the Shantung award—in which an opportunist policy was followed, Mr. Lansing implies, without the justification, such as it is, of real expediency. For it is Mr. Lansing's opinion that in the event of an adverse decision the Japanese would not have made good their threat of refusing to accept the treaty and to enter the League of Nations. The responsibility lay with the President. "If he had declined to recognize

the Japanese claims, they would never have been granted. Everything goes to show that he realized this responsibility, and that the cession to Japan was not made through error or misconception of the rights of the parties, but was done deliberately and with full appreciation that China was being denied that which in other circumstances would have been awarded to her. If it had not been for reasons wholly independent and outside of the question in dispute, the President would not have decided as he did."

Taking all together the main points of the characterization, as it may be called, with the minor facts that fit in with them, one finds presented the striking portrait of a man curiously unaccountable; at once obstinate and variable; one-idea-ed and yet inconsistent, great in his way, but impossible. There is a reserve, a bareness, and a definiteness about the portrayal which stamps it upon the reader's mind.

The book is not an easy one to estimate justly in the fashion of the reviewer. One does not wish to beg the whole question, if there be a question, about Mr. Wilson's mentality or motives. No more does one wish to attribute to Mr. Lansing an animus which he does not own. But one must be true to the fact, or at least to the personal impression, that the book is, in effect, a powerful destructive analysis not only of policies but of character—a fact in which lies its commanding interest. The narrative is a kind of "acid test"; in this sense, and in this sense only, it is biting; for it contains not a word of denunciation or of satire.

A little strangely, after all, one finds one's opinion of Mr. Wilson as a remarkable, perhaps one might say a great, personality by no means obliterated by Mr. Lansing's sober and moderate, if often condemnatory record. It is true that this record does, if accepted as final, shatter the image of Mr. Wilson as a great international statesman. Hammer strokes on porcelain could hardly be more effective. But the figure of whatever was really great in the character or influence of Mr. Wilson as he was in Paris does not seem to be needlessly marred. One is prompted to reflect that in this modern world it is excessively difficult to be a great public man and at the same time an original thinker, an idealist, something of a genius. Human nature ill endures the strain of these inner compulsions and outer requirements. And it may be suggested by way of comparison that few of the foreign statesmen who participated in the Peace Conference rose in our estimation by virtue of anything done there. Mr. Lansing's story confirms one's impression that the whole procedure of Mr. Wilson, from the time when he decided to go as head of the American Commission to Paris, was strangely flawed. The Wilsonian policies, moreover, have been rejected by a majority of the American people. Yet now it is clear that a certain broad charity of judgment follows the ex-President into his retirement. Who knows that in circumstances in any way analogous to those which surrounded Mr. Wilson in Paris he himself would be secure from "the o'er growth of some complexion, oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason." Mr. Lansing's narrative, though written in an "I can no

other" mood that scarcely admits of the softening or blurring of facts, does not exclude, and is obviously not intended to exclude, such broadly just and charitable judgment as the reader may feel disposed to accord.

Of the book it may be said finally, that it is one of those publications which without being in method or motive "sensational" may justly cause a sensation. Seldom do such circumstances work upon such a man to produce a work at once so human and so impersonal—a chapter of world history and of private history, refrigerated as it were, by the suppression of personal feeling, and so cold that it burns into the mind as liquid air, seven times colder than ice, burns into the flesh.

THE DAYS BEFORE YESTERDAY. By Lord Frederic Hamilton. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A master of the gentle art of digression—so much a master, indeed, that he seems, as few modern writers are able to seem—to be the victim of it, Lord Frederic Hamilton wanders on in the most charming, aimless fashion through pages of the most delightful reminiscence. In it all, there is nothing of awesome importance: it is just an old man's talk about his youth—but what a picture it paints!

Charm cannot arise out of variety alone nor solely from the mellowness which time gives to the backward view. There must be a social setting, and it is the mid-Victorian setting that lends the charm to Lord Frederic's book. The narrative takes us straight back to the time when no one spoke of a hotel but everyone used the word "inn," now confined to historical novels and jocular references; when young men refrained from smoking before going to a ball, in order to avoid offending their partners; when young people did not spill cigarette ashes over everything; when "the possibility of appearing in Piccadilly in anything but a high hat and a tail coat was unthinkable, as was the idea of sitting down to dinner in anything but a white tie."

In referring to these good old times, the author proves himself, certainly, a very moderate *laudator temporis acti*. Heavy drinking, for example, was more common, he admits, in those days, than now—though it is (curiously enough) to the *cigarette* rather than to superior virtue that the temperate habits of the twentieth century are due! Nor does he in any way bore his readers with comparisons between the old and the new. Nevertheless, he holds a brief for the Victorian period. Granting that the differences between different types of social life are largely sentimental, still sentiments are everything, for they include our ideals. And Victorian ideals are not to be surrendered without loss. "To my mind," writes the author, "they embody all that is clean and sound in the nation. It does not follow that because Victorians revelled in hideous wall-papers and loved ugly furniture, that therefore their points of view were mistaken ones." The reason for emphasizing this attitude of the author's at the expense of failing to point out the many charm-

ing nooks and crannies as well as the wide outlooks of experience to which the narrative leads one, is just that at heart one cannot help agreeing with all this, whether deliberately said or implied. A book like this arouses in one a certain vague nostalgia, a longing for a more settled, better ordered, society, a simpler set of principles than we now have. In order to feel something of this it is perhaps unnecessary to be an Englishman or past seventy years of age. Shameful confession! Many of us in this great new country and in this thrilling twentieth century are at heart Victorian, and we shall revel in this latest Victorian book.

Curious and rich beyond what one may usually expect in reminiscence are the frankly miscellaneous contents. On one page one learns how it was that Cinderella happened to wear a glass slipper, and on another how at Cannes a certain Mme. Goldschmidt sang to the author's youngest brother who was sick of typhoid fever. This Mme. Goldschmidt was, of course, no other than Jenny Lind. There is a chapter descriptive of life in the Midi which rivals in atmosphere any similar study in fiction. There is another chapter dealing with life in Germany—an informal, but vivid and penetrating study of sundry types. What could be more delightful in its way than the conversations among Mr. Over-Inspector of Railroads, Mr. Factory Director Spiegelberg, Mr. Councillor of Commerce, Mr. Ducal Supervisor of Forests, Mr. Town Councillor Balhorn, and the rest, who were laboriously, and successfully, striving to acquire a practical command of English. The narrative takes us to India and to Canada; it sparkles over a great variety of subjects, irrespective of time or place. And all the time it paints a picture which one cannot help enjoying.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A PUBLIC UTILITY NEED

SIR:

In the February number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW there appeared a most notable and fair article on the public utility problem, by Mr. Wm. McClellan. In this article Mr. McClellan treats almost entirely of the steam railroad situation and passes by entirely the psychological phase of the situation. Nor does he go into the case with those other necessary and much hampered public utilities, the electric railway—street and interurban—electric light and power, gas and telephone. These utilities are facing troubles, are living in them, quite as serious as those being faced by the railways. And as they are quite as necessary to public service and economic development, to industrial efficiency and the living of the people, they deserve consideration. They, as local factors, have the same influence on industrial and civic development, as the railways have in a larger, more national sense.

What Mr. McClellan says regarding the desirability of regulation applies with equal truth to the local utilities as it does to the railways. They desire wise and just regulation. They vastly prefer State regulation as it is now conducted, to unrestricted and wasteful competition or to local regulation by many small political units, such as counties, towns and municipalities.

The psychology of the regulation of utilities is a deep subject, bounded on all sides by the vagaries of the human mind. Just why the utilities of the country should be judged by people and lawmakers by standards of business and personal ethics and practise other and far different from those given other classes of business, is a psychological question, one that it is useless to go into. It is deep water with much floundering and little progress. Just why public opinion should regard the public utility business in so different a light from other business is just as mysterious—only partially answered by the psychologist—as why it expects inexperienced and less able men to handle public affairs, excuses them in their failures and accepts a different standard of honesty and efficiency from them.

One of the reasons why our utilities are so misjudged, however, is because they continually handle large figures, for, to the average mind a million is an immense sum, an immensely indefinite sum, with which one may do anything —the average mind and even the-above-the-average mind cannot appreciate or comprehend it. The situation in this regard is somewhat improved, since, as a nation, we have been throwing around in reckless abandon such terms as millions and billions.

As to regulation, its chief evil today is that it is, and in the nature of things governmental, must be, political. Regulatory laws are made by legislators responsible to the voters—and they naturally seek to please their employers—the majority. Regulating Commissions are named by political officers from among their political friends, to a large extent, and quite frequently have their political ears to the ground, and must to a degree, depending on their personal strength and character, heed what they hear. At that many of them are earnest and try to do what is right.

Then, too, there enters the fact that too many such commissioners are paid salaries of from $3,000 to $15,000 a year, and so are generally selected from men who are making less than that sum, for few men will give up a lucrative income to accept a short term position at a less income than they are making. Yet these commissioners and their staffs must meet and deal with men who are receiving—and earning—incomes several times what the Commissioners receive; and whose staffs of lawyers, engineers and accountants are also better paid—therefore generally of higher ability—than the staffs of the Commissioners. In fact, most of the Commissioners, and most of their staff members, who display high abilities are bid into utility or industrial life.

Yet regulation is vastly preferable to political domination by elected town boards or city councils.

While this is all true, and while conditions due to war are seriously affecting the utilities, those great and laudable enterprises are not entirely free from some responsibility for their conditions, both economic and of public relations. Few utilities have recognized the necessity for wise merchandising in their relations with the public. First in the order of influences in the development of their great business has been the financial buccaneer. His influence is not yet over but his power has diminished. His practices are responsible for much of the disrepute in which such industries still are held by the unthinking public—still the ground for much of the political muck raking and prejudice arousing.

Today, to a great extent, the utilities are in the hands of the engineers—clean, high thinking, hard working men of technical ability and vision—acquainted with slide rule and statistical table, with the mechanics and the mathematics of the business; able constructors and operators. These able men have in many cases built up splendid plants, effected most excellent economies in production and efficiency in operation. But, alas, too frequently they are not merchants.

These men make a product—service—which they have for sale. The success of their business depends in large degree on the selling of that service. Into the selling enter all matters of public relations, including the formation of public opinion that is reflected in the laws and regulations, the creation of a desire for the service, the details of its rendering—from the consumers', not the engineers' viewpoint—and the treatment of the public—the actual and potential customers. This all calls for successful merchandising.

Many of the utilities have sales organizations, true. But far too frequently they are technical organizations rather than merchandizing forces. In the street railway organization even the sales force is almost entirely lacking.

In this sense the merchant should not be a mere salesman, as the term usually is applied. He should be a diplomat, a skilled creator of demand and of customers for his product. While the engineer is producing the service and keeping it up to a high efficiency, the merchant is disposing of it. When business is brisk and profitable he is seeing that service is given and appreciated. When times are slack and the margin of profit is low, he seeks selling methods of strengthening business and tiding over the slack period—just as does the successful merchant in other lines.

Rarely is there combined in the one man the technical ability of the engineer competent to produce the service, and the equally commercial ability of the merchant competent to successfully dispose of the stock of "service" in good times and bad.

Eight years of service with public utilities, and a dozen other years of intimate acquaintance with them, while not directly connected with them, has taught me that a crying necessity of utilities is merchandising, that a considerable part of their difficulties would be greatly smoothed by wise merchandising. The same is as true of steam rail-roading as of the more local public utilities.

CHARLES WOODWARD LAMB.

Milwaukee, Wis.

ANTIPHRASIS

SIR:

French Academicians, we are told, in preparing a new edition of their Dictionary, are greatly puzzled over American slang, many words of which they are at a loss to define. From the examples which have been cited, however, one surmises that it is not so much slang that gives them trouble as the perverse and detestable antiphrasis which has in recent years become one of the most annoying, misleading, and altogether pernicious corruptions of current speech. Genuine slang is seldom difficult to interpret. The context makes it clear. Sometimes it is superfluous, sometimes it is vulgar, sometimes it is indefensible. But sometimes, too, it is happily conceived and is an enrichment of the vocabulary, destined on the morrow to become classic speech. An example in point is the word "slang" itself, which is of the origin which itself describes. New words are necessary, from time to time. Some may be formed academically, through grammatical derivation. Others have to be new creations. Doubtless the former class should be—though generally they are not—accordant with etymological principles. The latter must generally be laws unto themselves.

The current and increasingly prevalent antiphrasis is very different. It must be far more puzzling to the foreigner than any slang, and far more

difficult to interpret. It is, moreover, entirely lacking in the quality of necessity, or even of convenience.

Note, for instance, the now general—in even our best newspapers, the practically universal—perversion of the familiar word "alibi." There is a word which has a specific meaning, and which can properly have no other. Yet it is now almost invariably used in an entirely different and false sense, namely as a synonym and substitute for "excuse." Such abuse is the more unjustifiable because the word which it replaces is practically as short and certainly as simple and convenient. But some crazy obsession has moved writers to write "alibi" when they mean "excuse," and I have heard of copy editors actually striking out "excuse" when it was properly used and substituting "alibi"! Nay, I have seen one case in which, through the coöperative perversity of reporter and copy editor, it was stated that "the man was able to prove, in addition to several perfectly good alibis, that he was not at that place at that time"! Apparently the word may mean anything except what it really does mean.

Another long current abuse of a somewhat similar kind, committed, however, with a different motive, is the substitution of "assault" or "attack" for "rape" or "ravish." Thus we have read that "he seized her by the throat, beat her with his fist until she was almost insensible, and then attacked her," and in another case that "he struck her several times with a bludgeon, knocking her down and breaking her arm, but did not assault her." No wonder that French Academicians are bewildered in their efforts to define some of our words!

The list of such solecisms and brutalities might be extended almost indefinitely. They are committed daily by those who so far consider themselves purists in speech as to be shocked at such slang as "boodle" or "hootch." Yet the latter are immeasurably preferable, or immeasurably less objectionable, for the reason, if nothing more, that they have a definite, unmistakable meaning, while the others have not.

The fact that the French Academicians are taking note of these abominable cases of antiphrasis suggests that there is cause for regret that we have not such a body here to be the censors and guardians of our language. As it is, nobody serves such a purpose. The newspapers have become the worst offenders. The book-publishing houses are often little better, and they have at best no concerted and uniform standard. The dictionary-makers, in their competition for bigness, have made their works inclusive rather than discriminative. The college professors of language and literature are far more given to hunting up examples to justify ill-usage than to condemning it and insisting upon right usage. The result is that the noblest language in the world is being abused and degraded, its beauty marred, precision dulled, and its practical efficiency impaired. Are magazine editors doing anything about it?

John Fuller Agnew.

New York City.

Res.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JUNE, 1921

THE DEFENSE OF THE PHILIPPINES

BY REAR ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE, U. S. N. (Retired)

EVER since the battle of Manila Bay that took place on May 1, 1898, the people of the United States have been in considerable doubt as to what they should do with the Philippine Islands. Many have insisted from the first that they should be given to the Filipinos, outright; others have insisted that the Filipinos should be allowed to govern them, under the protection of the United States. There have been many shades of opinion in the matter; but what has happened is that the United States has actually governed them, but permitted the Filipinos to occupy certain governmental positions, and to have a considerable influence in the conduct of affairs.

The result has been that the Philippine Islands have prospered more than ever before, and that their commercial value to the United States has impressed an increasing number of people. Their most obvious value lies in the natural riches of the soil and the consequent opportunities for selling to the Islands the agricultural, commercial and other appliances needed for developing those riches, and for importing the products raised. But a greater, though less obvious, value lies in the nearness of Manila to the vast undeveloped territories of Eastern Asia, and the fact that the many fine bays and harbors of the Philippines could be made to supplement the very few good harbors on the eastern coast of Asia, and give to the United States a base of commercial operations, unequalled by that of any other country, save Japan itself.

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But—the Philippines could be taken by anyone who might desire to take them! This casts doubt on the security of our possession of them, and would make any attempt by Americans to develop them of more than questionable wisdom. Furthermore, the great distance of the Islands from America has made the problem of defending them by the ordinary methods an undertaking virtually prohibitive, because of the cost in money, time and effort.

So, the commercially and strategically valuable Philippine Islands still lie spread out on the counter, for anyone to take who will. It is a dangerous and foolish thing thus to leave any property wholly unprotected; and the most dangerous thing possible is to leave property unprotected from a sudden assault by any nation with which causes for friction exist. In such conditions (history tells us) some unlooked for contingency may at any time precipitate a state of popular excitement taking the form of overt action, if a chance for such overt action were in sight. Now, in case some suddenly arising situation should cause a popular outburst against us in Japan, the chance to seize the Philippines might prove too strong a temptation to be resisted.

The last Congress refused to give the navy the very moderate amount it asked for, in order to take advantage of the possibilities of aeronautics. If Congress persists, we may find ourselves with a navy that is very expensive, but so old-fashioned as to be ineffective. Some people think that the more ineffective a navy is, the less danger there is of war. Their attention is respectfully invited to the historical fact that aggression has usually, if not always, been caused by the temptation presented by a valuable property left unprotected from attack.

I need not say that I do not suggest using only airplanes to defend the Philippines; all the usual weapons would, of course, be needed, especially submarines. I do wish, however, to call attention to our amazing backwardness in utilizing airplanes, and to point out the special attributes that make them valuable as preventers of actual invasion.

These attributes are:

1. Great speed, and consequent ability to concentrate in large

numbers against parts of more slowly-moving bodies, such as ships, boats and troops.

2. Ability to rise high and discern objects at great distances.

3. Ability to carry high explosives in convenient forms that have merely to be dropped.

By reason of these three attributes, a force of say one hundred first-class airplanes, properly equipped and manned, if distributed at different points in Luzon (the northernmost island), would be able to concentrate at any threatened point on the coast before the invading troops could start from the transports to the shore.

The only defense against our airplanes would be a greater air force possessed by the enemy. But it must be clear that *no country in the world could compete with us in building airplanes.* The cost to us of a force of airplanes able to protect the Islands would probably be less than one per cent of the cost of any endeavor to recapture them.

One of the possible objections to be urged against defending the Islands may be the supposed fact that the Filipinos have been led to believe that they would be given the Islands as soon as they should prove their capacity for self-government.

Passing over a number of questions, such as who could have the authority to give the Filipinos any cause to believe this, it may be pointed out that, even if the Filipinos should prove their capacity to govern themselves, they cannot possibly prove their capacity to protect themselves against any strong nation desiring to possess them; and that no islands of their great area and richness in all kinds of natural resources, can safely be left unprotected in these days of annexation and colonization.

Again, if the Islands were given to the Filipinos, would they retain them long? Is there any other equally large and valuable tract of land in the possession of any people, so helpless against attack as the Philippine Islands would be if our protection should be withdrawn?

Four courses of action seem to be open to us:—

1. Defend the Islands: a thing easily done, using airplanes, submarines, mines, etc.

2. Leave them defenseless as they practically are now, with the

virtual certainty that they will be taken by an enemy some day, and we forced to send the most expensive expedition ever known to retake them. If we should succeed, the Islands would continue to belong to us.

3. Give them to the Filipinos with no guarantee of protection from us. In this case, the Islands will surely be taken not long afterward by some country.

4. Give them to the Filipinos with the guarantee of our protection. In this case, the difficulties and cost of the expedition to retake them after capture will be identical with those in case 2; but the Islands, instead of belonging to us after the crushing expense and loss of life of the expedition, will (in case of success) belong not to us but to the Filipinos.

But there is a powerful reason for defending the Islands that is apart from any question of having to retake them: that then we shall be as strong in the West Pacific as any other nation. We shall be just as able to protect our merchants and our shipping, and just as well placed for trading direct with China. We shall be even better placed in some ways: for while the Philippines have as good harbors as Japan, they are nearer to the ports of Europe by way of the Mediterranean. In fact, they are directly between the Mediterranean and Japan.

It is unnecessary to consider the suggestion, sometimes made, that to attempt to defend our coast and our over-seas possessions adequately, would constitute a threat to other nations; because its foolishness is proved by the facts of history and the principles of International Law.

BRADLEY A. FISKE.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

BY PHILIP W. WILSON

DURING the month of June, there will gather in London what used to be called "the Colonial" but is now the Imperial Conference of statesmen representing all the self-governing nations within the British sovereignty, and also India. It is not too much to say that the proceedings will determine whether and in what form there is to be for the future a British Empire or as General Smuts would prefer to define it, an alliance of British commonwealths. In waging the Great War, Germany confidently anticipated that this strange and varied association of peoples, African, Asian, European, civilized and barbaric, Hindu and Moslem, Catholic and Protestant, would fall asunder in the shock of defeat, and even in the shock of victory, the political fabric is strained and would be rent if it did not yield to the stress. With Labor threatening the very existence of society in Britain herself and with Ireland in turmoil, Canada is asserting her nationhood as never before, South Africa has fought an election on secession, Australia demands her own foreign policy, India is evolving Home Rule, and Egypt is swept by an Islamic nationalism. In all this, a German would discover plain symptoms of disruption, yet disruption does not take place. The Conference meets to adjust anomalies and distribute authority, not to disband its constituent countries.

When King George reopened the Parliament after the War, with the old gilt coach and the mediaeval ceremonies of a former day, the press of the United States took especial note, because it meant that, with thrones toppling and a Czar butchered, the old show which dates from King Alfred, was going on apparently as if nothing had happened. In describing the France of Louis the XVI, Carlyle has remarked upon the curious persistence of mere form, on which, at Westminster, a Labor member, on first seeing it, said "This will take a lot of abolishing." It will be in this

atmosphere of a dignified and sympathetic antiquity that statesmen of the Dominions will assemble. As Bagehot would have observed, it will impress their minds towards reason and compromise. They will find themselves in the presence, not of England alone, but of one another and in such comradeship, the individuals are flattered. This, indeed, was the real reason why the Dominions assisted Britain in the War. It is only this federation that secures for them a status beyond the status of small peoples. On the League of Nations, as Mr. Newton Rowell, the Canadian delegate at Geneva has confessed, the Dominions could speak with confidence, even against the mother country, because, on the main issue of their nationhood, they had behind them the mother country and each other. While, however, this is undoubtedly the fact, there has now to be considered a second fact, not less important, and this is the relation between these Dominions and the ever-expanding influence of the United States.

Something may be said here about the history of the Imperial Conference. In the 'eighties, the British Throne awoke from the long slumber of Queen Victoria's sorrow for the Prince Consort. A Jubilee was held which for the first time aroused England to a consciousness of the Empire, acquired by her "in a fit of absence of mind." In that year, 1887, the first Colonial Conference was held. A second Conference gathered in 1894 at Ottawa while the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, in 1897, was the occasion for a third Conference, under the vigorous inspiration of Joseph Chamberlain, Colonial Secretary, in whose hands the meetings were moulded into a permanent link between the countries concerned. Amid not a little suspicion on the part of Free Traders who feared a system of preferential tariffs, the Conferences met again in 1902, 1907, and 1911, but the seventh gathering, arranged for the year 1916, had to be cancelled owing to the War; and it is thus ten years since there was a formal discussion of imperial problems by the Prime Ministers in council.

Great Britain, though preoccupied with domestic crises, will have to face in her Dominions a new sense of nationhood which will not be denied expression. They fought in the War and are proud of that achievement. And they are also aware of those heavy public debts which are the heritage of war. They do not

criticize the diplomacy which preceded Britain's entrance into the struggle. But they do say that for the future they must have a voice in any foreign policy for which their armies and navies may be held as guarantors. This attitude will tend to draw Britain, as far as is possible for her, out of European commitments, while it must transform British diplomacy in the Pacific. How the Dominions are to be continuously represented in London is a matter for organization. A Parliament, elected from all parts of the Empire, has often been proposed but is not practicable. An annual Conference might take the Prime Ministers from their duties at home, too frequently for too long absences. In the British Constitution, as unwritten, the Cabinet is, of course, only an informal committee of the Privy Council, summoned at pleasure in the King's name. Dominion Prime Ministers are also Privy Councillors and it is now recognized that, when in London, they have a right to sit with the Cabinet when imperial affairs are discussed. Some device for consultation will thus be arranged, without doubt, in June.

Over certain questions of etiquette in London, the Dominions have developed a firm resolution to see their national status acknowledged. Their claim is that they are now in the fullest sense separate sovereign states which, for historical and other reasons, accept what happens to be an identical allegiance to one sovereign,—that they are therefore the equals of and no longer subordinate to the mother country, as Austria and Hungary were equals in the Dual Monarchy,—and that equals can only sit with equals at the same table. This means that whereas, in the past, the president of the Conference has been the Colonial Secretary for the time being, the chair must be taken for the future by no less a person than the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom himself, meeting his peers. Indeed, there has been for some time a demand by the Dominions for a complete severance or emancipation of their affairs from the Colonial Office in London. They protest against an arrangement in Downing Street which, as they think, puts them on a level with Crown Colonies like Sierra Leone or Jamaica nor are they placated by the creation of a Dominions Department within the Colonial Office. They declare that this is a matter which cannot be settled by putting up a

glass partition in a roomful of first class clerks. Either the Dominions must be allowed to deal with the Prime Minister direct or there must be for them a new and entirely separate Department of State,—a Dominions Office, ranking with the Foreign or War Office in prestige.

With the federation of provinces in Canada, Australia and South Africa, this sense of nationality was bound to develop. It does not mean a desire to leave the Empire. Receptions granted to the Prince of Wales and the recent vote in favor of General Smuts in South Africa show that. It does mean a hope for larger opportunities within the Empire. One can well understand why South Africa did not secede. It was not sentiment that determined her verdict. In the Labor Party and among many Boers, sentiment must have been and indeed was a highly uncertain factor. What kept South Africa loyal was the shrewd conviction that a white minority living in the midst of a black population which also is becoming sentient, will lose nothing and may save much trouble by retaining the background of what is still a great prestige. Similarly, with Australia. In Melbourne as in other English-speaking cities, they have the Irish. Recently, a member of the Commonwealth Parliament, orating in what corresponds to the Hyde Park of that city,—a place where really one may say *anything* that one likes!—advocated leaving the Empire. Prime Minister Hughes read the unhappy man's speech to the House and proposed his suspension therefrom, which was carried. It has been uncertain whether Archbishop Mannix would ever return to Australia and his return depends on his willingness to take the oath of Allegiance.

For the United States, the most vital of these developments are those which are occurring in Canada. There is no doubt that, since the war, the relations between the Dominion and the Republic have become closer. Large numbers of Americans have crossed the frontier into the western provinces of Canada and have there been naturalized, calling themselves "Canadian citizens" rather than "British subjects." Of the movie films shown in Canada, nearly all are American, and of magazines sold in Canada, the same may be said. Seven years ago, Canada was financed by London. To-day, she is financed by New York

and it is with the American dollar that she must match her own Canadian dollar. In Ontario, the Gibraltar of the British connection, there is a loyalty to the connection with Britain which reminds one of the passionate affections of industrial Ulster. And even in Quebec, a rapprochement with the Catholics, let us say of Boston, is prevented by the somewhat distinct racial characteristics of these disciples of a common faith. But Canada is to-day acutely conscious that the balance of trade with the United States is against her and that this adverse balance is reflected in her depreciated exchange. One reason why Canada continues in the British Empire is her wish to find herself on more even terms with her friendly and powerful neighbor.

Statesmen in Canada are claiming to-day that their country is really the stepping-stone between the United States and the rest of the English-speaking world. She is, they say, the country that explains England to America and America to England. One knows that it is so, but it may be suggested also that at this moment an error of diplomacy, whether by Washington or by London, might swing Canada far away from her middle path. The famous remark by Mr. Champ Clark—"annexing Canada"—has recently been echoed in certain less responsible quarters and has evoked warm comments from the Dominion. On the other hand, the Dominion is speaking not less plainly to Britain, especially over the Governor-Generalship which the Duke of Devonshire is vacating. To be frank, it is not quite easy to discover what are the precise qualities in their Governor-General that Canadians want. Is he to be King Log or King Stork? Is he to be a personality or a figurehead? If a figurehead, merely to open bazaars and accept the advice of his Ministers, then there was, after all, something to be said for Queen Mary's brother, the Earl of Athlone, whose name Canada has somewhat decisively turned down. If, contrariwise, the Governor-General is to be a personality who does things, in what sphere is he to act? Broadly, he is coming to be regarded as a kind of Ambassador or Envoy Plenipotentiary from Britain to Canada, whose true function is diplomatic rather than administrative. With the names at present suggested, Canada appears to be dissatisfied. Just as Lord Bryce made it difficult for any British Ambassador to

succeed him at Washington, so Earl Grey, as Governor-General of Canada, set a standard of sympathy and of sagacious tact which has left to others a heritage of perilous comparisons. And Great Britain has rather cleverly turned the tables by inviting Canada herself to make the nomination! We shall see how *that* plan will work out.

In various other matters, Canadians have shown themselves sensitive when corresponding with London. Over the grant of titles, they have put their foot down firmly, insisting that no peerages and baronetcies and knighthoods be conferred upon citizens of the Dominion, save by the advice of the Dominion Government. In intention, this is a simple and wholesome assertion of democracy, but in its effect on the Constitution of the British Empire, it has a deeper meaning. It signifies that the Dominion asserts the right directly to "advise" the King, either through his Governor-General or without any such intermediary, and in any event without reference to the King's British "advisers" or Ministers in London. This is the more important as a precedent because the Imperial Parliament sitting at Westminster has never yet abrogated its right to legislate for any part anywhere of the King's Dominions. For such an abrogation, Canada has not yet asked, but her citizens have made it clear that no Imperial legislation can be accepted by her, save as a freely consenting party thereto, and legislation over her head and against her will would—to quote Mr. Rowell again—lead as certainly to revolution as would the action of the Electoral College in the United States if as delegates the members had voted Governor Cox into the White House instead of Senator Warren G. Harding, against the declared though indirect suffrages of the American people. There is, indeed, a movement in Canada favorable to a fundamental amendment of the British North America Act, which defines the Dominion's constitution. At present, that Act can only be altered by the Imperial Parliament itself, to which supreme legislature the Dominion must make "petition." The very word, "petition" is something of a challenge and many Canadians would prefer to see Canada assume the right to alter her own Constitution when and how she likes. Against this plea, there is in logic nothing to be said, but in prac-

tice, the present system has advantages which Canadians are themselves bound to recognize. After all, the Imperial Parliament listens with great sympathy to any "petition" which may be submitted. And some ill-considered petitions are suitably postponed because there is this technicality to be observed. On the other hand, if Canada is to handle Constitutional changes herself and without any reference to the mother country, she must first secure unanimity between her provinces—by no means a simple matter—which unanimity cannot be superseded, even in secular affairs, because of the solemn guarantees given to Quebec. From the veto enjoyed by Quebec, it follows that every Province has a veto and by a strange inversion of the probabilities, the control of a distant and Imperial Parliament is thus the method by which Canada can escape from the much more serious restraint of a virtually stereotyped Constitution, as it would be if "the control" ceased.

The surviving authority of the Imperial Parliament has its counterpart in the "Judicial Committee of the Privy Council," as it is called, which august though oddly named tribunal of Law Lords, sitting in a back room, is the Supreme Court of the British Empire. It is a body, admittedly venerable and admittedly efficient. It considers a tribal dispute on the northwest frontier of India, where there are none save unwritten laws and customs, and it formulates out of these traditions a common law of definite precedent. The Canadian Courts are themselves undoubtedly most efficient. Yet, on the other side of the case, we have the equally undoubted fact that in British as in Roman jurisprudence there is a heritage shared also by the United States herself; and never in British history have the Courts been more free of abuses and more learnedly served than they are to-day. In a land so rapidly developing as is Canada, there are many issues constantly arising on which a detached arbitration by men of the strongest intellectual calibre may be invaluable. That there should be a wider representation from the Dominions on the Judicial Committee in London is doubtless a very arguable proposition.

More immediately important to human happiness than any or most of these matters is the broader question as to what for the

future should be the foreign policy of the British Dominions. Incidental to this problem is the demand by Canada and more tentatively by Australia for the right to be separately represented in the United States by a Minister at Washington and by Consuls or trade agents elsewhere. The Foreign Office naturally dislikes these proposals, at any rate so far as the separate Legation is concerned, but Canada retorts that her people are not welcomed in the British Civil Service and that she is entitled to a private wire to the State Department. The Government in London has yielded but Canada—having won her point of principle—has not in fact selected the Minister or opened the Legation. To some extent, she may have been deterred by the reorganization of the British Embassy itself which under Sir Auckland Geddes handles Canadian business rapidly and effectively. Also, this is a matter in which after all the United States will have something to say. If Canada has a legation at Washington, what about Newfoundland and South Africa and India? And assuming a settlement in Ireland, what about her? It is one thing for the British Empire to preserve and utilize her own anomalies within herself. It is another thing for her to extend her anomalies into neighboring sovereignties. Even in the League of Nations, the six votes, though often exercised against each other, created prejudice. Also, if Canada is to have a Minister at Washington and to insist on making separate treaties with Foreign Powers, as with France over wine, the United States must send a Minister, so it would seem, to Ottawa and a dual diplomacy would arise. In preferring a request to the State Department the Canadian Minister would be asked inevitably, "Is Great Britain supporting your argument or do you speak only for Canada?" Yet Great Britain might not have been consulted and might regard with entire detachment the prior negotiations, as carried on by Canada. No one can deny that the frontier between Canada and the United States is becoming ever more and more full of significance. It may be woodpulp, it may be prohibition, it may be railroad cars, it may be tariffs, it may be waterpower at Niagara or along the St. Lawrence, it may be the canalization of that river as a route from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic, but in every one of these respects, the frontier is, as it

were, elaborated. Hitherto, it has been the boast that forts and warships—except Mr. Ford's Eagles!—were banished from the frontier. But in waterpower, the two countries are actually partners in the frontier as an economic asset of far-reaching magnitude.

Turning our eyes to the Pacific, we find a situation not less instructive. Between California and British Columbia there is no distinction in the attitude assumed towards Japan. There, at any rate, you have a sentiment which also ignores the frontier. It is a sentiment shared to the full by New Zealand and Australia. For the Japanese, Siberia has proved to be of an inhospitable climate, and the objective of emigration is southwards,—California or the tropical zone of Australia which white men shun. Neither California nor Australia want the Japanese. And the United States, so far as I can gather her view, joins with the British Dominions in desiring no more of an Anglo-Japanese Alliance, however it be safeguarded. That Alliance has been from the first a matter of necessity for Britain rather than choice. In the first instance, if Britain, when approached, had answered Japan in the negative, Germany would have stepped in and taken her place. The Agreements which disposed of the Pacific Islands and Shantung were again Japan's price which the Allies paid because they could do nothing else. But the sympathy of the British Dominions—say over the Yap dispute—lies not with Japan. It is behind the United States. And if the Anglo-Japanese Treaty be renewed—except as a mere memory—it will be against the protests of the Dominions. This means that there is, in the Pacific Ocean, a general but complete mutual feeling between the United States and the Dominions and this feeling—despite all asperities over oil and mandates—will find expression at the Imperial Conference. Of course, something will depend on the demeanor of the United States herself. A readiness to accept her leadership in the Pacific may be diminished by the tone which that leadership adopts, or it may be, as one hopes, strengthened. In the history of the United States, there has been no moment when diplomacy will count for more than it does just now—wisdom needs to be clothed at all times with an infinite patience and tact.

For these reasons, I have never been one who fears the expansion of the American Navy. Many issues are involved, doubtless, in that expansion,—for instance, the now questionable value of the battleship—but among those issues is not British friendliness. The danger to Britain to-day is near home—the submarine, which threatens her food supply and trade routes, and the answer to the submarine is probably the aeroplane. But the recent large reduction of the British Navy as based on the North Sea and the simultaneous concentration of the American Navy in the Pacific Ocean are operations which indicate a new orientation of sea power. Any events which might disturb the Pacific Ocean would bring in the Dominions. For such events, they must be in a state of potential preparation and the first question to be answered is how their coasts are to be held immune from danger. The Dominions cannot support Navies of the largest size. If isolated, their small naval contingents would be an easy prey for any powerful Asiatic opponent. It follows, therefore, that these naval units of the Dominions, stationed in the Pacific Ocean, must be associated with a friendly Navy of a power at least equal to that of any opponent. Such a Navy could only be British or American. Lord Jellicoe has toured the British Empire, presumably with the object of inaugurating a new naval supremacy in the east, based upon Singapore or similar fortress. This scheme has failed of adoption. For Britain it meant two evils—first crushing taxation and secondly the danger of a disastrous and unreal rivalry with the United States in the Pacific.

Britain has thus surrendered her claim "to rule the waves" in the Far East and this means that whatever may or may not be put down on paper, the Navy of the United States is in actual fact the force with which the Dominion contingents will look to coöperating. Asiatic immigration is the only problem of foreign policy which interests Australia but if a "white Australia" is to be preserved, that one problem is fundamental.

For Britain, these affairs would be comparatively simple if it were not for the fact that, in her Empire, there are far more Asiatics than there are whites. At the Imperial Conference as on the League of Nations, India will be represented, and racial equality

becomes at once an implied issue. If Japan had behaved with greater humanity in China and in Korea and had made herself the trusted leader of Asiatic civilization, the position in India might have been exceedingly awkward for all the white races concerned. Britain might have been placed in the position of having to choose between her Oriental and her (racially) European friends. Asia is, however, deeply divided. Japan is feared and her supremacy would mean that for other Asiatics there would be far less of race equality than there will be always under the guidance of the whites. India will not drive out England to make the Mikado king. And this being the case, there is nothing in her relations with India which would prevent Britain from accepting and indeed welcoming closer relations between the United States and the self-governing British Dominions.

PHILIP W. WILSON.

THE CALL

BY O. W. FIRKINS

I WAS second lieutenant of a hastily recruited Oregon company in the American Expeditionary Force, and the incident I relate occurred in the difficult and anxious weeks of the American conquest of the Argonne. The forest was intricate, the trails narrow, and the signs which the native read with ease were inscrutable to the foreigner. The men were forced to advance in small linear detachments, which were separated for hours from the main body, and the danger of any group that failed to rejoin its companions at the appointed time and place was very great. A French guide was assigned to each detachment. His place was at the head of the column, while the second lieutenant who directed the movement took his place in the rear except when actual fighting was in progress. The reason for this was simple but sufficing. Americans between battles are only human, and in the course of a trying march through hilly and woody country the temptation to leave ranks in quest of a rabbit or squirrel, of rest, or,—most of all, in quest of water,—was nearly irresistible. To see that it did not become altogether irresistible was the business of the second lieutenant in the rear of the line.

My own guide, Pierre Bonnat, was an Auvergnat, tallish for a Frenchman,—dark-haired, with a high sugar-loaf forehead, melancholy, half-retreating eyes, and a bow-shaped moustache thin enough not to screen the play of sensitive and shapely lips. He had a chipped and splintered English, which invariably proved more useful in a crisis than my own college-born and café-nourished French. Between French and English I came soon to know and love this peasant as one of the most faithful, tender, manly souls whom I had known in any country. His Catholic faith was untouched by the license of the times; he believed in ghosts as simply as his forbears, and was wont to tell a tale of the spirit of a grandsire who, when the family estate was

in danger through the disappearance of a title-deed, appeared one night to Pierre's oldest uncle, and led him up the stairway to a little loft in which the precious document had been too carefully secreted. "When need is, they come back—*si, si, M'sieu,* they come back," he would say with the meekest insistence when I allowed myself to smile faintly at these delusions. He had a low-pitched, mellow voice, and nature or practice had gifted him with a very low but remarkably penetrating call or whistle, which, heard at a distance, no stranger could have distinguished from the ordinary feral noises of the wood. The men in my detachment had been taught to recognize and obey this call.

On the night before the march, Pierre and I, sitting in my tent, traced together on an official map the route which the detachment was to take on the ensuing day. Pierre spoke of the official map with the extreme deference which masked his contempts, and put on a pleased surprise whenever any allegation of the map agreed with the facts in his memory. Our route lay to the northwest. The great landmark for the stranger was Mont St. Robert, about twelve miles east, mostly hid by the forest, but emerging into plain view wherever a westerly ravine broke the density of the woods. The Germans lay between our route and Mont St. Robert to the east and north, and their fire was expected to diminish toward the close of the day, as our route diverged more and more toward the northwest. Pierre pointed out to me a stone bridge over a stream called the Aure; our arrival at which, some time between four and six P. M., would mean the attainment of comparative safety. These few facts fixed themselves in my mind; the fullness of my trust in Pierre made me slightly inattentive to the rest.

In the morning all went well. The day was fine, the trees were a shield from the sun, and for hours I had no occasion to remind a straggler of his duty. I amused myself by watching Mont St. Robert as it showed itself from time to time through the ravines that seamed the forest. On its side was a decayed fortification of the Roman era, in which windows or rather openings of various size could be made out by the help of a field-glass. I counted twenty-three distinct apertures with various flecks or patches which might be openings or might be stains. The fire of

the enemy, though often heard, rarely grazed our column. At ten o'clock a ball nipped a soldier's knee; at half-past three a sergeant's cheek was ripped open. When Pierre and I met for a few moments, his tranquillity was reassuring.

In the later afternoon the men's spirits flagged a little; the fire, though mainly harmless, was steady as ever, and about four o'clock I was disturbed by an incident of absolutely no importance, as it seemed, except the importance which the smallest mystery possesses to men traversing an unknown and hostile country. A file like ours is a spinal column in which the vertebrae are men. That column has a spinal marrow which on occasion can quiver from end to end. About four o'clock I felt what I can only describe as a shudder run down this cord and terminate in me. The column scarcely paused; no accident was reported; my inquiries of the half-dozen men in front of me elicited nothing but confused or humorous replies. From that moment, however, I was a little anxious. I had a sense of moving east instead of west, a sense which it was hard to prove or disprove, since the path ran first east, then west, like the lacings of a shoe, and landmarks were rarely to be seen.

I began to look a little eagerly for signs of the end of the day's journey. After four o'clock we might hope to come upon the stone bridge that crossed the little river Aure. Four o'clock came, half-past, five o'clock, but no river. It was nearly six o'clock when Mont St. Robert, which had last been seen about an hour after midday, emerged into clear view through another break in the forest. It looked strangely near and clear, and the impulse to count as a sedative to the nerves made me reckon up again the visible openings on its hoary and broken front. I counted twice: the total was certain; there were twenty-nine. Only one inference was possible: we were approaching Mont St. Robert, from which we should gradually have receded, and were moving northeast toward the points where the German force was concentrated.

I was sure that Pierre had been wounded or blinded; nothing less could have beguiled his vigilance. Hastily halting the line, I made my way forward with some effort, only to find Pierre gone and an American private in the lead. To my angry question

this man replied a little shakily: "Dead, sir—didn't you know? Shell splinter—the heart. About four o'clock." Between grief, wrath, and alarm, I could hardly put the questions that hurried to my lips. Pierre had died, as the man said, about four o'clock, and the soldier nearest him had tried to send a message back to me. That message had evaporated on the way. It had passed, as it crept down the line, from certainty to probability, from probability to conjecture, from conjecture to a vague hint of unknown evil, till it reached me finally as a shapeless fear. At the point where Pierre fell, the trail was unusually distinct, and the head soldier, in the absence of orders and the vanity of leadership, had pressed on. He had failed to note the point where the trail diverged to the northwest, and we were astray without a guide near set of sun in the depths of an intricate and unknown forest raked by German fire.

The head soldier protested that he could guide us back, and after a moment's irresolution I allowed him to try. Twilight falls early and blurs the trails in a great forest. In a quarter of an hour he admitted his bewilderment. A second tried, a third, I tried myself—all to no purpose. Extrication by our own means at that hour was plainly out of the question. I ordered the men to halt and lie down at intervals of six feet. The distress of the men, though not extreme, was very evident. Brave men are not brave in all situations, even in war. They are brave in certain well-defined situations, and are likely to be overset by something, perhaps not so dangerous in itself, which lies outside their programme of contingencies. The earth and air themselves seem suddenly hostile, and the very stars, gleaming through the tree-trunks, seem to signal their whereabouts to the enemy.

We lay in this suspense for about three-quarters of an hour. We had grown used to all the sounds of the forest, even to the firing and distant shellbursts, when the attention of the troop was suddenly arrested by a new sound—a long, vaguely musical, surprisingly low, surprisingly penetrating sound. The men stirred, half sat up, awaited some signal from me, whispered inaudibly, and, remembering orders, crouched on the ground again. I spoke to the man beside me—a phlegmatic but trustworthy fellow named Jenkins—in what I meant to be a steady voice.

"Jenkins, you heard that sound?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it?"

"I don't know, sir."

"What do you think it was?"

"Pierre's whistle, sir."

"But Pierre"—I could not end the sentence.

"I know, sir. In the heart."

"Then it's not his whistle?"

"No, sir." (Tone perfectly respectful, but quite incredulous.)

I lay down with a brusque movement intended to bring back Jenkins to his senses. In less than three minutes the sound came again—this time with something like an appeal, an urgency, in its long concluding glide. It brought half the men to a sitting posture. I was not angry with them, but I spoke angrily for all that.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing, sir." They lay down again obediently.

Something forced me to turn to Jenkins again.

"Was that Pierre's whistle, Jenkins?"

"I think so, sir."

"You think dead men whistle?"

"I don't know much about dead men, sir. But I know Pierre's whistle."

"Is he dead or alive, do you think?"

"I don't know." He stopped, then resumed respectfully: "Does it matter, sir?"

"*Matter?*"

"I mean, I would trust Pierre, alive or dead. He would still be Pierre. I would trust him to help us."

I looked hard at the blurred human shape beside me in the shadow. "Jenkins," I said, "you're the one man of sense in this detachment. Alive or dead, we'll follow his whistle."

I drew the men around me as noiselessly as I could, and told them of my purpose. The red mounted to my cheek in the dark when I thought of re-telling the story to the club at home or reporting it to my senior officer the next day. But the ripple of smothered laughter which I had expected from Americans in-

formed of a design so puerile did not come. The men were alert, almost hopeful, as I ranged them in a somewhat shortened line and took my place at their head. Jenkins came next, and the third man was a young physician whose advice and skill had served me more than once. The whistle had stopped, and, after my preparations were made, I had a moment's fear lest the redescending silence should prove that I had been a fool. I was almost cursing myself for succumbing to the vagaries of an untaught man like Jenkins, when from the southwest, about a hundred yards away, the sound came again, low, clear, restrained, imperative. I felt the line behind me tighten like a bowstring. "Forward," I said, and we plunged into the gloom.

The travel was very slow at first, but as our feet grew adept in the manners of the ground, we were able slowly to increase our pace. At brief intervals I ordered the men to number themselves—one, two, three, four, etc.—to make sure that no one had fallen from the ranks. After about ten minutes, the increasing firmness and flatness of the ground indicated that we had come upon a trail. We should have lost the track repeatedly, however, but for the variations in the note of the whistle, which took on a sharp, short, warning emphasis when we deviated from the path. The German fire crossed our route rather irregularly and aimlessly from time to time, and I noticed, or thought I noticed, that the voice timed itself to these explosions, bringing us to a halt by its cessation just before a tract of ground in our front was swept by hostile fire. A cheerfulness and trust, remarkable in view of the danger and difficulty that still encircled us, animated the entire column, and I felt its rebound in the rise of my own spirits. We were clearly retracing our route, and I tried to recall remembered objects, though in that darkness it was very hard to make out a correspondence between dim sights and dimmer memories.

I should have been glad to identify the spot at which the route that our companions had taken diverged to the northwest. But any such discovery was clearly not to be hoped for; a route which we had missed in daylight would not disclose itself to the most anxious scrutiny in the dark. The whistle came more and more decidedly from the south; it was guiding us back to our camp of

the previous day. One spot on that route I still hoped to ascertain, the spot where Pierre had fallen. A moment came when one of the men who had been close to Pierre when he fell pointed out a large oak under which he was nearly sure that we should find the dead body of our guide. He was wrong; there was nothing under the tree but knotted roots and trampled grass-tufts. We resumed our course; he pointed out more timidly another tree, and, on reaching the spot, we came upon a dusky, horizontal object, in which, by the glimmer of the single lantern we had dared to light, we made out successively a body, a face, the face of Pierre. He had bled freely, and the ground beside him was moist to the hand. The doctor felt his heart. "Quite dead," he said. "Has he been dead long?" I asked. "Three hours at least." It was not five minutes since we had heard the whistle, a whistle that seemed bright with the confidence of rescue.

"Go back to the file," I said. "I'll join you presently." I stooped down once more and looked into my friend's face. There was a peace on the lips that might have been taken for a smile. I am an Anglo-Saxon, with a liberal share of the self-curbing instincts of my race, but I think that if the whole troop had been there in full daylight I could not have withstood the impulse which made me stoop and press my lips to Pierre's. As I was about to lift my head I was seized with a still less rational impulse. *I put my ear to those lips.* In the excitement of my shaken nerves I mistook for a sound in the ear what was—what must have been—an echo in the memory. Fancy or truth, I heard these whispered words:

"When need is, they come back."

O. W. Firkins.

TOO MANY COLLEGE STUDENTS?

BY ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN
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A MAN of business met a college president, away from home and engaged in his customary avocation. The president told of a great crowd of young men clamoring for admission to college. The man of affairs replied, "When your pen is full, why don't you shut the gate?"

There we have the shortest and easiest way: other features of Bishop Hatto's method are not modern. An easy way for a single institution on a private foundation, but what about the country at large? And not altogether easy even in the case of a single institution, for the questions involved, both academic and financial, are nowise so simple as they seem. A tree that ceases to grow in a forest of growing trees has troubles of its own. But for the country at large, as President Angell has recently shown with startling clearness, a new problem of college attendance has appeared, which the obvious solutions fail to solve.

A bulletin recently issued by the Federal Bureau of Education (number 34 for the year 1920, prepared by Mr. H. R. Bonner) presents the statistics of the situation with instructive analyses. It shows the numbers of students in universities, colleges, and technological schools in this country as follows (using only the thousands in the published tables):

One hundred fifty-six thousand in 1890
One hundred ninety-seven thousand in 1900
Two hundred seventy-four thousand in 1910
Three hundred seventy-five thousand in 1918.

While the population of the country had increased 68 per cent, and the wealth per capita had increased 105 per cent, the student body of the colleges and universities had increased 139 per cent. The figures for 1918 were greatly reduced by the war. Even so

it appears that the rate of increase had been accelerated in the later years of this twenty-eight year period. The incomplete returns for the brief period since the war show a still more rapid increase, an accelerated acceleration; and recent estimates for the year 1920–21 run far over the half-million mark.

From all over the country comes the same story. The violent are taking this kingdom of education by force. Their importunity will not be denied. Already, according to well studied estimates, one person in every 61 of our adult population is found to be a college graduate, or one in 116 of the total population. It is a proportion more than twice as great as that in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, which is commonly placed at one in 250. What the seventeenth century graduate would think of the twentieth century graduate is another story, or what the twentieth century graduate would think of the seventeenth century graduate, if he really knew him.

One reason for this growth in the colleges is to be found in the growth of the high schools. The colleges are like a river fed by many tributaries, all of which have been swollen by freshets. The stream must continue its rapid rise for years to come, even if the freshets should subside—and there is no sign that they will subside.

We must note at this point one of our national characteristics which tends to keep open the channels leading from these middle schools to the colleges. The American people are incurably devoted to the doctrine formulated by Huxley just fifty years ago, of an educational ladder, "the bottom of which should be in the gutter and the top in the university." We cannot abide a blind alley which may not open out to something higher. And the widening of courses and departments of teaching in our universities is a development which plays up to this popular demand. So there is less wonder that already 42 per cent of the graduates of our high schools go on to college or to some other institution of higher grade, while 56 per cent of the graduates of private secondary schools do likewise.

What changes have there been in the life of our people since the year 1890 which may in some measure be reflected in these figures? The changes are too numerous for any extended review

in this article. But many of them are obvious enough. There are great advances in:

physical science and invention,
manufactures,
domestic trade, with its accompaniments of advertising, banking, and insurance,
foreign trade,
medicine and sanitation,
social thought and social experiment,
public sports and amusements.

The general advance has been less conspicuous in:

jurisprudence and the practice of law,
agriculture,
elementary education,
literature and the fine arts,
politics, ethics, and religion,

but certain developments in these fields also have been of vast significance.

A bill of particulars must be fragmentary at best. To this period belong the aëroplane, wireless telegraphy and telephony, the revolutionary discoveries in radio-activity, the conquest of yellow fever. Exploration has reached the two ends of the earth. We have joined the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. In this country, our last territories, except those in outlying areas, have become States, and our outlying dependencies have extended into the Eastern Hemisphere. We have sent our armies to fight on European soil. We have begun to think in international terms—boldly in the domain of religion, cautiously in commercial relations, and more than cautiously in politics. Governmental change has culminated in four amendments to our Federal Constitution. The relationships of government to industry have become more sharply defined, and industrial unrest has become more articulate. Electric transportation has had its great development. The automobile has grown from nothing to a dominant national interest, with attendant growth of the oil industry. Our building has been transformed by steel-and-concrete construction, and the production of steel has grown to colossal proportions. The moving picture has come to be one of our capital

industries,while baseball and golf, the football of the colleges, the new music-and-the-dance, have made their cheerful inroads upon our national seriousness and decorum.

These changes and countless others have laid their mark upon our educational institutions. For every industry and business is now on its way to school. Every major human interest is on the way. The pressure of modern life drives them, the prospect of help in their problems draws them. "To-day," as Mr. Charles M. Schwab has said, "industrial conditions favor the college man. Old crudities are disappearing; science is dethroning chance."

But the various occupations are most unequal in their present demand upon the universities, and they have advanced unequally in those demands within this twenty-eight year period. The most consistent enlargement seems to be that made by engineering in its various branches. Here the statistics are available since 1895. They show an increase from thirty-six hundred students in that year to thirty-one thousand in 1918, or 768 per cent.

In agriculture, under Federal leadership, great progress has been made in research and in popular or "extension" teaching, with more moderate but notable gains in attendance on regular courses of instruction of collegiate grade—from thirty-one hundred in 1895 to thirteen thousand in 1918, or 331 per cent.

In medicine and surgery there have been great improvements through research; the related field of nursing has shown great gains in its training schools: but the sharp advance of teaching standards has caused an actual decrease in the number of students in our regular medical colleges. The sixteen thousand in 1889–90 had fallen to thirteen thousand in 1917–18. In law on the other hand the number of students has more than doubled in this time, increasing from forty-five hundred to eleven thousand eight hundred, while the number of degrees granted in law has nearly overtaken the number granted in medicine.

In theology a moderate advance (33⅓ per cent), and likewise in pharmacy; in dentistry and in veterinary medicine a greater advance: meanwhile two great new groups of university schools have developed almost from the beginnings, namely those in commerce and in education.

It is plain to see that the demand for scientific teaching and research in these various fields is rising. It is a rising demand in all the other main fields of human enterprise. When the more backward occupations, those least professional at the present time, shall have come up to the full measure of educational requirement which their leaders already advocate, shall we not see other thousands of students lining up at the entrance of our colleges and universities? To those who look with alarm upon the recent growth of our student population, there can be offered only the ancient formula of consolation: "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come."

I have not yet stressed the after effects of the war. That tremendous experience has lent impetus to movements that had previously been on the way, it has rendered the academic world more plastic, it has tended to redistribute some of its emphases, but it has not given us a wholly new situation. A forward march has been interrupted by a charge and a bloody encounter, but now the march is resumed—with the old formation rearranged and reanimated. This does not mean that the war has had only slight influence upon our higher education; it does mean that many of its obvious effects are undoubtedly transitory, while its lasting effects will emerge but slowly, over a term of years. No one can yet tell with certainty what ancient good the new time will make uncouth, or what beauty and work of ancient hands it will reaffirm and establish. So far as concerns the number of students, we know there are many in our colleges to-day who would not have been there but for the war; but even if no war had intervened, the tendencies visible before the year 1917 or even 1914 gave promise of a vastly augmented attendance by 1920–21.

The inheritance of a college tradition in American families, after all, provides the core of the student body in all of our older colleges, including many by no means ancient. The college tradition in communities sweeps into the same current many whose fathers were not college men—but wish they were. The fact that every American family, on the average, is twice as rich as it was in 1890 encourages such ambition, in spite of the uneven distribution of this added wealth, and countless aspirations, social, athletic, economic, and spiritual all bend in the same direction.

Apart from all other influences which have been enumerated, the gathering momentum of this college tradition must be reckoned with. For all of these reasons, it seems inevitable and foreordained that a people such as ours must crowd to the limit whatever classic halls may be provided, bearing the magic name of university or college.

But will those classic halls be provided, with all of their attendant circumstance of costly laboratories, libraries, athletic fields, gymnasiums, auditoriums, dormitories, "unions"—and professors? Will the gate be kept open? That is a question for State legislatures and for private benefactors. They will, beyond question, keep the gate open, to almost any extent, as long as such a course wins popular approval and applause, and as long as the more discriminating among them are convinced that it is for the general welfare.

In what follows, I shall try to show that we do not have too many college students at the present time, and that the point of saturation in this respect is still a long way off.

It is not to be forgotten that a large part of the recent expansion of universities answers to the call of our industries. When General Pershing sent from France for two hundred thousand trained engineers, he simply condensed into an instant demand, under the awful urgency of war, the call that is going up here in time of peace; and not in the field of engineering alone, but in all of those branches of agriculture, trade, manufactures, sanitation, and government which are finding new coefficients in university studies. Of the newer expenditures for instruction and research, probably more than three-fourths are for departments which make a direct and visible contribution to our economic prosperity, and so increase the ability of States and industries to bear the costs of education; to say nothing of collateral thrift from studies less obviously utilitarian, and more cloistered with scientific and spiritual concerns.

But no large policy can be determined on the basis of immediate returns. In education as well as in business we must go deeper. The problem we are considering comes back to a question of our purpose in education as a national interest. Mr. Huxley added to his saying already quoted, that the educational lad-

der should be one "by which every child who had the strength to climb might, by using that strength, reach the place for which nature intended him." More recently Mr. Fisher, President of the English Board of Education, in presenting to Parliament the estimates for the year 1917, declared that, "We do not want to waste a single child. We desire that every child in the country should receive the form of education most adapted to fashion its qualities to the highest use." In these two utterances we have the substance of the democratic programme in education, whether it be British or American.

We do not intend to waste a single child, for our social fabric has need of them all. At the present stage of our development in America, an overproduction of man power is unthinkable. But wherever human faculty and talent are required, the demand is for the service they can render when fitly trained, and not for the untrained promise of service. In such training lies our great hope of national well-being. A people educated according to their in-born capacities may not be a docile people, but in the long run they will be the strongest and happiest people both collectively and individually.

This view is frankly utopian. When we are at sea we get nowhere unless we observe the heavens; and wise men follow a star. But suppose we had this ideal adaptation of training to the several abilities of our citizens: How many of them would land in our universities? Would there be more of them or less than we have at the present time?

It has long been the hope of educators that they may find ways of discovering the hidden talents of their pupils, with a view to leading them in the several ways that nature intended they should follow. You will find this purpose expressed as far back as the age of Shakespeare, and doubtless as far back as the age of Pericles. Less than a hundred years ago there were publicists of high standing who believed that phrenology would solve this problem. It was a false lead, but good came from it. Our modern psychologists have been somewhat more successful. They have had the chance to try out their tests on a tremendous scale under authority of the War Department of our Government. These tests, with all of their obvious limitations, are be-

yond question to be taken seriously; not as if they "had already attained," but as a hopeful beginning.

Majors Yoakum and Yerkes, in their little book on *Army Mental Tests*, emphasize the fact that these relate to intelligence only, and add the expressed opinion of Colonel Bingham that they cannot help to-day in specific vocational guidance. Dealing then with the measure of mental ability only and not with its varieties, the ratings are recorded in eight grades or degrees, designed by letters of the alphabet. The highest, those of grade A, are made by men of "high officer type" in the army, who have "the ability to make a superior record in college or university." Grade B represents intelligence that is superior but less exceptional. The men making this grade are of the commissioned or non-commissioned officer type in the army, and "capable of making an average record in college." Of the drafted men examined, from four to five per cent made grade A and from eight to ten per cent grade B.

These figures would indicate that from twelve to fifteen per cent of our male population of the ages represented by the draft have the mental capacity to pursue a college course. Strictly speaking, they prove nothing as yet, for the tests are still in a provisional stage, which calls for revision and redirection. But they lend weight to the surmise, based upon a general review of the field, that the number of our citizens who could pursue advanced studies with profit to themselves and to the community, is far greater than the number now enrolled in our colleges.

We may at least estimate that eventually something over ten per cent of our adult population will be equipped with education, in some one or other of its forms, above the high school grade, and that our industries and professions will require and will absorb this output of highly trained men and women; or that at any given time not less than one per cent of our total population will be enrolled as students in higher institutions of learning. It seems not unlikely that this proportion may be realized within the next twenty to thirty years, if the tendencies already well established shall continue their sweep, undisturbed by new world currents or by national disaster.

But when it has been shown that a further increase of student

registration is a legitimate expectation, we have only half the story. This is a case in which the corollaries are of greater importance than the original theorem. Among them are the following:

1. With greater numbers, selection becomes of greater importance. If our object were simply to keep out of college as many students as possible, we could accomplish it by a mechanical system of entrance examinations. But the problem is not so simple. A due sense of public responsibility would find expression in three purposes: First, to admit to college all applicants who can pursue a course of higher studies with advantage to themselves and to the community; secondly, to enable matriculants to find the departments or divisions or schools in which they can pursue their studies with greatest advantage to themselves and to the community; and thirdly, to reject all other applicants, either at the beginning or, in doubtful cases, after fair probation—not, however, as casting them into outer darkness, but with some guidance as to ways in which their mode and measure of ability may find its use and training. For the nation at large, no less a programme than this will suffice. But its definitions are still uncertain and the responsibility for its execution is widely dispersed. Nevertheless we must stumble on in this direction until we find the road.

2. How shall we find teachers—as many and as good as are required—for this multitude of students? Our industries and our public will meet with disappointment if they look to the colleges with enlarged expectations and find there a dearth of formative teaching. We are not poor in the promise of great teachers. Among our graduate students and our younger college teachers of the present day, even in a limited search, you will encounter those who seem destined to maintain the finest traditions of the teaching profession. But for so large an undertaking as now opens out before us, when every walk in life is bidding for our strongest men, it is hard to see where we are to find one-quarter of the teaching force, in its higher and highest grades, which these coming decades will require of us.

3. There is increased danger that the superior abilities of a few students may be disregarded or smothered, under the necessity of

caring for the many. How is training to be intensified instead of being dissipated? The suggestion occasionally made that honor colleges or honor departments be maintained is a two-edged proposal. It carries dangers a-plenty. But in some form or other the purpose of such schools of higher stimulus and opportunity must be attained. It would seem that a college like Amherst or Haverford or Vassar might be so directed as to meet this need in part. Why may not a great university have a Balliol among its colleges? The danger of intellectual snobbery is always present. But we waste our man power when we fail to demand the best of our best students as well as when we offer the best to those who are intellectually or morally incompetent. Is it beyond reason that a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa should be made to function as a real fraternity for intellectual leaders, juniors and seniors, instead of being for them a mere *terminus ad quem?* Here again the trail is not clear, but, like Sentimental Tommy, we must "find a w'y."

There are too many college students if their mere numbers prevent us from giving a fit training to the destined leaders of men within the next generation. But we cannot admit this without confessing a certain bankruptcy of inventive resource, a limitation which as thinking men we shall not accept.

It is all a national problem. While its solution may rest upon separate institutions, our thought on the subject must be national. No college liveth unto itself. Considerations of national prosperity and well-being will come to the fore, as appears in certain paragraphs of this article. But the prime consideration is the making and the maintenance of our national spirit at its best, the consolidation of our gains in right thinking, in righteousness and beauty. For these ends, our number of college students is not too great, if only we can provide them all with the high discipline of genuine teaching.

ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN.

LORD BRYCE ON DEMOCRACY

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON
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LONGFELLOW'S "Morituri Salutamus" needs revising. To its enumeration of the great achievements of veterans there should be made a noteworthy addition. Amply the peer of those illustrious exemplars,—Sophocles, Cato, Theophrastus, Simonides, Chaucer, Goethe,—must be accounted the more than octogenarian author of this *magnum opus*. For if, as Glorious Christopher assured us, Age is the season of imagination, it may have been really a less arduous task to produce "Œdipus Coloneus or Greek Ode" than a much more voluminous work which is the creature not of imagination but of the genius of tireless research, industry, and discretion in marshalling its results.

There are but painfully few of us who can personally recall the delight with which the world welcomed a history of *The Holy Roman Empire*, by a young lawyer named James Bryce, who through that one work stepped into lasting fame. With all the spirit of youth, it had the ripe reflection of mature age; with all the accuracy of an annalist, it had the vivid interest of romance. Thereafter for a quarter of a century we spoke of Bryce as the author of *The Holy Roman Empire* just as we spoke of Gibbon as the author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* or of Motley as the author of *The Dutch Republic*. (For comparisons are by no means always either odious or odorous.) Then in ripe middle age, though that was a generation ago, there came a greater delight and a greater wonder in a work by a Briton which revealed America to Americans better than they had ever seen it for themselves. The work to-day before us is gracefully dedicated to President Lowell, of Harvard, "to whom," says Lord Bryce, "Englishmen are indebted for an admirably lucid and exact description of their government in its theory and practice." With the change of a single word, that amply-deserved tribute

might with at least equal fitness have been paid thirty years ago to the master-mind who then gave us the work which was thereafter to be the classic source from which succeeding generations of American students should derive authentic knowledge of their own country and its political institutions. So thereafter we spoke of him as the author of *The American Commonwealth.*

Now he is well past the fourscore years whose strength Moses declared to be labor and sorrow. (It occurs to me that if it was really Moses, and not "another man of the same name," as we used to say of Homer, who wrote that matchless Psalm, he somewhat belied his own estimate by himself surpassing that limit of age by fifty per cent and still so far escaped labor and sorrow as to keep his eye undimmed and his natural force unabated.) Yet his vision of the world is even more keen and far more comprehensive, his presentation is if possible more forceful, his wit more nimble, and his judgment more resolute and inerrant, than in what we esteemed the golden time of fifty years ago. If hereafter we shall speak of him as the author of *Modern Democracies,* it will be not in forgetfulness of those earlier achievements, either of which would have assured him enduring fame, but simply because in the presence of the superlative mention of the positive and comparative, however opulent in worth they were, becomes superfluous.

It is not at all surprising, indeed, that his scope of vision should now be far more extended and its keenness more penetrating than in those former works. This present essay is in effect a study of the world, and of the world he has for these many years been a most versatile citizen. The *Holy Roman Empire* and *The American Commonwealth* may be regarded as marking historical antipodes. But the expanses between them and around them were not left empty. They were occupied with essays on the flowers and also on the rocks of the Scottish Isles, and on mountain climbing on the heights of Ararat; with discussions of trademarks, and of citizenship; with studies in jurisprudence, and in contemporary biography; with observations and impressions in South Africa, and in South America. Why should he not, then, from the fulness of his survey and the catholicity of his interest, write on any and every theme of interest to mankind? There is none

who can more worthily repeat the ancient profession in *Heauton-timorumenos* and declare that because he is a man, nothing can be foreign to him that concerns humanity.

Mankind is indeed the theme of the present work. I have called it a study of the world; but it is of the world of men, rather than of matter. It is ostensibly and technically a study of modern democracies, chiefly as exhibited in the history and organization of half a dozen typical twentieth century republics. As such, it is of encyclopedic value. Lord Bryce has done for France, Switzerland, Canada, the United States, Australia and New Zealand what he did a generation ago for the United States alone. He describes in analytic detail the forms of government of those countries, the methods of administering them, and their merits and demerits. Had *Modern Democracies* not extended beyond such exposition, for that end alone, it would still have been a memorable production.

But it is immeasurably more than that. The author has the spirit of a philosopher as well as of a narrative and descriptive writer. So, by means of that implication which in the hand of a master is often more convincing than direct statement, he makes it clear that governmental forms and ways and means are, after all, of less consequence than the character and spirit of the people. The same forms which exist now, existed centuries and tens of centuries ago, marked with the same merits and demerits, advocated for the same reasons, denounced for the same causes. He aptly recalls the remark of one statesman to another, that "the saddest memories of political life are of moments at which one had to stand by when golden opportunities were being lost, to see the wrong thing done when it would have been easy to do the right thing." That was said by a Persian to a Greek on the eve of Plataea, just twenty-four centuries ago. In all those ages the world has seen great changes, and we must believe that it has made great progress in the art of Government. Yet we are not sure that those words were ever more pertinent and more poignant in their truth than they are at the present moment.

Lord Bryce addressed himself to this gigantic task in a protean spirit. First of all, he had to be an investigator. Not one who began with a preconceived and immovable notion, and sought for

proofs to substantiate it. Rather was he one with a mental *tabula rasa*, asking "with jesting Pilate"—if he was jesting and not ineffably sad—What is truth? Next he must be a recorder, to set down in orderly fashion, with painstaking accuracy and multitudinous detail, the facts which he had ascertained. And this he did with never-failing lucidity and with something of that charm which was attributed to his former colleague, William Ewart Gladstone, when it was said that he could make the statistics in a Budget speech as fascinating as a romance. Then, finally, he is an unsurpassed explicator, telling us not only the results of his researches but also in the most illuminating and convincing manner why these things are so, and what they mean.

There he halts. The case rests. He has presided over the grand inquest into the status of democracy. He has marshalled all the testimony and all the facts, pro and contra. He has elucidated the meaning of every fact, interpreted all the legal points involved, summed up for both sides, and charged the jury. But he renders no verdict and pronounces no sentence. Whatever may have been in his mind, and whatever those who know him well may read between the lines, he does not say in specific terms what the less thoughtful would have had him say, whether Democracy is a success or a failure, or which of all its varied forms is most auspicious and authentic.

At this, indeed, my own first thought was one half of surprise, half of regret, that he did not take that final step. But that was a thought in haste, before the larger logic of the grand argument appeared. For, as I have said, this work, with all its multitudinous technical details, is in the last analysis no mere review of the twentieth century democracies, but a study of man in his relation to the art and the philosophy of Government; and a demonstration of the familiar proposition of Sir William Jones, that "Men, high-minded men. . . . These constitute a State." The quality of Democracy varies, in times, in places, and among races; but that quality depends upon and is determined by the Demos far more than by the Kratia.

It is thus of the utmost propriety, the very culmination of the author's triumphant logic, to leave the conclusion of the whole matter to the judgment of the Demos. It is not for one to play

the autocrat, and to tell the democracies of the world whether they have succeeded or have failed, for that would be impugnment and denial of Democracy itself. The essence of Democracy requires that trial and judgment shall be by peers, and that therefore democracies shall be tried and judged by Democracy. It was for the author merely to reveal them to themselves, and then to leave them to the judgment of themselves.

I have referred, however, to reading between the lines. Of Lord Bryce's own convictions there can be no doubt. As Viscount amid the austere reserve of the Gilded Chamber he is no less a Liberal than when more than forty years ago he was Member for the radical Tower Hamlets. Nor is there doubt as to the overwhelming preponderance of indication in this unrivalled expository of the character, the methods and the conditions of the representative democracies of the world to-day. James Madison once said, in I know not what cynical, pessimistic or other unworthy and unprofitable frame of mind, that if every Athenian citizen were a Socrates, still every Athenian assembly would be a mob. Had that been true, Democracy would have been doomed from the beginning. Against that strange, false dictum these two noble volumes present an impressive protest. Athenian assemblies were not mobs, any more than, twenty centuries later, were their natural successors, the town meetings of New England; nor has the collective judgment of democracies usually or often approximated the mob-like standard.

Nor is that true in the direction of domestic affairs alone. In such matters we should naturally expect the people to realize their wants more justly than segregated sovereigns could, and to adopt the best means of supplying them. In the direction of foreign affairs, on the contrary, it would be pardonable to imagine that the judgment of the expert few might be preferable. Yet Lord Bryce points out more than one or two instances of commanding significance in which the popular view of international affairs and of foreign policies was wiser and truer than that of the chiefs of State; instances to which we should not have to go far afield in time or space to make a supremely notable addition.

The competence of democracies is an ancient thing; or at least faith in it is old, perhaps as old as human government itself. We

think of Plato as an early pioneer in Democracy, but the thing was old before Plato was born. A hundred years before his time, Otanes, in what must have seemed a world-crisis, was declaring that "A popular government bears the fairest name of all, equality of rights. The magistrate obtains his office by lot, and exercises it under responsibility, and refers all plans to the public. I therefore give my opinion that we should do away with monarchy and exalt the people, for in the many all things are found." In twenty-four and a half centuries we have not outgrown that notion. Nor have we, alas! entirely got away from the reproach which Megabyzus cast upon Democracy, when he retorted:

> Nothing is more foolish and insolent than a useless crowd; therefore it is on no account to be endured that men who are endeavoring to avoid the insolence of a tyrant should fall under the insolence of an unrestrained multitude. The former, when he does anything, does it knowingly, but the latter have not the means of knowing. For how should they know who have neither been taught nor are acquainted with anything good or fitting?

There was the prototype of the autocrats and "bosses" of to-day, who decry the competence of Democracy while they use it as their tool; the prototype, too, of those of whom it is related that they formally resolved: "First, that the saints shall inherit the earth; and second, that we are the saints." For with the supreme naïveté of the ages, Megabyzus added, after his diatribe against Democracy: "Let us, having chosen an association of the best men, commit the sovereign power to them; *for among them we ourselves shall be included!*"

Truly, it is not far from the *Thalia* of Herodotus to the *Modern Democracies* of Lord Bryce, with Plato and Rousseau and Jefferson and Tocqueville and an innumerable company dotting the space between. The attempt to identify Democracy with Ochlocracy is as old as Aristotle, while the faith that the voice of the people is the voice of God was ancient before Alcuin made of it an epigram. While therefore modern democracies are the most convenient and the most profitable for our studying, we must remember that Democracy itself is no modern thing, but is as old as the Demos itself. What impresses itself upon us with increasing clearness is the great fact eloquently expressed by our author's colleague Lord Morley—like himself, essentially Democrat and

only incidentally Peer—to the effect that not only the well-being of the many but also the chances of exceptional greatness, moral or intellectual, in the gifted few, are highest in a community where the average interest, curiosity, capacity, are all highest.

It is an outworn fallacy, discredited a thousand times by the annals of the nations, that Democracy is incompatible with intellectual preëminence, even with the supreme refinements of artistic culture and creative genius. The fact that Athens was a republic and Sparta was a kingdom is memorable and significant for all time. So while, as I have said, Democracy has been contemporary with humanity, it has been the rule of the ages, in spite of wanderings, fluctuations and exceptions, that Democracy has waxed with human progress and has waned with its retrogression. Then as the average of human culture is growing higher, Democracy is being confirmed. Let me employ an *argumentum ad patriam*. A generation ago, in considering the condition and prospects of the United States, Lord Bryce observed that many of the evils which Tocqueville had perceived two generations before, and had regarded as inherent and incurable, had all but vanished. To-day he testifies that there has been further great improvement since he first surveyed us and wrote his *American Commonwealth*. "I am astonished," he says, "at the change, and welcome it as auguring well for future progress."

It is in its reminder and indeed its detailed and convincing demonstration of this inseparable association of Democracy with human welfare that Lord Bryce's great work has its chief, its most vital and its most precious significance. It is in that, too, that all the protagonists of Democracy are most efficient, whether their voices are crying in the wilderness or in the marketplace. Doubtless the future of Democracy, as of civilization and of humanity, is veiled in uncertainty. But whatever happens, as our author declares in one of the most pregnant and inspiring passages that ever came from his pen, Popular Government will take its color from and will flourish or decline according to the moral and intellectual progress of mankind as a whole. For Democracy is based upon the expectation, or the assumption, of certain virtues in the people, and on its tendency to foster and to develop those virtues. "It assumes not merely intelligence, but

an intelligence elevated by honor, purified by sympathy, stimulalated by a sense of duty to the community."

Strangely enough, Lord Bryce, whose face has ever been turned toward the dayspring, for a moment seems almost to lose hope, when he estimates that the prospect of further progress toward the higher standards which the prophets of Democracy have deemed possible seems less promising now than at any time for a hundred years before the Great War. Presumptuous though it may appear to differ from his judgment, it seems to me that precisely the reverse is true. One of the supreme lessons of the Great War, if not the one supreme lesson, was the necessity, for the welfare of the race, of precisely that human progress which makes for the extension and the confirmation of Democracy. For in the last analysis it was a war of Autocracy against Democracy, in which Democracy won. And as Lord Bryce well says, any free people that has responded to the call of duty and come out of a terrible ordeal unshaken in courage, undimmed in vision, with its vital force still fresh and strong, need not fear to face the future.

That is precisely what has happened to modern democracies in and through and because of the Great War, and for that reason they are to-day facing the future with a more confident expectation of attaining higher standards than they had known in a hundred years before. Our modern democracies are but an integral part and parcel of the age-long and world-old democracies; modern only as the human race is modern, as civilization is modern, as religion is modern, as learning and the arts are modern. They have been developed as these have been developed, and they will endure as these endure. To doubt Democracy is to doubt humanity, and to doubt humanity is to doubt the integrity of the universe and the wisdom and benevolence of its Creator.

Willis Fletcher Johnson.

THE NEW MOVEMENT IN THE THEATRE

BY OLIVER M. SAYLER

In the theatre of our time there are forces at work which for want of a more concrete and definite term are usually designated by those who seek to control them as the New Movement. Although to many this nomenclature may seem hopelessly general and the concept which it seeks to express even more vague and inchoate, there is no escape from the recognition of impulses and aspirations which distinguish our stage from that of our fathers. The spirit of experiment which is abroad in the theatre may be partially a reflex of the general unrest of the age, but it has a genesis so far in the rear of the present day, and it has grown so rapidly through simultaneous development in all of the western countries, that it deserves consideration on its own merits.

The new movement in the theatre like all other impersonal drifts had its birth in a divine discontent with many of the conditions which the stage of the nineteenth century proposed to pass on to the twentieth, and a determination to vitalize and develop the isolated and groping efforts which had sprung from the experiments of Goethe and Wagner. It was dissatisfied with the plays which the dramatists were composing on traditional models; it was out of temper with the formal rut into which acting seemed to have relapsed; it was vexed above all with the cluttered and aimless stage settings which served neither the purpose of interpretative background for the plays nor the ends of intrinsic beauty. In sum, it was irritated by the complacent routine into which the entire process of the theatre had fallen. The leaders of the movement deplored the neglect of the fundamental motive of the theatre: to appeal vividly to the emotions of its audience.

To make the experience of attending the theatre more vivid, to restore the thrill, the terror, the exaltation, the ecstasy of sitting at a play—this, it seems to me, has been the guiding impulse of all those who have made dynamic use of their dissatisfaction

with the old theatre. To be able to discern in their instinctive urge and their concrete results a continuity which extends from Moscow to New York and from realist to symbolist is reasonable testimony to the existence of a legitimate trend and a sound psychological basis for it. If we can justify the interpretation of the new movement in the theatre as a composite of forces seeking to revivify our stage by heightening the emotional reactions, we shall have a thread running through diverse and contradictory phenomena which may resolve their apparent paradoxes.

Despite several desultory beginnings during the last century, the first clear-cut realization that the theatre had lost its emotional heritage and that it was time to attempt to restore it, came almost simultaneously, a little over two decades ago, to Gordon Craig in England, to Adolph Appia in Switzerland, and to Constantin Stanislavsky in Russia. These three men, working independently, perceived the existence of a problem of the theatre and set out, each in his own way, to solve it. The conditions against which they all protested had been the growth of years, the blind, unintentional incrustation of centuries upon the living body of the theatre. They proposed not to create a new art but to release an old one from its chains and permit it to develop freely under the impetus of its inherent nature. The art of the theatre should not return to the habiliments it wore in the time of Sophocles or of the Italian *commedia dell' arte*, or of Elizabethan England. That would be merely an archeological trick without significance for the emotional demands and opportunities of to-day. Instead, it should strip itself bare of its modern nondescript garments, look with respect and intelligence toward the past and then reclothe itself as its most eager and alert imagination might suggest.

Before Craig and Appia and Stanislavsky, the imaginative theatre was weakened by an aimless, inexpert comprehension of the fundamental laws of aesthetics. Simplicity, emphasis, balance, form, suggestion—none of these was sufficiently understood even by so great a master of his art as Irving, largely because Burne-Jones and Alma-Tadema, who designed his settings, were unable to think of the theatre in terms of a separate art. And the realistic theatre, likewise, stopped far short of conviction in

its effort to copy life. Reality and unreality often rubbed shoulders at the same time, in the same play. The output of the stages of the 'nineties and the remnants of those days which have persisted until now, were neither flesh nor fowl nor good red herring. To put an end to this futile impasse, and restore to the theatre its rightfully vivid command over the emotions, Craig set out to eliminate realism, to make the theatre more theatrical; Stanislavsky devoted himself and his instrument, the Moscow Art Theatre, to the cause of overcoming the foes of realism, of perfecting the illusion of reality; while Appia, concerned less with either of these extreme solutions, suggested the atmospheric use of light to fuse the jarring elements of the old theatre and provide a plastic background for the movements of the players. All three strove for a clarification of the emotional appeal of the theatre.

Craig's concern for reinstating the emotions in the theatre is implicit in nearly everything he has written in his books, *On the Art of the Theatre* and *The Theatre: Advancing*, and in his journals, *The Mask* and *The Marionette*. It is explicit in many notable passages, only two of which can be quoted here. "The duty of the Theatre (both as Art and as an Institution)," he writes in the foreword to the prospectus for his school, "is to awaken more calmness and more wisdom in mankind by the inspiration exhaling from its beauty. . . . Unimportant is it what subject the artist turns to—his pleasure is to illumine all that he touches so that it shall shine brightly." And in *The Theatre: Advancing*, with the backward glance toward the Greek stage which seeks inspiration rather than an antiquarian holiday, he writes:

> The audience went to the theatre, *not for diversion; not to forget, but tingling to remember*. To remember what? To remember *vitality*, and longing to hear a song about it; dying with impatience to see a play full of it; not with a hectic modern madness or the madness of pain, but with the madness of delight. . . . The Theatre is not a gloomy place, nor a side-splitting place; it is an exciting place, where each man, whether on the stage or in the seats, lends himself to contribute to the excitement—the excitement of Belief, not the excitement of Make-Believe; Reality, not Sham.

With these aims in mind, Craig in his latest book proposes two theatres to replace the present one: a Durable Theatre, devoted to the most universal dreams of the human imagination, housed

in the noblest structure hands can build, arrayed in precious vestments, and interpreted by a kind of priesthood of players who devote themselves to their art with ascetic zeal; and a Perishable Theatre, where improvisation and spontaneity rule, where the spirit is that of "go-as-you-please" as in the *commedia dell' arte*, and where the elegant, the exquisite and the grotesque chase each other across the scene in airy and light-fingered or intentionally awkward exuberance. Each of Craig's two theatres makes for unity and definiteness and intensity of emotional appeal. The belief he demands is the belief of honesty; the reality he seeks is the reality of recognizing everything as it is and of living up to the pretension. His Durable Theatre is intended to stir the profounder emotions as they have been stirred in times past by religious rites and by the drama which sprang therefrom. In its exalted reality it is something finer than sham. His Perishable Theatre sets its cap at the lighter, though not necessarily the inferior, emotions; it is the sublimation of the impromptu humors and graces and absurdities of the vaudeville and the circus. It, too, is finer than sham, for it is honest.

In contrast with Craig, Stanislavsky chose out of the chaos of the old theatre the very element which Craig discarded: its function of interpreting life by representation. His goal frankly was imitation, make-believe, sham, but a sham so convincing, so fortified with illusion that it would serve the ends of belief and reality. He would copy life so faithfully that he would create the impression that this *was* life which passed on his stage. The merely superficial representation of life, Stanislavsky discovered, would not suffice. Without the inner psychological truth, the outward aspects were dumb; and so through years of experiment, the Moscow Art Theatre finally perfected its process of spiritualized realism, of depicting both explicitly and implicitly the intangible and elusive as well as the obvious phases of life.

Unrest in the theatre, however, did not cease with these two widely divergent secessions nor with Appia's more particularized solution. The Russians themselves have been Stanislavsky's most relentless critics. Terminating his early association with the Moscow Art Theatre, Vsevolod Meyerhold took up a position at the utter pole from realism. He had become persuaded that

realism, no matter how thoroughly perfected, could not be made really emotionally convincing in the theatre. Why try, therefore? Why not admit that the theatre is a theatre, that it is all make-believe and pretense? There are other emotions and reactions than those which the realistic theatre seeks to arouse; very well, let us make our appeal to these emotions with the curtain removed and the house lights bright; let us change our scenery before the eyes of our audience; let us talk with them about our play and take them into our confidence. That is the line of Meyerhold's reasoning, a line which carries him near to Craig's Perishable Theatre, and links him with Max Reinhardt in Germany.

Still seeking homogeneity and keenness of emotional effect, but understanding the obstacles inherent both in representative realism and in the theatre as circus, the Kamerny, Russia's newest stage, has set for itself the task of combining the essential and workable elements of the methods of Stanislavsky and Meyerhold, a task which Reinhardt, too, has attempted in his later productions. In realism the Kamerny detects a neglect of the sense of form and of gesture, expedients which possess great dynamic value in their power over the emotions; in the theatre as circus, form and gesture seem to be cultivated at the expense of a warm, personal intimacy which realism alone has heretofore utilized in arousing the feelings of an audience. From both of these theories the Kamerny has tried to choose the vital elements which work upon the feelings and to fuse them in varying proportion according to the nature of each individual play.

One of those who has gone wholly outside the traditional theatre for his solution of the problem is also a Russian, Nikolai Yevreynoff, proponent of Monodrama. Deploring the diffusion of interest in the existing theatre like the rest, he has not been satisfied with reviving or reforming that theatre or with devising new means of interpreting old plays more eloquently. Yevreynoff objects primarily to the scattering of the emotional forces of the theatre which results when we extend our sympathy and our interest to one character after another in a play. He intends, therefore, to seize upon the normal and instinctive proclivity of the audience to identify itself with a succession of characters, limit that identification for the sake of emotional emphasis

to a single figure, which he calls the Ego, and present everything else which appears on the stage—the scenery, the other players, and even the leading figure himself—not as they are but as this leading figure perceives them. The Ego, therefore, becomes a prism through which everything passes on its way to the spectator, and it is conceivable that such a technique in the hands of a master might rouse intense emotional interest.

To the Germans rather than to the Russians went much of the early credit in this country for the new movement in the theatre. The prejudices of war and a broader international outlook, however, brought to light and to acceptance the contributions of Moscow and Petrograd at the expense of a temporary eclipse of German efforts. A calmer mind now should be ready to admit once more the services which the German stages have performed for the movement. The German theatre was better prepared, perhaps, than any save the Russian for the sympathetic recognition and nourishment of such a movement. From the time of Goethe and the Meiningen players in Germany, just as from the days of Pushkin and Gogol and Griboyedoff in Russia, the theatre has been generously supported as one of the arts. It was natural, therefore, that the publication of Appia's book, a direct outgrowth of the Wagnerian tradition, the visit of Gordon Craig to Germany in 1904, and the dramatic renascence in Russia, should make more articulate these latent influences and stir to greater activity such artists as Max Reinhardt and Georg Fuchs who, in Berlin and Munich, were already at work. The activities of the Munich school found expression in so-called stylization, the symbolic simplification of background and the use of rhythmic form to knit together the several scenes of a play and establish a unified emotional line, as well as in a reformation of theatre architecture reaching culmination in the Künstler Theatre. This latter aspect of the Munich group is typical of the mechanical preoccupation of the German movement, a phase which in the form of variously movable stages and lighting equipment it has carried farther than any other country, sometimes to the enhancement of the movement but often to its spiritual impoverishment.

The outstanding figure in the new movement in the German

theatre, after all, is Max Reinhardt. Around him has centred a storm of praise and incrimination. He has picked up many of his suggestions with an imitative hand, but he has put this borrowed material to practical and often original use, and in addition he has been the pioneer with his theory of the Theatre of the Five Thousand, with his productions of *Œdipus* and *The Miracle* on a vast circus-like scale, and with his attempts by this and other means to bring players and audience into more intimate co-relationship. Since the Armistice, Reinhardt's most radical outposts have been surpassed by a younger group of more positive purposes, the "Expressionists." This group has caught up the symbolic motive of the Post-Impressionists, the Cubists and the Futurists, distilling and intensifying it and making it subjective to the point where the emotional reaction of the spectator is akin to madness.

Considering the confusion among creative artists over the proper path to a new theatre, it is not surprising that the public mind has exercised an indiscriminating choice among opposing forces. Thanks to promiscuous and vaguely defined standards, the Diaghileff Ballet Russe, in its entirety, has been widely admitted to a prominent place in the movement, although it belongs there by virtue of two distinct contributions to a more vividly emotional theatre, which stand out from the general body of its work: the fusing of all the elements of pantomime, dance, music, and setting, into a unified whole in the ballets of Stravinsky and the brilliant and exotic costumes and settings of Bakst, Benois, Golovin, Roerich, and other artists. The latter contribution, oftener than not, has been so startling as to throw the finished production out of that balanced proportion which the new movement has sought primarily to attain. Nor has the Russian Ballet been alone in this one-sided development, for wherever the scenic background has been so surprising as to draw attention to itself, its intrinsically emotional values have been a detriment rather than an advantage to the theatre.

It is significant of the present poverty of the French, the Italian and the English theatres that Copeau, the foremost artist of the French theatre, a man of eclectic rather than of creative faculties, has made the single original contribution to the new movement

of an extremely simplified stage whereon the actors' efforts could be emphasized; that the Italians have disclosed only a sporadic gift in the futurist, Marinetti; and that the English are represented only by the exploits of Granville Barker as a producer in imitation of Craig by second remove through Reinhardt. The futility of the contemporary English desire to restore to the theatre its emotional rights seems to be typified by the spiritistic dramas of Sir James M. Barrie.

America, on the other hand, is rife with experiments leading toward a more vividly emotional theatre. Results are finally appearing from the leaven introduced by Craig's writings, by rumors from Moscow, by the fleeting glimpses of Reinhardt's *Sumurûn*, by the return of observant travellers like Robert Edmond Jones, Sam Hume, Kenneth Macgowan, and Hiram K. Moderwell, by Sheldon Cheney's intuitive interpretation of men and methods from afar, by the chronicles of the Boston *Transcript* under H. T. Parker, and the *Theatre Arts Magazine*, and by the advent of Maurice Browne and Joseph Urban to work among us. A movement foreign in its sources and its inspiration is in process of becoming thoroughly and honestly American. Its imitative period is passing with the development of original native ideas, with the increasing assurance of hands apprenticed abroad, with the growing freedom and expanding numbers of independent groups like The Theatre Guild and The Provincetown Players in New York, and with the tolerance which the commercial theatre is beginning to extend to new ideas.

So far as the new movement in the American theatre has been intelligently conscious of its aims, it has found expression almost wholly in the work of its scenic artists. The designers have progressed more rapidly than the writers and actors and producers of plays. Unless these other partners in the problem awake to their opportunities and responsibilities, unless they provide the designers with something to challenge their impatient powers, another instance may be added to the long record of artistic miscarriages due to the failure of all the necessary component elements to appear at the same time. It will not do for the scenic artists to rest on their oars and wait for the others to catch up with them, for their gifts would then be atrophied. Either they

will have to stimulate their co-workers with some of their own enthusiasm or they will have to learn the other crafts of the theatre and perform the whole task themselves.

There is evidence to-day that both of these processes are under way. Already, we have a producer in the heart of Broadway, Arthur Hopkins, who is facing the problem of making the theatre more dynamic, not in a weakly imitative way, but with the stubborn belief that we can contrive our own solution. The last two seasons, too, have revealed a playwright in Eugene O'Neill who comprehends the function of feeling in the theatre but ties himself to no single limited channel for serving that function; imaginative drama, such as *The Emperor Jones*, is as spontaneous with him as the stark realism of *Diff'rent*.

American designers, though, are not waiting for new plays to be written and new theories of production to be devised or revived from the past. Side by side with his labors as designer for Arthur Hopkins' revivals of *Richard III* and *Macbeth*, Robert Edmond Jones has been applying a keen and original imagination to the task of foreseeing what the theatre of the future may be like. That theatre, he thinks, may disclose a poet who expresses himself not necessarily in words, but by those media which give a sense of significant form: color and light; detached, evocative words; the beginnings of gesture; masks; less of character drawing and more of the embodiment of abstract passions; characters depicted as larger than life—not *über*-marionettes nor supermen, but groups of men, viewed as from an aeroplane, forgetting themselves as individuals with everyone lost in a common pursuit; and scenic setting not like a picture but resembling rather a picture puzzle with the essential elements withheld until the meaning of the play is disclosed as a whole. Such a play in such a theatre, he believes, might consist of a few hundred scattered words and page on page of stage directions. In all this, Jones is struggling to formulate a theatre which will leave the utmost possible to the imagination of the spectator.

Norman-Bel Geddes, another designer who has carried the principle of significant form to eloquent realization on both the operatic and dramatic stages, is likewise reaching out through metaphysical channels to a theatre which will have deeper, more

compelling emotional power. Geddes believes that even those playwrights who have achieved intense command over the feelings by what seems to be the most concentrated economy of means, have missed a large share of their opportunity by failing to take cognizance of the great impersonal forces which control human life. He would dramatize these forces, therefore—such a force, for example, as that which manifests itself at one time as love and at another as hate. If he embodied them in form or aspect visible or tangible to the audience, he would disclose them as affecting more or less powerfully the individuals in a given scene according as they approached near to those individuals or receded from them. In any case, whether they were embodied or not, he would have the playwright work with them in mind to the end that his play would gain astonishingly in relentlessness, intensity and emotional tenacity.

Another of the designers of the younger generation, Herman Rosse, an architect by training, would remake the stage and auditorium of the theatre in various ways in order to conform to the divergent demands of the several forms of drama which the new movement has developed or suggested. Rosse is deeply interested, as well, in the possibilities of moving scenery—either actually moving or giving that effect by projected light—for the sake of a background which will flow in plastic line with the course of the dramatic action and unify the performance. There are other forces, other personalities, contributing to the new movement in the American theatre, such as the revival of the use of the mask by Rosse and Jones and W. T. Benda; and the dramatization of an entire community which Percy MacKaye has attempted in his civic masques.

There is hardly a phase of the new movement in the theatre which is not beset with obstacles to its effective realization. In some cases the difficulty seems to be inherent in the proposal or in the psychological equipment of the normal human audience; in others it seems to arise from the imperfection of the mechanical and spiritual means at hand, a difficulty which may conceivably disappear with the improvement of the one and the exaltation of the other. Realism as a method of artistic expression, even when utilized with the patience and thoroughness and insight of Stanis-

lavsky, appears to have ingrained in it a double defect; the inevitable element of approximation and the lack of symbolic gesture and rhythm amounting to an unavoidable loss of significant form. In general, too, it must be obvious that whenever the thought of mechanism obtrudes, then the expedient becomes a mere trick and defeats its purpose. The arbitrary and unrealistic use of light, for instance, especially the rapid change from one color to another, such as Maurice Browne and some of the Russians are accustomed to utilize, must have almost superhumanly expert control to avoid this pitfall. Another impediment to effective emotional control appears when symbolic methods are pushed so far along arbitrary lines that a key is necessary to avoid confusion.

The most discouraging obstacle thus far encountered, though, is the lack of coöperation on the part of contemporary playwrights. The newer developments in dramatic theory and practice, it would seem, should serve as a challenge to the dramatic author. With the exception perhaps of Tchekoff and Gorky, who did their best work under the stimulus of Stanislavsky and the Moscow Art Theatre, the new movement has had slight assistance from the writers of plays; and the proponents of theory, the builders of theatres, the producers of plays, and the designers of settings and costumes have been thrown back on the revival of works out of the past. Until the playwright of to-day composes drama intended especially to be interpreted by these allied forces, the movement cannot attain its complete fulfillment.

As a result of these obstacles which extreme theories seem to carry with them, the future course of the new movement in the theatre is likely to be eclectic, fusing into a form of compromise the most valuable elements of conflicting theories and thereby cancelling their weaknesses. The success of opposing methods, however, is only to be expected in the light of the wide divergence in human sympathies and preferences; but where individual theories and methods remain, they will do so because they have proved to be effective in stirring the human emotions.

Oliver M. Sayler.

CARDINAL GIBBONS: CITIZEN

BY ALLEN SINCLAIR WILL

Author of the *Life of Cardinal Gibbons*

THE judgment passed by his fellow countrymen upon the citizenship of Cardinal Gibbons was crystallized in the public comments at the time of his death, but these comments were only a reinforced expression of a national verdict that had been firmly fixed for a third of a century.

Such doubts of Cardinal Gibbons's civic rating in the nation as had been engendered by prejudice concerning religion had long been negligible in extent. While Cardinal O'Connell eulogized him at his death as "America's first and finest citizen," Bishop Murray, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Maryland, which is nearly coextensive with the Catholic archdiocese of Baltimore, went even further by expressing the conviction that "certainly no contemporary has contributed quite so much to the history of American life in all its departments" as this "true patriot." Rabbi Schulman extolled his virtues and eminent services as having "endeared him to the American heart." In the view of President Harding, who as a United States Senator had known the Cardinal personally, "he was the very finest type of citizen and churchman."

Clearly it was the quality of Cardinal Gibbons's citizenship rather than any direct result in legislation that he has left as a national heritage. Indeed, his participation in public affairs might have been wholly lacking in specific accomplishment without affecting either the general nature of the public reaction to it or the extent of that reaction. The mind of the nation was less disposed to dwell upon what he did in his capacity as a churchman, or outside that capacity, than upon the fact that he did not mingle the two relations, but rendered "to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." It was not so much concerned because he was on the popular side

of any question (for instance, in regard to his warnings against Socialism and Bolshevism) or the losing side (as in his opposition to the woman suffrage and prohibition amendments) as with the consideration that he had the courage to declare his views freely and without rancor whenever he saw the necessity of doing so. It came to be unquestioned that partisansh p did not enter at all into his conduct as a citizen, and that expediency could neither subdue nor intensify the voice of the preacher who sought to sway only by the force of truth and reason.

The public seemed always ready to turn from the highly seasoned diet of political controversy with which it was regaled by party aspirants or men in public office to the solid and substantial mental food which the patriot-prelate placed before it. The general sanity of his political and social thinking caused the deepest part of the impression. In a country where public opinion is, to a great extent, the real ruler, that sanity was welcomed like a draught from a pure spring upon the lips of a thirsty traveler. The whole nation seemed to accept him as its favorite adviser.

What, then, was the foundation upon which the Cardinal built his own type of citizenship that appeared to be so distinctive? Was there anything in it unattainable by the ordinary man who may wish to emulate him in this respect? Was it in part due to his position in life, to superior mental gifts, or in any other way to exceptional opportunities? On the other hand, did he set an example which, in its essentials, may be followed by all, and which, therefore, all may find profit in analyzing and applying in their own lives? Upon the answers to these questions depends the permanence of the civic legacy he has left.

In the first place, it may be observed that the citizenship of Cardinal Gibbons was a by-product, just as citizenship ought to be and must be in the case of the great majority. He held no position except that of an Archbishop and Cardinal, with related Church functions, and might have avoided all unofficial civic responsibility—the only kind which it was possible for him to exercise—without his course being considered in the least degree unusual. There was easily open to him a viewpoint like that of the busy merchant, the highly engrossed lawyer, or the over-

worked artisan who "has no time" for participation in public affairs beyond, perhaps, casting an occasional vote. He might have assumed the aloofness of some moralists who do not wish to "soil their hands" with such things. Besides, there was the ever present custom of many churchmen of all creeds, who avoid the civic relation either because they feel that it is not a part of their spiritual mission or that their motives may be misunderstood.

No such consideration entered the mind of Cardinal Gibbons. He could not be in the world and not of it, in the best sense. In the institutions of his country he saw not merely a material structure providing for material needs. To him the American system was a manifestation of the working of Divine Providence for the welfare of men. The nation of which he was a member was in his view a providential nation, raised to diffuse the blessings of liberty not only for itself, but as an example to all the world. That any effort by him should be spared to keep it true to the exalted mission which he believed it to possess would have appeared to him unthinkable.

Thus when other churchmen, Catholic or non-Catholic, sometimes refused to take part in public movements in his own community of Baltimore, the Cardinal lent a ready ear to pleas for his potent coöperation in them. He came to be the greatest civic asset that the city possessed. Conspicuously loyal as he was to his city and his State, however, he was at heart an American nationalist, and was always reaching out to that view which would embrace all who dwelt under the flag.

A characteristic of his citizenship, which had its root in his nationalism, was that, as his closest associates have abundantly borne witness, he seemed incapable of thinking in terms of class. In his view the very essence of the republic was cheerful acquiescence in the majority verdict for the common good, and the casting of the ballot on the broad consideration of the general well-being rather than the special interest of the individual. His writings and other public expressions show that he abhorred the thought of groups of foreign-born citizens clinging together on the basis of previous nationality. Many years back, when the drift of world opinion was strongly set against the labor unions, he was

the foremost champion in the Catholic Church of their essential rights, before the Encyclical on Labor of Leo XIII gave permanent recognition to those rights. But the labor vote was no less repugnant to him than any other vote that fell short of the conception that the highest good of all was the best protection of the individual.

For his Church he asked no favors, being content with the equal rights respecting religion guaranteed to all under the Constitution which, he was always ready to maintain, amounted in reality to powerful protection. He was uttering one of the supreme tenets of his life when he declared only a short time before his death that religious intolerance was the greatest of all dangers in this country, where, if it were allowed to fester, it would poison the whole body politic. In his opinion, "union of Church and State often meant interference, and American liberty meant the opportunity to win men to the faith free from the vexation of human complications."

The only occasion, as far as I can recall, when he ever intervened in a public question in which the interests of the Catholic Church were involved was in regard to the settlement of the friar lands question in the Philippines, upon which the pacification of the Islands depended after the Spanish War. He was extremely reluctant to take any steps in that matter, and did not do so until the Government at Washington seemed to have used its last resource in unsuccessful efforts to bring about a solution. Then, without expressing any view or wish of his own, he obtained a statement of the Government's own terms, and by means of his powerful help, the settlement was reached on precisely that basis. For this, as well as other services which did not concern the Church, he received the gratitude of the White House.

Another example which the Cardinal set was the value which he placed upon the franchise of the individual and the regularity with which he exercised it. He considered that one of his main duties in each year was to cast his ballot, and only physical inability could prevent him from doing so. Failing to register on the poll-books was a dereliction of which he seemed to be incapable.

He fortified himself for the duties of citizenship by thorough study of our Constitution and history. Early in life he took

pains to familiarize himself with the origin and nature of American institutions, and throughout his long career he continued to add to his store of knowledge on those subjects. American history was his favorite secular reading and Washington was his favorite secular character, with Franklin, perhaps, next in his estimation. He loved to dwell upon the links between those two men and John Carroll, first Archbishop of Baltimore, who organized the Catholic Church in the new Republic in harmony with American institutions and, at an earlier stage, had accompanied Franklin to Canada on the mission of attempting to win the people of that region to the cause of the thirteen colonies in the Revolution. Even in his last illness the Cardinal, while confined to his bed, had von Holst's bulky history of our country read to him.

Extreme methods in the prohibition crusade were repellent to him, for, while he had been a worker for temperance from his youth up, he saw a general danger to national standards in putting unenforceable laws on the statute books. He was never disposed to close his eyes to "our shortcomings as a nation," as he said in Rome in a speech in which he gave one of the best defenses of American institutions that he ever uttered.

Next to a possible rise of religious intolerance, Cardinal Gibbons seemed to fear most the introduction of harmful foreign influences in America through the wave of immigration. In the great battle against "Cahenslyism" which he led in the last decade of the century just passed he obtained ecclesiastical decisions which, in effect, placed the Catholic Church in the position of an active force for the Americanization of foreigners who come here. This victory, perhaps, gave him greater satisfaction than any other which he obtained in his life of intensity and struggle. In a dramatic sermon which he preached in Milwaukee at the climax of the agitation on this question, he spoke words which remain as a monument of his aspirations. "'God and our country!' this be our watchword," he exclaimed, "next to love of God, should be love of country. . . . It matters not whether this is the land of our birth or our adoption. It is the land of our destiny."

ALLEN SINCLAIR WILL.

INDUSTRIAL CONSOLIDATION

BY CHARLES R. FLINT

A TRADES Union is a combination of labor.

A University is a combination of intelligence.

A Bank is a combination of capital.

An Industrial Consolidation is a combination of labor, intelligence, and capital.

The mere combination of these factors, however, is not enough —it must function through the most complete coöperation of work, brains and money for the highest efficiency.

There was a time when capitalization and finance were regarded as the all important factors, and when it was thought that if only enough units were combined, the consolidation would be successful. This conception, to a very large extent, still prevails—so much so indeed that often the most important advantages of consolidation are lost sight of. The industrial consolidation which endures must be organized to do things on a more comprehensive scale, and better, than ever before—in short, must be managed by intelligence of the first order in full coöperation with labor and capital.

Industrial consolidations, however, have been greatly hampered by unwise legislation advocated by those who either sought political advantage through currying popular favor or by those who, through inexperience, regarded consolidations as potentialities for evil; but the irresistible force of world affairs has opened up new points of view.

Chief among these is an increasing appreciation of the importance of the engineering and research phases of industry, and an almost unanimous sentiment for coöperation as against wasteful and destructive competition. Not only are our business men adapting themselves to the new conditions, but also the public mind is awake to the necessity of these new factors—a most important accomplishment in view of the fact that

for years we have had great business opportunities but have lacked both public and governmental encouragement for their development.

The President and his advisers are now infusing the new spirit into their plans for freeing American business from all unnecessary artificial restraints, thus making full and general use of the principles and practice of coöperation. The Secretary of Commerce has long been the foremost exponent of the coöperative and engineering points of views which it is reasonable to expect will now predominate in our Government's attitude toward business, supported and sustained, as seems probable, by a better informed and more appreciative public. We cannot take the fullest advantage of these larger opportunities without industrial consolidation.

What, precisely, have been the demonstrated advantages of industrial consolidation? The consolidation principle for many years has undergone severe tests which have proved its worth. So far as pecuniary profit goes the results are well known. Industrial dividends during the past five years have amounted to over $2,500,000,000 and investments in manufacturing have increased during the past twenty years from $9,000,000,000 to over $25,000,000,000.

The reasons behind the almost complete record of success of wisely organized and ably managed consolidations are not far to seek.

Most important of these reasons is that, through industrial consolidation, high-speed-automatic-machine- and low-cost-quantity-production are attainable up to the point of highest evolution—the continuous *manufacture of one standardized product.*

Because of the magnitude of their affairs, industrial consolidations are able to offer in salaries and in a percentage of net profits generally over and above a previous maximum, a sufficient inducement to secure men of the first order of ability—men who are not tempted by a fixed salary, but by the incentive of making a record and profiting by it.

The consolidated corporation sub-divides its business so that at the head of each of its various departments is a man who, through long experience and concentration, operates at the

highest efficiency. Furthermore, industrial consolidations are able not only to secure the best men as executives, administrators and employees, but also to retain men of the highest standing in the consultative professions,—lawyers, engineers, architects, chemists and other advisers and technicians. Thus better service is assured with less overhead cost than the aggregate amount which was paid to men of lesser capacity by the various constituent companies.

The consolidation not only adopts the best methods to be found in any of its various plants, but improves them through continual experimentation by the ablest experts.

It reduces stocks of merchandise, thereby saving interest, and carrying charges and minimizing loss from depreciation.

It centralizes sales and advertising, and eliminates duplicate trade catalogues.

It centralizes purchases, and secures important benefits through quantity and time contracts.

It greatly reduces the volume of fixed and circulating capital per unit of output.

It retains lawyers and experts of experience and demonstrated ability for patent and trade-mark protection. By consolidation, inventive genius is less hampered by conflicting patents and expensive litigation is largely eliminated.

It locates factories with relation to labor, raw material and markets.

Throughout the country are many examples of raw materials and fuel being hauled hundreds of miles to a factory, and the finished product carried hundreds of miles back to centres of consumption. Many of these locations have become obsolete from changed conditions, often relics of ancient happenings. The whim of a poor Welsh shoemaker in colonial days fixed Lynn as a great shoe manufacturing centre. A German's skill in knitting for his neighbors in the Pennsylvania German colony centred the stocking industry of America in Philadelphia. The cotton industries have been relocating in the South, nearer to raw material and cheap labor; the shoe industry is relocating in the West, nearer to skins, hides and large consumption.

The best arguments for industrial consolidation are the industrial consolidations themselves.

One which illustrates in marked degree the development of the possibilities of consolidation is the Standard Oil Company. Its executive committee met daily, availed itself of comparative accounting and comparative administration, and placed at the head of each department one of its ablest men who was held responsible for a hundred per cent efficiency. The organizer, who became the largest single shareholder, believed in "team work" and that each member of the executive committee should be an important shareholder.

Its executives did not go to sleep behind the tariff wall of protection; but confident in their strength through consolidation, they boldly entered the contest for the world's markets in competition with the cheap labor and great natural resources of foreign lands. By utilizing and developing the possibilities of consolidation, they not only reduced the prices of their products in the domestic market to an average of 40% below what consumers had been paying to individual concerns, but when the United States was a debtor nation, the exports of Standard Oil products were so large that when J. Pierpont Morgan in 1893 asked for $50,000,000 in gold to replenish our Government's $100,000,000 gold reserve, this pioneer industrial consolidation by the export of its products that year, contributed over $30,000,000 in gold equivalent towards maintaining America's credit.

Among the less well known examples of industrial consolidations and their significant benefits may be cited the Oil Cloth Consolidation. Until this consolidation was effected, oil cloth as a commodity was "a football in the market place." Its quality was low because of the fierce competition on price alone; the distributers and consumers respected neither the goods nor its makers; the conditions were chaotic, consumption low, profits nil and the field unattractive. Consolidation of this industry radically changed the situation for the better in three years. The consumer now is getting dependable quality, the distributers a fixed rate of profit, and the makers have a business which is stable and profitable. Many other lines of trade now in a

position of chaos and impending disaster would benefit from the same treatment.

The consolidation which is the largest known to economic history, the United States Steel Corporation, is another example of the advantages of a wisely organized and ably managed consolidation.

Its prices have consistently held to stable levels, yet its profits have been steadier and larger than those of the individual companies.

All well-managed industrial consolidations utilize the advantages of a central traffic control which eliminates duplicate routes in the transportation of products, sold and received, but the Steel Company went still further and made a great reduction in unnecessary transportation by plant relocation.

One of the first results of its formation was the projection of a new city, scientifically located—Gary, Indiana. Here, at a point precisely engineered between cheap, water-transported ore and fuel, and the centre of distribution of the finished products, great modern mills, homes, churches, schools, etc. were erected upon what had been desert sand dunes.

Such a plan for efficiency could not have been carried out on such a scale except by a gigantic industrial consolidation.

A vivid insight into the relative efficiency of an industrial consolidation and the smaller and less able manufacturer is afforded by the investigations of the Tariff Commission under President Taft, in an effort to ascertain "the differences of cost in production between here and abroad." It developed that in the United States the consolidated manufacturers had, as a rule, conspicuously low costs, while the unconsolidated, isolated manufacturers had relatively high costs.

As a test of the permanency of the advantages of industrial consolidation it may be asked, how have the industrials fared in times of financial stress? The answer is conclusive. The blackest period for American business since industrial consolidations have been in existence began in 1893. In those hard years the sugar, rubber, tobacco, oil, lead, electric and match consolidations weathered storms which brought their un-consolidated competitors to the verge of ruin.

Moreover, we all recall that during the World War the highly developed manufacturing facilities and organizations of our industrial consolidations made up in very large measure for our lamentable lack of preparedness for entry into the War.

The industrial consolidation is a modern illustration of the fable of the bundle of sticks which, though breakable separately, gain great strength, out of all apparent proportion to their number, when combined.

We are now brought to a consideration of the great and significant new trend in American business which, to all constructive students of industry, presents a rich vista of possibilities for business development and extension which are not now viewed in the same narrow light by business men as perhaps they were before the day of Roosevelt and his quickening of the business conscience. To-day they are viewed (1) as profit possibilities, (2) as labor welfare possibilities and (3) as public service possibilities—all three being the net results of coöperative and scientific developments in industry.

A keen sense of public and fiduciary responsibility has been developed not only on the part of large corporation executives, but—which is more important—among shareholders, whose servants, after all, the corporation executives are. This is largely due to the fact that the public has become an industrial shareholder to a very extensive and rapidly increasing degree.

For instance, five industrial consolidations, the United States Steel Corporation, the Standard Oil Company, the United States Rubber Company, the American Woolen Company and the Computing-Tabulating-Recording Company together have over 200,000 shareholders. This public participation in ownership—which is industrial profit-sharing in every sense of the word—has been made possible through industrial consolidations, which, instead of operating for the private profit of a few, as did old-fashioned business, now operates for the profit of many shareholders who are sometimes more numerous than the customers to whom they sell. It is estimated that over 300,000 employees are financially interested in the industrial consolidations in which they work.

The shareholders in the Standard Oil Company and affiliated companies have received cash dividends of $1,585,000,000, and

the market value of its shares has increased from about $56,000,000 to over $2,100,000,000.

The shares of the United States Rubber Company, the American Tobacco Company, and other notable consolidations have paid to the investing public large dividends and their shares have doubled in value.

The 185,000 investors in shares of the United States Steel Corporation have received in cash dividends over $1,000,000,000 and its common shares since 1903 have increased in market value over $350,000,000.

But there are more serious reasons for industrial consolidations than these which we have been considering.

The United States has its industrial future to defend.

We must meet the competition of the cheap labor countries, cheaper now than ever before because of wages being paid in depreciated currency. We must in some way make up for the great difference between the low wages of these countries and the high wages paid in America. That difference cannot now be made up by a protective tariff, although a sufficient degree of tariff protection should be maintained.

Conditions have changed. A tariff bill framed without taking into consideration the fact that high duties, unwisely levied, increase the high cost of living and interfere with the free operation of the law of supply and demand, would defeat the very purpose for which it was intended.

This was forecast years ago by Senator William M. Evarts, then sage of the Republican party, at a private dinner on the eve of Ambassador Coolidge's departure for France. The Senator reviewed our changing economic conditions and said to us that we were destined to become the greatest exporting nation of the world. Reciprocity, which had been advocated to relieve trade congestion, he regarded as the highest evolution of protection, and warned his fellow Republicans against carrying the protective policy so far as to lead to a war of tariffs.

We have standards of living higher than anywhere else on the globe in compulsory competition with the cheap labor and consequent low standards of living of the rest of the world. More than that, we are handicapped by the close and intimate coöpera-

tion of foreign Governments with their business enterprises; combinations of government and capital to a degree yet unpracticed here.

Since tariffs alone cannot solve the problem, we must meet such foreign competition in greater degree than ever *by lower unit costs through industrial consolidation, industrial relocation and standardization.*

Labor is coming to a realization that production per man must be increased; that mediocrity, slacking and shirking must not be tolerated if our high standards of living are to be maintained.

It is logical to assume that the trials of strength now immediately before us and to come later on in the shock of impact with desperate foreign competition will best be met by an extensive re-engineering and consolidation of American industries. Every person in this country—wage-earner, farmer, manufacturer, consumer, merchant, or banker, is anxious to know whether superior organization, the greater efficiency of labor and superior man-power attainable through the evolution and larger use of labor-saving devices will be sufficient, with the assistance of a logical protective tariff, to maintain the well-being of the American people. It certainly will not be if the industrial leaders of Europe are to be left free to adopt the best methods of organization while Americans of constructive ability and enterprise are to be handicapped as in the past by unnecessary legal uncertainties, unwise legislative attempts at regulation and blind antagonisms.

CHARLES R. FLINT.

OF A BEAUTIFUL POEM

(Three Voices)

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

I

Lifeblood and spirit-fire
  Went to its making:
Surely the maker found
  (His for the taking)
All a kind world could show
  Of gracious living,
And happy stars could give,
  Lavishly giving—
Honor and easefulness,
  Wealth to buy leisure,
Beauty of man's device,
  Nature's high pleasure,
White moons to glorify
  Times of far roaming,
Orchards in bloom to make
  Sweet the home-coming.

II

Lifeblood and spirit-fire
  Went to its making:
Surely the maker found
  Naught for free taking.
It was a warring soul
  Flamed in such fashion,
Not from a heart at ease
  Bled this pure passion.
Honor he served the while
  Loud tongues decried him,
Beauty the more because
  Much was denied him;

Pain in the darkness laid
  Paths for his roaming,
Thorn-branch and rue were cut
  For his home-coming.

III

Lifeblood and spirit-fire
  Went to its making:
Who knows what planet ruled
  At its awaking?
Plenty may starve a soul,
  Dearth feed another,
Joy bring to one the gift
  Grief gives his brother;
One finds a Calvary
  In Eden-places,
One builds all beauty from
  Beauty's faint traces. . . .
Weal-star or bale-star may
  Pilot the roaming,
Yet will a singer's heart
  Sing at home-coming.

THEOCRITUS

BY MARY-LAPSLEY CAUGHEY

δ' ου πολέμους, δ' ου δάκρυα

Not of war, nor of tears did he build his song,
For the hills and the fields and the shepherd throng
Are caught in his delicate net of words,
With the dread wood-nymphs and the grey sea birds.
Daphnis, he sang. "Daphnis is dying now.
Ye violets bear thorns, ye cattle bow
Your heads and weep for Daphnis." And he sang
Of Polyphemus till the meadows rang.
Of Aeschines he sang; then bowed his head
And sang of Amaryllis loved, yet dead.
Then in a gladdened tone he told the tales
Of goatherds' loves in still Sicilian vales.
There the cicada with a noisy note
Chirped in the pine tree while the poet wrote.
Within his verse he caught the hum of bees
That haunt the flowers underneath those trees.

THE TEST OF THE SYMPOSIUM

BY GEORGE BOAS

"AFTER all," said Jackson, cracking an almond in his fingers and throwing the shells into the fire, "after all, what makes a man really great is whether he could have held his own in the *Symposium.* When you consider the type of men Plato gathered together for conversation with Socrates, you realize that they were of a level far above that of our contemporaries. Is there a man living to-day who could have taken part in that entertainment?"

The Young Logician, who was lying stretched out on the couch wrapped in a Navajo blanket, was about to answer when Jonas walked to the piano, which had been calling to him all evening, and began to play the first prelude and fugue in the *Well Tempered Clavichord.*

At that the Young Logician kept his peace. He knew that he must do Jonas the honor of listening in silence and he knew that, even if Jonas should accept his interruption, he would never forgive what he had to say about the prelude.

But to his surprise, Jonas cut his playing short and moved with his peculiar glide to the wood-box behind the screen, where he concealed his stove, his fuel, and his food.

"I hate that prelude," he said with more sadness than venom. He laid a redwood slat on the fire. "I know it is beautiful, but I hate it all the same. It has been spoiled for me by that wretched Gounod *Ave Maria* which has been tacked on to it. Every time I play it I seem to hear some fat soprano wailing that melody, or some bawling tenor, or the youngest Russian violinist, whose technique is superb and whose taste is vile, fiddling it."

"I know what you mean," said Jackson, "to have put that melody upon that prelude is like putting a Bernini statue upon the Parthenon. But, my dear fellow, it is characteristic of our civilization, which will never learn the right thing in the right place."

"Nonsense," said the Young Logician, twisting about on his couch, "all civilizations are the same. They are all bad."

"In Greece—" started Jackson.

"In Greece they were as vulgar and as cheap as in Los Angeles. By Greece you mean Athens and by Athens you mean those thirty years under Pericles from 460 to 430, when, I grant you, more was done than was ever done before or since."

"I am willing to admit," replied Jackson, "that we are all mistaken about Greece. We see it as a lovely pastoral country where lovely youths in fresh linen costumes talked to lovely seers in long flowing robes. In that country conversation is supposed to have moved with the meticulous rhythms of Walter Pater. None of the vulgar functions of life were ever carried on. People arose in the morning all cool and fresh; they did not yawn and rub their eyes. The colors of their garments and their pictures were in delicate pastel tints, too delicate to be appreciated by the mob. It was a soft twilight country. There was much stately dancing with gestures of a noble width like those in the *Comédie Française.* I admit that we forget the obscenities of the vase paintings, which would give a lover of pale Greece a fit. We forget the figures of the old pediment groups on the Acropolis. There is one head with brick red flesh, with blue beard, hair, and moustaches, with green irises in his eyes, and black eyebrows and pupils. We forget Aristophanes, or, reading him in a Bohn translation, we ought to forget him. We forget how provincial the place was, inhospitable to new ideas. The instinct of the herd was nowhere stronger. Men were put to death for wounding it. Charges were trumped up against their greatest sculptor to get rid of him. Their philosophers were hounded into prison or exile. Every reflective genius they had, hated them. Xenophanes, Heracleitus, Plato—read what they had to say about the fair Greeks. They were slaves of their politicians, who lead them a merry and by no means Greek dance in any direction they chose."

"And yet," put in Jonas, "they had one virtue at least, they were not Hellenists."

"That," said Jackson eagerly, "is why I say that a fair test of a man's greatness is whether he could have held his own in the *Symposium* or not."

"No Roman would have fitted there," said Jonas, "unless maybe Horace and perhaps Ovid."

"Horace I grant you," answered Jackson, "but never Ovid. He had no real intelligence. He had no serenity. Can you imagine the author of the *Ars Amatoria* being seriously treated in a conversation about love? There is no wit in Ovid. There is a delightful elegance, but nothing else. Even Horace is a doubtful case. The Horace of the Odes might have fitted in, but not—no, Horace is a doubtful case. Lucretius might have done, but Lucretius was after all a reformer. He would not have been a good conversationalist. If Lucretius was the kind of man his Sage was, then he might come in. But if he was the sort of person who wanted to be wise and could only write about it, I say no. We have suffered from time immemorial from people like that. His poem is a wonder, of course; we who read Latin so badly know that instinctively. But he was a dreadfully gloomy creature."

There was a moment's silence, and as a eucalyptus tree dragged its heavy nuts across the shingled roof, the Young Logician recalled the Epicurean's picture of the primordial snowfall of atoms through endless space. From their accidental confluence was made the world.

"The material for perfect enlightenment was there, all right," he said. "Lucretius saw the significance of the haphazard. He was ready to take part in any conversation."

"But Lucretius, who is of course unknown to us except in legend,—and I imagine that the legend depicts him about as accurately as it does Sylvester II,—Lucretius does not show that real sense of humor which the men in the *Symposium* show."

"In that case," put in the Young Logician, "if a sense of humor is the criterion, there are exactly three men of our time who belong—Rabelais, Montaigne, and Voltaire."

"You forget the fourth," said Jackson, "Anatole France."

At this the other two threw their hands in the air and groaned to think that they had been so dull. And the Young Logician twisted and squirmed on his couch under the gawdy blanket, for he wanted to control the conversation. But Jackson, who preferred logicians to their talk, would not let him, and Jonas, who

preferred Jackson to anything, sat back in his Chinese chair and let the poker dangle from his loose fingers.

"You forget Anatole France," said Jackson, "and he is greater than any of them. Has there ever been a man before or since who could be ironical without being bitter, or sympathetic without being sweet? He is no dogmatist: read *l'Humaine Tragédie.* Yet he is not capricious: read *l'Ile des Pingouins.* He knows what is truth and what is falsity, and he loves the truth too well to cheapen it. He knows that the bigot sees one side of the moon and denies that there is another side. And so he will not become a bigot. It is that exquisite tolerance for men's ideas which makes him so thoroughly Platonic a person. Even the half-cracked alchemist in the *Rôtisserie* is not lampooned. Nor is he sentimentalized. For beliefs are but expressions of human temperament. Anatole France understands this, and to him, as to Plato, beliefs must win their recognition by their inner worth and by that struggle—which is seldom lethal—expressed in the *Dialogues.*"

"Justice Holmes has said the same thing," grumbled the Young Logician, who admired yet envied what Jackson was saying.

"But Justice Holmes is a bit too much of a Darwinist in his notions of truth and falsity. Still, there is no reason why he mightn't be among the spectators."

"I want to talk about Anatole France," put in Jackson. "Not only is he the least bigoted of men, he is also the best informed. There is a fragrance of old leather and of books about him. The man is not a parvenu. He did not rush into print. But lovingly he read there in the Senate library the older and suaver writers. With a finely delicate book of poems, he made a modest entry into the world of letters. He waited three more years and published *Les Noces Corinthiennes.* He was in his thirties at the time. But he was temperate; he was not eager for show; he was willing to study first and to write afterwards. The golden timbre of those early poems has never been lost. In so late a book as *La Révolte des Anges* it rings and sings like a harp struck by its master's hand.

"There is something about his style at once melodious and virile. It is the music of civilization, not of nature, but it is not

weakened by polish. It has not the hybrid music of Shelley's prose nor of Milton's, which are both verse and prose. It has not the heavy luciousness of Pierre Loti's nor of Gourmont's. It is rather—you will pardon me, Jonas—the pure tone of Pergolesi, the simple and difficult melody of Bach. No one except Voltaire and Montesquieu in the *Lettres Persanes* ever did it before in our times. Could Socrates have listened to Nectaire's flute and the story of creation, he would have left his seat and asked the Frenchman to take his place. What a speech he would have made before those people! And even the flute girls would have left their kissing and sat upright to listen to his words like birds at the voice of St. Francis.

"For that music of his word is the music of his soul. He has a clarity and simplicity of vision which only such music can express. He has that sympathy with the poor which Voltaire had, and he would have loved Socrates as he loved Chouette. Yet he loves them not for the rich melancholy of misfortune, but for their place in the world as a whole.

"He is a sceptic, of course, and that is why he would fit into the *Symposium* better than anyone else. It is only a sceptic who can talk well, for only a sceptic cares more about truth than about propaganda. Name a man who could join that group and hold his head high, and I will show you a sceptic."

He paused, and the fire glowed and charmed his associates' eyes. The three sat dreeing their weirds in silence. And as the pause grew longer, the eucalyptus nuts grew louder on the roof, and finally the Young Logician said: "Four men—not even Goethe—belonged. They are all French. They are all sceptics. They all have the comic spirit. And more than any other men, they have made civilization endurable and preferable to barbarism."

GEORGE BOAS.

ARTISTIC MEXICO

BY OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER

It is a mistake, when estimating a man's character, to judge solely by the shape of his head or the cut of his dress-clothes. Similarly when, in defiance to Burke's non-possumus, you set out to indict a nation, it is well to seek better evidence than is provided by newspaper reports. It is safe to say not one American out of five hundred has the slightest idea of the truth about Mexico and the Mexican people. If you tell him—as is the truth—that not only do the Mexicans understand the art of life very much better than do we, but that they are artistically speaking, whole centuries ahead of us, he will certainly regard you either as a fool or a propagandist. If you add that artistically speaking, Mexico is to us as was Athens to Boeotia and that in the not very distant future she will hold as prominent a place in the art-life of the world as did Florence in that of Europe in Medician days he will probably advise your relations to consult an alienist. Yet these facts grow increasingly evident, the further we are removed from the days of Cortes and the Pilgrim Fathers. If you consider an Indian *peon* arranging a wreath of flowers for his *burro,* before starting out to market and then turn your thoughts from him to a Fifth Avenue florist making out his bill for helping you to "say it with flowers" you will arrive at a very fair conception of the difference between the two national attitudes towards the arts. Love of beauty is as natural to the poorest Mexican as is breathing; it is expressed in every incident of his daily life—from the shape of his cooking-pot to the color of his wife's *reboso,* and to it, incidentally he owes much of the disrespect in which he is held by the hustling oil-men and concession-seekers through whose eyes we are so often expected to see him. Yet you cannot begin to understand the Mexican, much less to sympathize with him, unless you not only realize

that he is before all things an artist, but share with him his appreciation of what life owes to the beautiful.

A nation which regards worldly success as the supreme end in life cannot expect to hold a high place in the arts, even should it so desire. You cannot appreciate beauty if you lack repose; you can at best agree that it is something deserving appreciation and pass to the next page of the ledger. As for the craftsman, contented to devote a lifetime to making nothing in particular so be it that he makes it well, it will seem to you only right and proper that he be removed from a world where he only gets in the way of busy people. Yet that is fundamentally the Mexican attitude towards work and life. Life, he argues by his way of living, was given us to be enjoyed, and through beauty we reach our highest enjoyment. Our one duty is to enjoy it while we may and leave the Church to look after the next world for us—with the result that to-day one Mexican city will tell us more of Art, in the true sense of the word, than you can find in a dozen American communities rolled into one. The value of beauty is not in itself but in the eye of the beholder and artless you will be though your galleries are crammed with old masters if to you they are naught but something you know you ought to admire.

Not very far from Mexico City is the ancient Jesuit Seminary of St. Martin of Tepozotlan. It is one of the most remarkable relics of sixteenth century ecclesiastical architecture in the country; it includes two great churches, innumerable patios that are now wildernesses of neglected orange trees, a maze of cells and corridors and refectories and dormitories. It stands in a beautiful position on rising ground at the foot of a mountain chain and all around it are the ruins of its former village dependency long since fallen to ruins. It was once the headquarters of the Mexican Jesuits; after their expulsion it fell more or less into ruin and it is now in process of restoration by the Government.

There are several remarkable points about the Seminary of St. Martin. It is remarkable for one thing to find that the Mexican Government, which we are generally given to understand is devoted entirely to bloodshed and disorder, should care for its ancient monuments at all. Yet not only does it maintain

a department similar to that of the French *Monuments Historiques*, but through all the past ten years of anarchy successive régimes have never neglected their task of preserving these chief glories of historic Mexico.

Another remarkable thing about the restoration of St. Martins is to find that it is under the direction of a pure-blooded Mexican Indian, a direct descendant of the pre-Spanish Caciques of Tezcoco and an artist of distinguished achievement. Señor Jorge Enciso is by official title Director-Inspector of National Archeological Monuments; though still a young man, he is also an artist of international reputation who studied at the Beaux Arts and whose work has made something of a sensation when exhibited at the Salon and elsewhere. One might expect that such a man would bring both knowledge and enthusiasm to bear upon his present work, but I must confess that, knowing as I do something of the horrors of Church "Restorations" in Europe, I was amazed at the fidelity with which both the scheme and the spirit of the old builders of St. Martins are being preserved. Nor is the reason, though simple enough, less surprising. Señor Enciso has not called into his assistance skilled artists or restorers; he has instead given the work to the native Indians of the neighborhood, the descendants of those who formerly labored on it, with the result that it is almost impossible to distinguish between some of the old decoration and the new.

Not only in its beauty and its past and present story is St. Martin of Tepozotlan—(it is dedicated to the first native Christian who suffered martyrdom in Mexico)—characteristic of the art history of Mexico. Despite the spoliation to which it has more than once been subjected, as for instance when a Revolutionary General carried off some of its most famous treasures, in the shape of ivory statues of saints, and used them as ornaments for his dining room, it still contains a wealth of relics, including a valuable collection of religious paintings by such Masters of the Mexican School as Miguel Cabrera, Baltasar Echave el Viejo and Rodriguez Juarez, and also a library containing many valuable and rare books dating from the first foundation of the Seminary. The major church again is, I suppose, one of the most striking examples of the fantastic Churrigueresque style of architecture

on the continent; every inch of its inner walls is covered with extravagant gilded carvings, it is surrounded by quaint chapels with a wealth of ancient Puebla tiles and the like.

The plain truth is that Mexico owes much of her artistic pre-eminence to what we call her backwardness. Had her people possessed our Anglo-Saxon enterprise such a church as St. Martins would never have been built, in the first place, or would certainly have been pulled down long ago to make way for a twenty story office-building, in the second. Her cities might to-day be cleaner and more sanitary; they would be very much more hideous. To her backwardness also she owes another debt; she is a homogeneous nation, in the European sense, with a definite national tradition which has never been trampled beneath the onrush of immigrant hordes. To this among other things she owes the definitely national character of her art, both of yesterday and of to-day.

It was the custom for the Elizabethan propagandist to represent the Conquistadores as ruthless persecutors of the conquered Indian and as ably seconded by a ruthless and bigoted priesthood. Actually, as we are only now beginning to learn, the Spaniard treated the Indians as well as—in most cases very much better than—had his Aztec predecessors in power; the Church, though it must be admitted that ignorant ecclesiastics destroyed many priceless relics of Aztec art and culture, nevertheless protected her flock and cared for its material and spiritual interests to the best of her power. For one proof of which, we need only study the blending of the two different strains into one nation to-day and the love which, political changes notwithstanding, the common people still have for their Church.

Most important of all from the artistic point of view was it that the coming of the Spaniards intensified the art instinct of the nation, making it possible that to-day she is incontestably the artistic centre of the continent. Just as the artistic glories of medieval Italy were made possible by the coexistence of the Church with a wealthy leisured aristocracy, so Mexico found in her Viceroys and Bishops and their Courts, what Florence found in the Medici, and Rome in the Papacy. There were palaces and cathedrals to be built and beautified; the imported art of

Spain and Italy and Flanders mingling with that already quick in the veins of the people, produced a nascence which has nowhere else in the world shown itself in a new nation.

As might have been expected the inheritors of the tradition of Tenochtitlan, the Lake City whose beauty amazed even the conquerors, showed themselves quick to appreciate and eager to learn the ideals and methods of the Old World. The first Academy of Painting was actually established by the Church in 1521 and thenceforward native artists held their own against all comers; the Academy of St. Carlos, to-day the chief official centre of Mexican painting, dates from 1778. Let me note in passing that the Academy has lost none of its vigor; it houses a vigorous art school where modern art—not however of the "Dadaist" or "Tactilist" kind—is taught; in its galleries is to be found one of the most interesting collections in the New World including, beside notable examples of Rubens, Murillo, Titian and other great Europeans, the masterpieces of the Mexican religious School. There are other noteworthy paintings to be seen in the near-by National Museum, though to the foreigner even more interesting than the canvasses themselves are the crowds, including every class of society, with the peon in the majority, who crowd the galleries almost to suffocation on holidays and feast days. It is worth while, even at the cost of some physical discomfort, to mingle with them and observe their keen appreciation; thereby you may obtain yet another proof were it needed, that the Mexican has inherited the love of art in his very bones.

The guileless tourist who throngs European picture galleries because he is told it is the proper thing to do, will some day—when he has got it out of his head that Mexico is a nation entirely inhabited by murderers—find that there are artistic treasures just as worth while only a little way across the Rio Grande. There are a hundred great churches and cathedrals more beautiful than any yet dreamed of in his own country; there are pyramids that rival Cheops and bas-reliefs as striking as anything Nineveh could show; above all, for those in search of beauty in common things, there are a dozen handicrafts, the products whereof would drive collectors mad with rapture if they were bought in Naples or in Ispahan. The blanket serapes worn by

the men are familiar, chiefly through machine-made imitations; less so the *rebosos* worn by the women; of a special interest as showing the blending of East and West is the native pottery, as for example, the beautiful Talavera and Mudejár ware. Although the introduction of this is usually ascribed to the Dominican monks, its Spanish or Arabic influence is, in actual fact, merely overlaid upon the very much more ancient native craft of which examples are still preserved in the National Museum and elsewhere.

It is safe to say that not one in a hundred persons if asked to name the three finest equestrian statues in the world would know that at least one of them is to be found in Mexico. It represents King Carlos IV of Spain and is said to have been the first bronze statue ever cast in America. It is without any question the finest, ranking second only to that of Bartolommeo Colleoni in Venice, yet I mention it here, less for what it is than for what it represents.

The Mexican people unfortunately for their reputation live in a country of unparalleled fertility and wealth. Were they only more enterprising and businesslike they would long ago have sacrificed its beauty to the benefit of their own pockets and thereby gained the admiration of their neighbors. Their cities, to-day mines of beauty in which you cannot walk a hundred yards without passing some noble church, or palace fit for the "Sleeping Beauty," or quaint detail of quainter public life, would be rectilinear nightmares where skyscrapers and factories and Elevateds and smoke stacks fought with each other which should most openly show its contempt for mere humanity. Perhaps if the advocates of progress and efficiency at the expense of your neighbor have their way, that day may still come. It will be a bad day for Mexico; it will be an even worse day for the rest of the Western hemisphere, for it will herald the final victory of materialism in the New World and the permanent disappearance of that religion of beauty which is called Art.

Oliver Madox Hueffer.

WHITMAN AND THE CULT OF CONFUSION

BY NORMAN FOERSTER

I

BELATED voice of the romantic spirit of the early nineteenth century, Whitman spoke with impressive force and sanity to a generation and a country beginning to question the life and literature of that "hysterical sick-chamber," Europe, and oppressed with the conventionalism and materialism of unheroic ante-bellum America. To the pusillanimity and valetudinarianism of that epoch, *Leaves of Grass* came like a tonic oceanic gale, sweeping away all meanness of body and soul and inviting a large, free life in accordance with the dictates of the inner self. For many years, it is true, Whitman's barbaric yawp and immoderate celebration of the body electric alienated the mass of readers and prevented his attaining that commanding position which his disciples and the new time spirit have now won for him. Yet from the beginning men of discernment recognized that, for better or worse, a great poetic power had come into the world, bringing a fresh vision of nature and of man, a vision strikingly like that of the New England Transcendentalists and at the same time quite as strikingly unlike.

It was not chance that the first important admirers of the book were the men of Concord,—Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott. Emerson's famous letter to Mr. Walter Whitman, written a fortnight after the publication of the edition of 1855, is equally a tribute to Whitman's power and to Emerson's largeness. "I have great joy in it. I find incomparable things, said incomparably well, as they must be. I find the courage of treatment which so delights us, and which large perception only can inspire. I greet you at the beginning of a great career. . . . It has the best merits, namely, of fortifying and encouraging." Emer-

son was right, the book has all of these qualities, and the poet has entered upon a great career. Not with the serene detachment of Emerson, heir of a priestly tradition, but with a rude and passionate vigor drawn from the soil of Long Island and a succession of farming ancestors, *Leaves of Grass* repeats the Transcendental love of nature, faith in individualism, and prophecy of democracy. Small wonder that Emerson, and even Thoreau, recognized the kinship, despite the harshness of the yawp, while Whittier threw his copy into the flames, and Lowell—the later Lowell, renegade Transcendentalist—held aloof. Yet the differences between Whitman and the Concord group go far deeper than matters of accent and method; they penetrate to fundamentals. Obviously Whitman and Thoreau are worlds apart; and so, less obviously, are Whitman and Emerson. Nature, individualism, and democracy—yes; but Whitman's conception of them is nowise Emerson's. To take, at this point, but a single instance, a fundamental difference between the two men is involved in Emerson's love of distinctions, of gradations and contrasts of the Platonic sort, and Whitman's "indiscriminate hurrahing for the Universe." Though looking toward unity as steadily as Whitman, Emerson was ever averse from what is perhaps the dominant intellectual habit and weakness of Whitman, his blurring of things unlike and his impressionistic ecstasy in contemplating the blur. Though both were mystical, the one built a secure sub-structure for his tower of vision, from which he looked with awe or ineffable peace into pure spirit, while the other, abjuring all props and safeguards, fell into delusions and infatuations that rendered it impossible for his readers to discern how much of his vision is spiritual insight and how much is only indulgence of the temperament. Emerson is "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit" because he helps us out of that inner confusion which is perhaps the chief malady of human existence; Whitman not only accepts this inner confusion but sets it up as an object of worship.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that the unpardonable sin of our era is precisely this delusive insistence on the indissoluble unity of the human constitution, this denial, not of the Holy Ghost, but of the distinction between an impersonal pure reason

or spirit in man and the personal life of the temperament, this denial of the dualism of man's nature of which the evidence is the experience of every man who confronts his consciousness in all candor, as well as the testimony of the sages from Socrates, Plato, Sophocles, Aristotle, Jesus, and Buddha, through St. Francis, Dante, and Milton down to Emerson himself. It is everywhere present in the writings of Emerson, though it was certainly not this that made Whitman address the oracle of Concord as his "dear friend and master." For example this passage, in which the metaphor is unfortunate but the meaning unmistakable:

> One key, one solution to the mysteries of human condition, one solution to the old knots of fate, freedom, and foreknowledge exists, the propounding, namely, of the double consciousness. A man must ride alternately on the horses of his private and his public nature, as the equestrians in the circus throw themselves nimbly from horse to horse, or plant one foot on the back of one, and the other foot on the back of the other.

On the one hand, in the "dual world," is nature, partly outside of man—"forest, sea and shore"—partly within man—"the drag of temperament and race." And on the other hand is thought, or spirit, or the moral sentiment,—infinite, of unlimited power, the humanism of man. "Here they are, side by side, god and devil, mind and matter, king and conspirator, belt and spasm, riding peacefully together in the eye and brain of every man." In all that Emerson wrote of the correspondence of nature and spirit, answering to each other part for part like print and seal, he never for a moment proposed that we should regard them as the same thing, an indissoluble unity—here they are, side by side, and wisdom consists in relating oneself to each according to its authority. The higher authority in the life of man belongs to that which constitutes him man and not nature—the universal spirit or soul, "within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all other," the supreme critic of the individual life and the coherent force of any society moving not toward chaos but towards solidarity.

In Whitman there is nothing of all this. That "fluid and swallowing soul," as he describes himself, filled to overflowing with the joy of living, finding everything in the universe essential and therefore equally good, beholding nothing sinister in the

world save shams and conventions and "refinement," feeling within him a "cosmic elemental passion" that taught only "the profound lesson of reception, nor preference nor denial," patterning himself after "the great silent savage all-acceptive Mother" (Nature), was so supremely content with the beauty, the wonder, and the mystery of the All, with the sufficiency of being alive, that he completely ignored all those distinctions between personal and impersonal, temperament and spirit, nature and man, upon which all the wisdom of the ages rests. He may have been right and all the past wrong, from the ancient East and Greece to his prototype Rousseau; in these matters there can only be, as Amiel says, certitude without proof. Yet it must be confessed that the inner life of man since the time of Rousseau has been unprecedentedly confused and rarely capable of happiness, and that the outer life of humanity, despite its manifestations of a noble idealism of freedom and democracy, has recorded a history that makes Rousseau's pessimism as to the value of civilization almost plausible. The assumption of dualism is far from discredited. Is it not instinctive in nearly all men?

In Whitman himself there is, if not dualism in its historic sense, a dualism of another kind—the romantic dualism of conformity and individualism, externality and inwardness:

Whoever you are, come forth! or man or woman come forth!

Another self, a duplicate of every one, skulking and hiding it goes,

Smartly attired, countenance smiling, form upright, death under the breast-bones, hell under the skull-bones,
Under the broadcloth and gloves, under the ribbon and artificial flowers,
Keeping fair with the customs, speaking not a syllable of itself,
Speaking of anything else but never of itself.

This dualism of the two selves is set forth clearly in the poem entitled "To You." The you of conformity and externality is here regarded as walking in a dream, in "commerce, shops, work, farms, clothes, the house, buying, selling, eating, drinking, suffering, dying,"—a world of mockeries,—and the you of individualism and inwardness, the real You, is exhorted to assert its inalienable supremacy:

You have not known what you are, you have slumber'd upon yourself all your life. . . .
Whoever you are! claim your own at any hazard!

So far as it goes, this dualism of the romanticists, from Rousseau to James Oppenheim and all the other disciples of Whitman, is sound and salutary. Its negation of the worth of the blindly conforming self, the puny and mean-spirited, the philistine self, is a valuable contribution towards a larger life, and so is its promulgation of the majesty of a more real self that lies dormant in most men. But it does not go far enough, it does not reveal the innermost self that slumbers. Its magnificently ringing summons evokes, not that self which is not self at all, the impersonal or universal self of Greek humanism and of Christianity, but the individual or unique self, "the precious idiocrasy and special nativity and intention that he is, the man's self," as Whitman puts it. If it may be said that this self includes a portion of the universal self, the fact remains that it fuses this portion of the universal with the natural or temperamental self, with "the drag of temperament," and that, in practice, the natural man will be ever inclined to dominate, asserting himself either avowedly, glorying in his freedom, or secretly, giving to his desires the fine trappings of things spiritual. If dualism there must be, if a choice between one kind of life and another, the inferiority of the romantic dualism would seem to be demonstrated by definition, as it is certainly demonstrated by practice.

In Whitman, at all events, the natural man was dominant, both in his relation to nature and in his relation to mankind. He did not bring to "forest, sea and shore," with Emerson and Wordsworth, a rich tradition of humane culture, a heritage of character and wisdom received through ancestry and education; he came with little more than a fine body, keen senses, a wholesome animal constitution, and the emotional force of genius. He had not committed Thoreau's error of avoidance of the madding throng, but in his free mingling with humanity he forgot that there is a sense in which "we descend to meet"—his relation to others was in the main gregarious, undiscriminating, a love of the natural man for natural men: the divinity of the divine average, which Christ perceived perfectly, was seen darkly by him, to

whom "average" meant more than "divine." Human life as pageantry, nature as pageantry, enthralled his perennially boyish gaze.

Wonder—reverie—love: these three terms sum up the essentials of Whitman's relation to nature. Once more the wonder of romanticism, pleased, ineffably pleased, at the curious actuality of things, one thing as strange as another. He wrote a poem of pure wonder, entitled "Miracles":

Why, who makes much of a miracle?
As to me I know nothing else but miracles,
Whether I walk the streets of Manhattan,

* * *

Or watch honey-bees busy around the hive of a summer forenoon,
Or animals feeding in the fields,
Or birds, or the wonderfulness of insects in the air,
Or the wonderfulness of the sundown, or of stars shining so quiet and bright,
Or the exquisite delicate thin curve of the new moon in spring;
These with the rest, one and all, are to me miracles,
The whole referring, yet each distinct and in its place.

To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,
Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread with the same,
Every foot of the interior swarms with the same.

Then come the miracles of the sea, and he stops, rather earlier than in most of his catalogues; poems must end, if miracles do not. What shall we say of these lists of wonders? Surely the sense of wonder is poetic—things are indeed wonderful—if not profoundly poetic. The sense of wonder is the dawn of poetry, as it is the dawn of life—the beginning of something above mere animal perception, the child's, the savage's spirituality. To stop there is to remain a child or savage. Whitman passed on a little further, to reverie.

Wonder is momentary, however often repeated; reverie is continuous. It may bring images not present in the visible scene, like those daydreams of Jean Jacques in the forest, radiant visions of Arcadian perfection and happiness, or it may find its substance in the visible scene itself, as in the case of Whitman. He did not dream of the remote or unreal, but of the here and now, the commonplace, in which he would lose himself to find himself:

To emerge and be of the sky, of the sun and moon and flying clouds, as one with them.

In the teeming life of nature, as among the crowds on the ferries and the streets, he passed beyond the sense of wonder, which implies a certain aloofness from things—wonder *at* things—to the immediacy of reverie, making himself an integral part of the universe of things, drifting in the current of nature's life, loafing and inviting his soul.

Inviting his soul!—surely, he felt, spiritual wisdom may be won from immersion in the life, the spirit, of nature. Wonder, reverie, then revelation. Addressing his soul, he writes of an experience in which his inner life culminated:

I mind how once we lay such a transparent summer morning,
How you settled your head athwart my hips and gently turn'd over upon me,
And parted the shirt from my bosom-bone, and plunged your tongue to my bare-stript heart,
And reach'd till you felt my beard, and reach'd till you felt my feet.
Swiftly arose and spread around me the peace and knowledge that pass all the argument of the earth,
And I know that the hand of God is the promise of my own,
And I know that the spirit of God is the brother of my own,
And that all the men ever born are also my brothers, and the women my sisters and lovers,
And that a kelson of the creation is love,
And limitless are leaves stiff or drooping in the fields,
And brown ants in the little wells beneath them,
And mossy scabs of the worm-fence, heap'd stones, elder, mullein and poke-weed.

The all-acceptive Mother had at last accepted him; he was no longer a mere identity, but part and parcel of the whole, a drop in the surging sea of life. And the message received was a message of love,—

. . . a kelson of the creation is love,—

confirming what had long been perhaps the deepest impulse of his nature. He was destined to be one of the most puissant teachers of sympathy in the most passionately humanitarian century in all history.

II

As Thoreau yearned for the wild, Whitman yearned for human love, which affected him, he says, like the primal sanities of sun and wind. In *Leaves of Grass* he announced:

> I am he that aches with love.

"He fed upon people," says Professor Triggs, "as bees upon flowers"; they must be, like flowers, natural, simple, not exceptional—the plain people, boatmen, stagedrivers, day laborers, not the intellectual classes, whom he would doubtless have styled "highbrows" if he had written his poems fifty years later. Men of letters, learned men, professional men, he regarded with a lurking suspicion even when they had accepted his gospel; his affection was by no means all-inclusive. Best of all he loved uneducated persons whom he could hold by the hand or kiss on the cheek with his bearded lips, like "dear little Peter,"—Peter Doyle, the street-car conductor, a good soul who listened gravely to Walt's expositions of his literary aims, understanding them as little as Thérèse understood the harangues of Rousseau. Of Whitman's magnetic power, which drew to him unreservedly persons of various classes, there is no question. His friend Burroughs attributed to him a "new and mysterious bodily quality," which differentiates it admirably from the spiritual attraction of a man like Emerson, whose "magnetism" Whitman felt and acknowledged as soon as they met. Nor can there be any question regarding his power over the wounded soldiers in the Washington hospitals, a tonic power that caused the doctors to say sometimes: "Turn him over to Whitman. Perhaps he will save him."

Was not this the consecration of Whitman's brotherly love—this absolute unselfish devotion to the wounded in the war that welded the Union, his America? It is true that he might have served in the field, like his brother George, an unimaginative man of action, who was among the first to enlist, though the discipline of the army ill-suited Walt's indolent, dreamy individualism. Perhaps he did as well,—though scarcely better, as Dr. Bucke insists,—in ministering to some eighty or one hundred thousand

men, according to his own estimate, giving them, along with tobacco, apples, sticks of candy, and the like, the stimulation of his tonic magnetism and affection. If he did not undertake the task deliberately but waited till his brother was wounded in 1862, when he went to the front in Virginia and was fascinated by the sight of terrible suffering, the fact remains that he gave himself completely to the work he saw to do, spending his scant wealth, and drawing upon his vast physical and moral reserves till he collapsed. If it is true that his reaction to the war was not remarkably intelligent, one must still deplore the mood of George Santayana's remark, however true it may be at bottom, that "he could only gaze at the picturesque and terrible aspects of the struggle, and linger among the wounded day after day with a canine devotion." It was more than canine, though less than spiritual.

If quantity were all, the humanitarianism of Whitman would merit all that has been said of it by his followers, to many of whom he is the Christ of the modern world. There are, however, not only degrees but kinds of humanitarianism, and Whitman's kind is not the highest. The highest is spiritual—love based on a vivid perception of a peculiarly human, or divine, principle in all men, the "reason" of Plato and Aristotle, the "spirit" of Jesus and St. Paul, the impersonal self that we have already discussed, sharply contrasted with the natural or temperamental self. Fearing the delusions to which the natural self subjects men, spiritual humanitarianism is ill content with the generous doctrine that

> He prayeth best, who loveth best (=most)
> All things both great and small,

preferring the more disciplinary doctrine of Aristotle:

> It is a man's duty to flee from wickedness with all his might and to strive to be good, because thus he may be friends with himself and may come to be a friend to another,

or of St. John:

> By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and keep his commandments.

A second and inferior type of humanitarianism is economic, practical—affection for men based, not on self-control and the love of God, but on a sense of humanity's material needs and rights, the affection of philanthropists like Benjamin Franklin and nearly all socialists. Although it is a mighty force in modern life, directed and organized by wonder-working, natural science and the democratic polity, economic humanitarianism is essentially unstable, ignoring as it does the basis of true "social justice":

> He that feeds men serveth few;
> He serves all who dares be true.

Between the two types is a third that might be termed emotional or instinctive—sympathy of the gregarious sort, the sentiment of the herd, the love of kin and kind. The three types need not, of course, exclude each other. Since man has a dual nature, he may love not only spiritually but gregariously, as Shakspere perhaps did, and spiritual love results in material welfare ("these things shall be added unto you"). Economic and emotional humanitarianism, again, may have an admixture of spirituality, more or less fitful. In an era like ours, inclined to refuse all distinctions because distinctions are never fully realized, it is difficult to remember the practical value of division and definition; it is easy to bear in mind that in any given case modification must be allowed for. In the case of Whitman, certainly, it would be hazardous to assert that spiritual insight was totally wanting, that his sympathy was merely gregarious sympathy in a human form. But with every allowance made, we must not obscure the plain fact that his brotherly love is not a development of the Classical conception of the ethical unity of man or the Christian conception of the spiritual unity of man. Nothing of the glad renunciation of religion—shall we say "virtually nothing"?—manifests itself in Whitman's life or writings. His portrait in the first edition of *Leaves of Grass* is not that of the carpenter Jesus but of the carpenter Walt, in all his reposeful indolence and natural self-sufficiency, strong of will yet undisciplined. Apparently the only time in his career when the ethical life and its relation to the life of the spirit attracted his attention was in his youth, when he wrote with doubtful sincerity of such popular

"causes" as temperance and the abolition of slavery and of capital punishment, expatiating on "the fiery fountain which bubbles up from hell" while he drank from that very fountain in a New York saloon. His sexual life need not particularly concern us; more significant than any of his infringements on the code is his reason for avoiding marriage—"an overmastering passion for freedom, unconstraint." Not renunciation, but unconstraint, freedom from all bonds, all limits, a child-like indulgence of his natural self. Happily, he had also the wholesomeness of the child. He enjoyed expansiveness in his own life and wished a similar good fortune for his country, destined soon, he thought, to absorb Canada and Cuba, to become the leading power of the Atlantic, and to master altogether the Pacific ("that sea and its countless paradises of islands"). Forgetting Greece, he associated spiritual grandeur with physical, finding in the geography of the United States an indication of spiritual mission. Turn where one will in his biography or his poems, one will look in vain for indications of any discipline, intellectual or ethical, making for self-mastery and spiritual vision.

The twist that Whitman gave to the Christian law—"love thy neighbor," which became his humanitarianism, "as thyself," which became his individualism—is patent in his gospel for the modern world as expounded in *Leaves of Grass* and *Democratic Vistas*. Setting aside the "amative love" of the poets, and disregarding altogether the spiritual love of Platonism and Christianity, he calls for a new "adhesive love,"

> The institution of the dear love of comrades,

destined to offset the vulgarity and materialism of democratic America. "I confidently expect a time when there will be seen, running like a half-hid warp through all the myriad audible and visible worldly interests of America, threads of manly friendship, fond and loving, pure and sweet, strong and life-long, carried to degrees hitherto unknown," such friendship as that of Whitman and Peter Doyle: "many will say it is a dream," he remarks prophetically. Yet this fraternity is not his real goal; repeatedly he states that we are to conceive adhesive love, not as an end in itself, but as a means, without which the ultimate object would

be impossible. This ultimate object is "individuality, the pride and centripetal isolation of a human being in himself—identity—personalism." In the end, man "must become a law . . . unto himself." Gone is the external authority of religion, gone the feudal ideal of man: democracy awaits a new vision of the human law.

Whitman proceeds to offer such a vision in the form of an imaginatively conceived "model" upon which the individual should seek to pattern himself. "The main thing" must be that "precious idiocrasy and special nativity" which has been already mentioned—nothing must be allowed to imperil the individual's uniqueness. It is imperilled, for example, by its rival, Culture, which also aims at a pattern, but which shapes a man in such wise that "the simply good and healthy and brave parts of him are reduced and clipped away, like the bordering of box in the garden," in oblivion of his kinship with "the mountain peaks, the ocean, and the tumbling gorgeousness of the clouds." In his disdain for the pseudo-culture that makes men both less than human and less than natural, Whitman thus condemns also genuine culture, which would make men human and more than natural. He demands, instead, a new culture directed to "the formation of a typical personality of character, eligible to the uses of the high average of men—and not restricted by conditions ineligible to the masses," a culture suited to the limitations of "practical life, the West, the workingmen," etc. He goes on to picture the new ideal:

> a self-begotten selfhood—in youth, fresh, ardent, emotional, aspiring, full of adventure; at maturity, brave, perceptive, under control, neither too talkative nor too reticent, neither flippant nor sombre; of the bodily figure, the movements easy, the complexion showing the best blood, somewhat flushed, breast expanded, an erect attitude, a voice whose sound outvies music, eyes of calm and steady gaze, yet capable also of flashing—and a general presence that holds its own in the company of the highest.

Energy under control—what more would you have? But under control of what?—the rational principle of the Greeks, the indwelling spirit of Christianity, or the instincts of a healthy animal capable of holding its own? It is not easy to reconcile this picture with that vision of Arcadian brotherhood at which

we glanced a moment ago. Whitman himself was troubled by the gap between his adhesive love and his personalism and sought to fill it.

Hence his gospel of "Religiousness." This gospel is necessarily vague, partly because of human limitations, partly because of Whitman's limitations. Aside from his joy in living, his ecstatic sense of wonder, his absorption in reverie, his transfusion of himself with the flux of nature, he cannot well be said to have had religious experience. Certainly, of religious experience as the world has known it he was, as he said himself, completely ignorant. It is true that he urged the need of "a strong mastership of the general inferior self by the superior self," but, as we have seen, these selves are those of a romantic and not of a religious dualism. Again, when he defines independence as "freedom from all laws or bonds except those of one's own being, controlled by the universal ones," his verbal repetition of the wisdom of the ages is characteristically followed by this sentence: "To lands, to man, to woman, what is there at last to each, but the inherent soul, nativity, idiocrasy, free, highest-poised, soaring its own flight, following out itself?" His whole discussion of religion, indeed, is a mass of ill-sorted ideas, from which the reader emerges without a single definite conception of any aspect of Whitman's religiousness. In *Democratic Vistas*, still more in *Leaves of Grass*, he leaves us at last with his gospel of individualism and his gospel of solidarity in violent conflict. Others have preached both gospels abundantly; to the great need of his own century and of ours, a firm grasp on the best means of reconciling them, Whitman made no contribution. Despite his elaborate propaganda, therefore, he is far less valuable to us to-day than Emerson, who reinterpreted dualism in terms of modern thought, or Lincoln, foremost of democrats, whose "goodness and tenderness," mentioned by Whitman, who loved him passionately, had other and higher grounds than Whitman's devotion to humanity.

Yet when this has been said, along with everything else in the foregoing study of the spacious elevation of Whitman's message, it will not do to forget Lincoln's remark as he watched Whitman walking down Pennsylvania Avenue one day, "Well,

he looks like a *man*," or Emerson's magnanimous letter to the poet "at the beginning of a great career" and his words to Moncure Conway, on lending him a copy of *Leaves of Grass*, "No man with eyes in his head but could recognize a real poet in that book." A man, if only a natural man—a poet, if not a wise poet. More than any of his contemporary poets he had the energy, the dynamic force, characteristic of the literature of the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries. He had it, also, with a freedom from the morbidity of the period that is almost unexampled (unless one is disposed to emphasize the truth in his own observation that the very joy of our time is morbid), breathing into our literature the sanity of nature like no one else since Wordsworth. His poems have the medicinal wholesomeness of the meadows and woods and ocean, a quality transferable, and accountable for much of his vogue. Stricken with paralysis, basking naked in the sun by Timber Creek, the aging poet writes in his notebook that he has never before got so close to Nature, that she never before came so close to him; "somehow I seemed to get identity with each and everything around me. . . . Deliciousness, sane, calm, Nakedness in Nature!" Immersed in her health, he absorbed her virtue. In less degree he had done so all his life, and had maintained through her tonic properties that fine animalism and temperamental exuberance that were his richest inheritance. In the hour of weariness and perplexity, we can find in the pages of his book, *Leaves of Grass*, a large measure of that "fortifying and encouraging" power (to use Emerson's letter once more) which resides in nature herself.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

CONCERNING A NEW IMMORTAL

BY WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY

Robert de Flers, president of the Society of Dramatic Authors, has just been officially received into the French Academy. His election last year as successor to the Marquis de Ségur met with general approval, especially in Paris, where he has been the most popular playwright since the death of his father-in-law, Sardou. Although at present the Immortals can boast of several dramatists whose works are likely to survive those of de Flers, yet it is he, rather than they, who represents the Marivaux tradition, already established in the Academy by de Musset, Scribe, Sardou, Meilhac and Halévy.

Born in 1872 near Caen in Normandy, Robert de Flers was early ambitious to become a historian. At the age of fifteen, while attending the *lycée*, he met Armand de Caillavet, who cherished the same desire. In due time, both gave up history for drama, each trying at first to carve his fortune for himself. While de Caillavet was composing *revues* for the theatre of the Eiffel Tower, and farces for the Palais Royal, de Flers practised journalism and story-writing. As each found the advice of the other indispensable, they began active collaboration for the stage in 1901, joining forces in composing *The Labors of Hercules*, a burlesque that proved an uproarious success. This was followed by a sprightly comedy, *The Paths of Virtue*. Thereafter, until the opening of the war, they brought out every season one or more fresh pieces. Reviving the best traditions of the French drama, their plays triumphed throughout Europe and in the chief cities of the New World.

This happy partnership, interrupted by the great conflict, came to an end with the death of de Caillavet in 1915. Although de Flers has recently united with another dramatist, Francis de Croisset, it seems fitting to treat him and his original collaborator as one playwright. Owing, indeed, to the similarity of their

temperaments, it would be idle to speculate as to the particular contribution of each. Their tastes, feelings, judgments, and modes of expression were identical. Work in common was easy for them, and de Caillavet used to declare that neither could be sure which part of a play was his own. In a give-and-take spirit they would talk over a plot, each at first defending or rejecting an idea, perhaps eventually to favor the opposite. Certainly no two men of letters—be it the Goncourts, Meilhac and Halévy, the Margueritte, the Rosnys, or the Tharauds—were ever more affectionately attached or thought more naturally as one mind. It will suffice, therefore, to speak here of the survivor alone.

With de Flers it has always been a principle to give theatre-goers what they like. As a rule, the public seeks entertainment in the theatre. Nothing better affords this than what may be termed *genre* comedy. During the vogue of the *comédie rosse*, such *comédie de genre* was diverted somewhat from its true course. But, thanks to de Flers and others, it has returned to its proper province. To this *théâtre de madame*, as it is also called, belong nearly all the score or more of de Flers plays, the only exceptions being his three political satires. In these, however, he touches the shortcomings of French society with gloved hands. His is not the mordant satire of Beaumarchais or the blunt assault of Augier and Dumas *fils*.

In the "pleasant plays" the art of de Flers is perfection. Their gaiety is tempered by sentiment. They end happily after providing not only an agreeable picture of life but some useful maxim duly exemplified. They are all "well-made." In technique, indeed, de Flers excels. He is as supple and resourceful as Scribe or Sardou. He eliminates everything likely to shock and irritate, and he includes whatever will gratify. He reacts against the *pièce mal faite*, itself a reaction from the *pièce bien faite*. He banks upon cleverness and wit. "What heresy to condemn wit in Paris!" exclaims M. Doumic. "The dialogue of a *comédie de genre* should scintillate with epigrams; as for de Flers, he fills each of his pieces with enough for two."

Laughter and tears are conjoined by de Flers in his comedies of sentiment. Now one, now the other predominates. In *Papa*, pathos prevails. This is a Daudet-like story of a natural

son legitimatized against his will by his father, to whom he yields his sweetheart. In *Miquette and her Mother*, gaiety holds sway, and the humble heroine not only wins a count for a husband, but arranges for the marriage of her widowed mother—a provincial shop-keeper—to his uncle, a marquis. Improbable as is the double wedding, de Flers, by his verve, makes it credible. Mirth is to the fore, also, in *The Fan*. A modern Célimène, whose fan symbolizes the power of the coquette, has temporarily ceased immolating her victims upon that weapon. Having broken it, as a vanquished general breaks his sword, Giselle for the moment leads wayward men back to the path of virtue, finally even accepting the hand of her jilted lover. But he, poor fellow, must learn that a coquette will sooner or later replace her broken fan, —sooner rather than later.

Best among de Flers's "pleasant plays" is *Love Watches*. Here a young wife resolves, like Dumas's Francillon, to punish her unfaithful husband in kind, but at the critical moment loses courage. To what does Jacqueline owe her salvation? According to the marquise, "There is but one thing that can keep a woman to the true path; and that is education." From such a view the curé naturally dissents, declaring that more important than education is religion. Both are wrong, affirms Jacqueline's uncle, who awards the palm to love. "A woman can be preserved only by love,—not the love which she inspires, but that which she feels. Let diamond cut diamond. Love alone is sufficiently strong to defend us against love." It is love, then, that is the source of Jacqueline's virtue. This comedy is a delightful mixture of sentimentality and drollery, of observation and imagination. It is swift and lively, replete with smart sayings, beautifully constructed, and altogether charming. If its situations and characters are not original, they are nevertheless so deftly combined as to render the play a favorite in every European capital and in America.

Scarcely less remarkable has been the vogue of de Flers's political pieces. In *The King* he satirizes the infatuation of democratic France for princes, depicting with brilliant burlesque the visit of the sovereign of a petty state to republican Paris. The citizens fall at his Majesty's feet; even Socialist deputies

bleat "Sire!" content to surrender to the noble monarch their wives and sweethearts. Here the bourgeois Socialist has succeeded the bourgeois *gentilhomme* of old; M. Bourdier has replaced the immortal M. Jourdain; and Mme. de Pompadour is resuscitated. Little wonder that this play was hailed by French critics as the most impertinent and gaily corrosive satire upon French manners witnessed for many a year.

Equally amusing is *The Green Coat*, which pokes fun at the French Academy, and incidentally, also, at a parvenue American duchess, who talks the most absurd French jargon and compromises her husband's honor. Throughout, comedy tends to lapse into farce, and echoes may be heard from *Les Précieuses ridicules* and *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. The result is so grotesque as to leave the Immortals unscathed; yet there is excellent foolery here in the vein of Bernard Shaw. Thus, when the Royalist duke pays a visit to the President of the French Republic, he notices a beautiful bust, and asks what it represents. "That is the Republic," answers the President. "I don't know her," responds the Duke, "but she's not so ugly. Is this a good likeness?" The President concedes that the likeness is a bit more youthful than the original. Then the Duke points out a crack that may widen. "No doubt," says the President, "but I have consulted a specialist, and there's nothing to fear for seven years,"—an allusion to the length of the presidential term in France. Best of all is the *discours de réception*, a jocular parody upon the usual Academic address. Whatever the fate of the play as a whole, this scene will endure; even Molière has scarcely surpassed it.

During the six years following 1914, de Flers composed no plays. He had lost his faithful collaborator, and he was engaged in military service, being cited for bravery in action and awarded the Croix de Guerre. For part of the time he was attached to the French legation in Roumania, and after the Armistice he served as *chargé d'affaires* in Bucharest. In 1919, from April to August, he waged a newspaper campaign in favor of according greater freedom in the determination of world politics to the smaller nations, especially to Serbia, Poland, Greece, Hungary, and Roumania. His various articles on this subject he has

recently collected in a volume called *The Little Table*, a title derived from the practice of putting children to eat at a little table while their elders are dining at a large one. Here, through de Flers, the smaller nations protest against being set apart from the big nations and demand admission to their counsels.

De Flers of late has been occupied, also, with his labors as associate editor of the *Figaro*. He has written, with Francis de Croisset, a drama, *The Return*, produced last October at the Athénée. Even now he is preparing for the Société des Conférences a series of lectures dealing with his brilliant predecessors in the field of comedy, Meilhac and Halévy. It is to *The Return* that we naturally look for evidence of dramatic powers developed by the great conflict. The story is of a diplomat whose three years of wedlock before 1914 have been unhappy. He is too cold and methodical to please his wife. She, yearning for tenderness and gaiety, would leave him, but the war supervenes. Jacques, as a captain of infantry, becomes for Colette a hero, the more admired when distant in the East. On his return after the Armistice, Colette and her mother embrace him, though disappointed to find him in mufti. To their questions about the war he retorts, "Oh, I beg you,—my slippers and a bath." Within a few months husband and wife are at odds again, and Colette, piqued by his devotion to work, asks him for a divorce. Then Jacques, awakening to his folly, and resolved upon the reconquest of his wife, adopts an ingenious expedient. Pretending to consent to their separation, he asks only to look for his own successor. Until this successor can be found, the household in appearance will remain the same. His mother-in-law is satisfied, as she anticipates a fashionable success that winter.

So the quest of a new husband begins. As for Colette, she takes little interest in it until a former admirer introduces his cousin Marcel, a dashing officer, with whom she falls in love. In jealousy the husband forgets his rôle and grows threatening, and Colette returns to her mother. But a reconciliation is soon effected. The rivals for Colette discover that they have fought side by side in the same sector as brothers in arms. So Marcel will surrender the lady to her husband. She weeps at this loss of her lover, but it chances that a letter, written by Jacques in the

East a year earlier, makes its belated appearance and reveals to her his deep-seated tenderness. As she listens to the reading of this confession of his love penned at a moment when he felt himself in mortal danger, their tears mingle, and they embrace. Thus, thanks to the French Burleson, a married couple is transformed into a pair of lovers, and a household in danger of dissolution is saved.

It is evident that the World War has wrought in Robert de Flers no absolute change. The conflict seems chiefly to have developed his emotional faculties. Like Daudet after 1870, he reveals a larger sensibility, a sympathy more tender, and at times an indulgent pity—qualities which serve to temper his sparkling *ésprit.* Yet, *ésprit* he possesses in abundance. Nor does his inventive resourcefulness show signs of diminution. Though continuing to hover upon the verge of the *risqué,* he resists the temptation to indulge in pornographic comedy. If, as *The Return* seems to indicate, the war has given him an outlook more serious, we need not fear that he will lose his proverbial *sourire de Paris.* He is not a reformer with a mission He is a humorist, successful in the use of Shavian banter and paradox, but much more of an artist than Shaw. Unlike the witty Irishman, he respects the virtues of form, and exhibits a mastery of natural dialogue and an acute insight into human motives. Indeed, as a psychologist of love he ranks not far below Capus, Bataille, Porto-Riche, and de Curel.

Whatever his future achievements, it must be admitted that no other dramatist of his generation—not even Sacha Guitry, Courteline, or Tristan Bernard—has provided for theatre-goers so many delightful evenings. For their enjoyment he has composed pieces smart and debonnaire, not so moral as to bore, nor yet so immoral as to offend. Delighting in fantasy, his plays avoid the vulgar and the cynical. They reveal no trace of the brutality and bitterness of naturalism. Indeed, de Flers is the first since Labiche to titillate so agreeably the emotions of his audience, "relieving laughter with April tears, and tears with April sunshine."

William H. Scheifley.

TWO VICTORIAN BOYHOODS

BY STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

THE boy is sometimes father of the man, but more often he is the son of his own generation. His ideals may mould the future, but they are born of the past. To care greatly to become a statesman, a poet, or a man, is to care for those things of the past which belong to leadership, poetry, or manhood. All thoughts, all passions, all delights that stir the frame of boyhood are critiques upon the past. Ruskin's *Two Boyhoods* is apposite. Giorgione in brilliant Venice and Turner in dim Covent Garden gather up the traditions of their peoples.

So do Victorian boyhoods. Catholicism, Evangelicalism, Socialism, Rationalism, a very riot of isms—"infinite jumble and mess and dislocation," groans Carlyle!—were all whirled in a crucible and poured into the minds of wretched little Victorians. How the juvenilia of the nineteenth century add their treble to the philosophical burden! Diaries of the callow period are tiny pools churned and darkened by the main currents of thought. Dear little Tory Ruskin's chief hope in life is "to see Kings." Kingsley (*aetat* four) composes a nursery sermon with the final assurance: "Yea, ye generation of vipers!" At fifteen Tom Huxley speculates on the origin of colors at sunset; at the same age Walter Besant wriggles in the family pew, while from the pulpit is droned, hours long, the rose-tinted message of John Calvin.

Of all Victorian autobiographies, two are at once most like and and most unlike, most characteristic and most extraordinary, and most seminal, if you believe in the unvictorianism of the Victorians. These two books are the *Autobiography of John Stuart Mill*, and *Father and Son*, now known to have been written by Edmund Gosse. To allude to these books as *Two Victorian Boyhoods* is whimsical: Mill's boyhood was Georgian, and his book is of manhood; Gosse's book is of boyhood, and his manhood is modern. Yet the boyhoods of both men were profoundly

Victorian. Victorianism is not a table of dates, but of antipodal states of mind. Though Mill was thirty-one years old at the accession of the Queen, he was victimized by a particular trend of Victorian thought; and though Mr. Gosse is now alive and has just given us his humane *Life of Swinburne*, he was for many years enslaved by yet another system. The imprisoner of Mill's youthful mind was fanatical rationalism; of Gosse's, fanatical religion. These two powerful modes of thought, like Balin and Balan, fought not only all enemies, but each other. Chesterton's name for the grapple of the two forces is the "Victorian Compromise." Understand them, and you may apprehend some of the intellectual secrets of the age.

It is more than a paradox to say that the two different boyhoods were similar. Both boys were the sons of distinguished fathers. The historian of India needs no appraisal; and but for *Omphalos*, which strove to reconcile the last chapter of geology with the first chapter of Genesis, the elder Gosse would have retained the respect of Darwin and Huxley. Both fathers were supremely proprietary: Mill and Gosse felt not the stimulus but the imposition of an education. Their boyish minds were *forced* into the paternal thought-grooves. Each education was severe, and, though not equally so, each was narrow. At the age of three, Mill was coolly learning Greek vocables; at the age of four, Gosse was tearfully memorizing interminable hymns, psalms, and chapters of scripture. Here, in lowest terms, were Hellenism and Hebraism. Mill was forbidden to read the Bible; Gosse was denied all else. Neither curriculum suggests a liberal education. Of the enriching experience of being merely a boy, neither Mill nor Gosse had an intimation. James Mill considered the society of healthy, apple-eating boys a species of decadence. And Gosse draws a black vignette of himself with "Benny," a "playmate": The two children wandered up and down the garden wondering how to play! Years later Mill remarked to Caroline Fox that he had no notion of a normal boyhood; and no such confession is required from the author of *Father and Son*. Another similarity, of importance to the world: they both achieved intellectual independence; and, in the case of Gosse, this was nothing less than the end of spiritual bondage.

Victorian propriety is a by-word that misleads; it connotes restraint. But no age was more aggressively dogmatic than the Victorian. In politics there was war without quarter. "I have no hesitation in saying," Mr. Gladstone told Mr. G. W. E. Russell, "that if the repeal of the Corn Laws had been defeated, we should have had a revolution." Charles Kingsley feared ("hoped" would be hyperbole) a revolution in 1848. Science, too, was an incredible irritant: "O ye men of science, ye men of science," sighed a clergyman, "leave us our ancestors in paradise, and you may have yours in Zoological gardens!" If Newman's *Loss and Gain* is realism, then Charles Reading's anguished farewell to his mother, when he turns Catholic, was a typical *mis en scène*. Yet Newman, if one trusts Carlyle, had only the brain of a full-grown rabbit. Pusey said man was a spiritual humpback, deformed by sin, but others thought him a likable person without any religion at all. When Lord Melbourne was compelled to listen to a sermon on sin, he declared indignantly: "Things have come to a pretty pass when religion is allowed to invade the sphere of private life." There were fewer stake-burnings than in preceding centuries, but more heart-burnings, and just as much bitterness. People did not disagree with their friends; they converted them; and the damning of enemies to uncomfortable eternities was a postulate in every charitable creed. The households, both of Mill and Gosse, shared this sweet intolerance; the vivid difference lay merely in the objects at which it was aimed.

Mill's father was a spiritual descendant of the eighteenth century rationalists. His mentor and complete friend was Jeremy Bentham. Surely young Mill's prattle was of syllogisms. I fancy him, like Hercules, in the cradle strangling with logical baby fingers serpentine irrationalisms. But motivating every thought of the elder Gosse was John Calvin. Long before Edmund Gosse's birth he was "dedicated to the Lord." Mill, the eldest son of the political economist, was as truly dedicated to Reason. Robespierre's consecration to the goddess at the Feast of the *Être Supreme* was more scenic but less sincere than John Stuart Mill's. Thus the guardian angels of Reason and Religion were appointed for two Victorian boys. "I was brought up,"

says Mill, "from the first, without any religious belief, in the ordinary acceptation of the term." "I read," says Gosse, as if antiphonally, "the Bible every day, and at much length; also . . . a book of incommunicable dreariness, called Newton's *Thoughts on the Apocalypse*. . . . I made a sort of playful compact with my Mother that if I read aloud a certain number of pages out of *Thoughts on the Apocalypse*, as a reward I should be allowed to recite 'my own favorite hymns.'" Imagine James Mill's opinion of such a compact!

For, says his son, "he impressed upon me, from the first, that the manner in which the world came into existence was a subject on which nothing was known: that the question 'Who made me?' cannot be answered, because we have no experience or authentic information from which to answer it; and that any answer only throws the difficulty a step farther back, since the question immediately presents itself, 'Who made God?'" This blasphemous question was never raised by the Gosse family. Who would debate an axiom? "My parents," Gosse says, "founded every action, every attitude, upon their interpretation of the Scriptures, and guidance of the Divine Will, as revealed to them by direct answer to prayer."

The child soon thought of Him as a persistent Guest, and one rather difficult to entertain. He was a literal Fourth never absent from the family group. At prayers, of course, but also at the breakfast table, in the walks about London, there "*He*" was. Not cheerful company, either: "When my mother had tucked me up in bed, and had heard me say my prayer, and had prayed aloud on her knees at my side, and had stolen downstairs, noises immediately began in the room. There was a rustling of clothes, and a slapping of hands, and a gurgling, and a sniffing, and a trotting. These horrible muffled sounds would go on, and die away, and be resumed; I would pray God to save me from my enemies."

O *dies irae!* Painted hell! What relish to burn all mankind save the "Plymouth Brethren"! Or, if an Anabaptist, what joy to burn all mankind, especially the "Plymouth Brethren." Here, at last, is the true Setebos. Here is a God who wearies not in torturing little children: "If anyone was ill, it showed

that 'the Lord's hand was extended in chastisement,' and much prayer was poured forth in order that it might be explained to the sufferer, or to his relations, in what he or they had sinned. People would, for instance, go on living over a cesspool, working themselves into an agony to discover how they had incurred the displeasure of the Lord." But among the Mills, there was no chimera of a flaming pit. "Think," James Mill was wont to say, "of a being who would make a Hell—who would create the human race with the infallible foreknowledge, and therefore with the intention, that the great majority of them were to be consigned to horrible and everlasting torment!"

Spectral religion made Gosse's boyhood a nightmare. It is difficult for the modern reader of *Father and Son* to see how he preserved his mind. In the zoological age of H. G. Wells you qualify your church-membership, if cornered on that point, by the adjective "nominal." "I am not much interested in religion," says a "nominal" friend of mine, and his mild satire is echoed in earnest from three million American country-clubs. Family prayers are as fashionable as the hoopskirt or the one-horse shay, and grace before meat is the unspoken: "There being no minister present, let's thank God and sit down." Accordingly, we doubt first the sincerity and then the sanity of the Gosses.

Every dedication of a child "to the Lord" in the fifties must have won another grin from Moloch. With the child's first breath the father began to prepare him for communion with "the saints," that is, the "Plymouth Brethren." Gosse's father insisted upon instant spiritual efflorescence. He tilled the new soul intensively, passionately. "Sacrificial" whippings, hymns of humiliation, the "jealous God," a "personal Devil," and the "blood of Jesus,"—all accelerated the state of grace.

Indeed, this apprenticeship nearly brought the final beatitude promised to the elect. This period of Gosse's life is a study in nerves. A bit of plum-pudding, furtively eaten on a dismal Christmas day, nearly solved the problem of Eternity:

> Shortly I began to feel that pain inside which in my frail state was inevitable, and my conscience smote me violently. At length I could bear my spiritual anguish no longer, and bursting into the study I called out: "Oh!

Papa, Papa, I have eaten of flesh, offered to idols!" I shut my eyes and lay quite still, in order to escape conversing with them, and they spoke to one another. "Ah, poor lamb," Kate said trivially, "*he's* not long for this world; going home to Jesus, he is,—in a jiffy, I should say by the look of 'un." But Susan answered: "Not so. I dreamed about 'un, and I know for sure that he is to be spared for missionary service. . . ." "Yes," Susan went on with solemn emphasis, "he'll bleed for his Lord in heathen parts, that's what the future have in store for *'im*."

Gosse was spared. When ten years old, after an ecstatic public baptism, he was admitted "as an adult" to the saints. His was now a special ministry: it was his duty to speak unceasingly "in season and out of season of the blood of Jesus." This fanatical religious life continued throughout Gosse's early manhood.

Meanwhile (at a corresponding age) Mill was plundering Greek and Latin literature. His province included all history and philosophy. Latin was begun in his eighth year, and Aristotle's Rhetoric had been made into synoptic tables before he was twelve. Simultaneously, he *wrote* histories and verse. Henry Gosse developed, he thought, his son's soul; James Mill gave part of his life to his son's intellect. As a result, he was able to make the astounding and truthful statement that John Stuart Mill surpassed his contemporaries intellectually by a quarter of a century. How ironic that each father scorned the concern dearest to the other! Of his religious training, Mill says: "I am thus one of the very few examples, in this country, of one who has, not thrown off religious belief but never had it." While Gosse, save for a little science and other *obiter dicta*, was taught nothing except Christ crucified. He was in his teens when James Sheridan Knowles explained to him the meaning of the word "stage," and mentioned—for the first time in his hearing—the name of Shakespeare. Of the logic, psychology, and philosophy on which Mill was nurtured, he had not heard. Each father indulged his prejudices, and in both sons the minds were bent. But it is not proposed to compare the knowledge or the quality of mind of these two different and not contemporary men, but rather the ψυχή behind each boyhood. Reiteration is pardonable: As the *motif* of Gosse's youth was religion, that of

Mill's was reason. It was not that Mill was made to read thoroughly; the point is that he was made to think. He once used the word "idea." "What is an *idea*"?, demanded James Mill, turning upon him sharply. The staccato question is a symbol. Then and always Mill had to find out what things were.

The religion of the Gosses inspired a deep emotional life. Gosse's boyhood was hallowed by a real tenderness. The certitude of God sometimes brings peace without stint. Gosse's picture of his mother is lovely: "My Father and Mother," he says, "lived so completely in the atmosphere of faith, and were so utterly convinced of their intercourse with God, that, so long as that intercourse was not clouded by sin, to which they were delicately sensitive, they could afford to take the passing hour very lightly. . . . My Mother was sometimes extremely gay, laughing with a soft, merry sound. What I have since been told of the guileless mirth of nuns in a convent has reminded me of the gaiety of my parents during my early childhood." Their table-talk was a naïve mélange of science and holy writ: "We were sitting at family prayers, on a summer morning, I think in 1855, when through the open window a brown moth came sailing. My Mother immediately interrupted the reading of the Bible by saying to my Father, 'O! Henry, do you think that can be *boletobia?*' My Father rose up from the sacred Book, examined the insect, which had now perched, and replied: 'No! it is only the common Vapourer, *orgygia antiqua*,' resuming his seat, and the exposition of the Word, without any apology or embarrassment."

But James Mill's rationalization of life included his wife and children. He owned to destructive theories concerning the family unit. Objects of respect he aimed to make his children; objects of affection they were not. Mill does not shrink from an indictment. In the chapter on his father he says: "The element which was chiefly deficient in his moral relation to his children was that of tenderness."

In these boyhoods are exhibited *in parvo* two Victorian tendencies: extreme Rationalism and extreme Religion. Each was a false ideal. It was a peculiarity of the Victorians to mistake a coign of vantage for the summit of the mountain. They created

cults and called them perfection. The two boyhoods attest this. For nearly thirty years Matthew Arnold pleaded with his countrymen not to emphasize the means of attaining perfection, whether reason, religion, or railroads, but Perfection itself. Not by the syllogism nor by "the blood of Jesus in season and out of season" shall we overtake Truth. When the pursuers become frantic, the mysterious goddess veils her face and flees. Perhaps she laughs. Certainly she smiles at devotees who immolate in her name boys like John Stuart Mill and Edmund Gosse.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

SALONS OLD AND NEW

BY MURIEL HARRIS

It is often difficult to decide whether any given social phenomenon is a reaction or a revival. In Italy the new learning was in one sense a revival, but in another it was a reaction against the dull and stereotyped doctrine of force and destruction. The French salon owed much to the new philosophers, the new litterateurs, but on the other hand, it was definitely a protest against the heavy pomp and egotism of Louis Quatorze. And since that overwhelming monarch lasted a very long time and since Mme. de Maintenon underlined all that was heaviest and dullest at the then French court, a reaction of a very marked kind was almost inevitable. The French salon of the eighteenth century therefore seems to have been a reaction against two conditions—against pomposity and dulness and heaviness generally and against the monopoly by men of any sort of intellectual society and the relegation of women to backstairs "amours" and court intrigue. Incidentally too, it intensified a tradition, which had already held in France and which holds to this day more than in any other country—namely that youth and beauty were not the only qualities desirable in women. During the salon period, women not only might have minds, but minds took the place in quite a number of cases of anything in the shape of good looks. And not even the "*femme savante*" of the bluestocking conception has ever succeeded since in preventing the Frenchman from enjoying brains in a woman.

There were other conditions which crystallized the genius of the moment into the well-marked social phenomenon which every woman of culture has ever since desired to emulate. There was a relatively small, aristocratic society of great wealth and with abundance of house-room. There was a remarkable number of literary, philosophical and scientific men, many of whom, according to the usage of the day, were ready for patrons.

At the same moment there was a group of women of well-marked character, versed in all the social usages, vying with each other in chasing lions, but at the same time supporting each other in the similarity of their conceptions. Further—and this is not the least important factor in a later survey of the eighteenth century salons—there was a number of admirable writers of memoirs and records of the brilliant society of the day. It is often forgotten how greatly a Johnson depends upon a Boswell for his reputation, a Chateaubriand upon a Saint-Beuve. Finally—and this is perhaps the greatest paradox of all, the eminent French hostesses who entertained Corneille, and Montaigne and Voltaire and Horace Walpole and La Rochefoucaud were not women of education at all in the modern sense. Conversing with the greatest minds of the century, they did this totally devoid, in the majority of cases, of even the rudiments of what we now call education. The Maréchale de Luxembourg, whose salon was the most exclusive perhaps of many, who might conceivably have had opportunity for a modicum of book education, was by no means profoundly instructed. And yet La Rochefoucaud found in Madame de la Fayette, D'Alembert in Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, Chateaubriand in Madame de Récamier the understanding and inspiration needed by every genius, while Voltaire actually complained of the erudition of Madame du Châtelet. Where the Frenchwoman excels and always has excelled is in her instinctive knowledge of men, her worldly wisdom. "*Femme du monde*" is no idle phrase. And the Frenchman has always reciprocated this knowledge with a profound attachment, very different from the fear of Horace Walpole that his friendship with so old a woman as Madame de Deffand might make him an object of ridicule. It is probably this innate knowledge of the world, as instanced in a little French girl who, on being asked why she thought Napoleon loved Marie Louise better than Josephine, answered "*parce qu'elle lui donna un fils,*" which made of the French salon the clear-cut, social phenomenon that it was. At least it has never been repeated in other countries with quite such force and quite such brilliancy.

It was characteristic that the English salon should follow the French salon and that, generally speaking, it should take

rather a different form. In some directions the English coffee house corresponded most accurately to the French salon. On the other hand, there was always the Swan of Lichfield, Miss Seward, whose Bath Easton parties are commemorated to this day. The Holland House circle stands out as perhaps the most typical of the English salons and here the conditions which made the French salon so successful were in a sense duplicated. To many of the distinguished foreigners who thronged Holland House, Lord Holland himself, with his sympathy, learning and understanding, was the attraction. But Lady Holland played very ably the rôle of mistress of a salon which included as constant visitors such guests as Sheridan, Sir Philip Francis—supposed to have been the author of the Letters of Junius—Byron, Lord Brougham, Washington Irving, Tallyrand, Metternich and a host of others. A woman who could tell Macaulay to talk about something else as he was getting dull, who could order Sydney Smith to ring the bell and take good-humoredly his retort, "Oh yes, and shall I sweep the room?," and could do this with perfect equanimity, was a woman of the calibre worthy of the salon. But Lady Holland's salon was essentially the product of an aristocrat, bored with the inanity of her peers and finding in clever juxtaposition of clever men of all sorts the piquancy which became the breath of life to her. Here it resembled the French salons, except that it had no peers. On the other hand it practically ignored the feminine side of society and had nothing at all in common with the blue-stockings.

Actually the English salon was quite often not a salon at all. Lady Dorothy Nevill, for instance, gave lunches which approximated the salon far more than did entertainments seeking to emulate them. She made a point of being at home every Sunday and she made a point of good food. Naturally of quite remarkable tolerance and un-selfconsciousness, she invited all and sundry, and of recent London hostesses, she was by far the most remarkable. Almost up to the day of her death, but a short time ago, this little old lady with a tiny face and a large red wig, with an autocratic manner and an eighteenth-century mode of pronouncing "cucumber" and "coffee" and "china," entertained every one of note who passed through London. Her friendship with

Edmund Gosse, with Frederic Harrison, is writ large in her own Memoirs, but she was also keenly interested in young writers, poets, statesmen, and an invitation to lunch at Charles Street was to receive a patent of distinction. Her wit was too personal to transmit, but on one occasion she was met at a picture-show by a friend, who asked her why her hair was black that day. "I'm in mourning," she said drily.

In general in England the spirit of the salon lives now in a number of smaller groups of people, drawn together on a common basis and eliminating the idea of any particularly central figure—unless that central figure be a particular lion. Henry James, for instance, practically carried the salon spirit about with him, though, contrary to the French custom, he was the centre of a group of women. From his home in Chelsea, he visited his friends, where congregated a little crowd of adorers, including the Misses Palgrave, daughters of the compiler of the *Golden Treasury*, "the gentle sisters" as he used to call them, the Trevelyans, great-nephews of Macaulay and well known historians and biographers, the Arnolds, Lady Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, the Tennysons and a number of others.

In Chelsea too, there are to-day a number of well-known English families of long literary tradition, whose weekly evenings have a good deal in common with the thought of the salon, if without its brilliant surroundings. A real salon used to be that of Felix Moscheles, whose beautiful London garden allowed them also to be held during the early summer. Through Mrs. Moscheles' salon used to pass practically all the musicians and actors of the day, and Ellen Terry, with her gay, charming, child-like character, was a frequent visitor there. Mrs. J. R. Green's Sundays formed another literary centre, and the wife of the distinguished historian mixed in with Irish patriots young people and old, treating them with a lack of ceremony which some of them found embarrassing, as instance the occasion of a large dinner party at her house. Instead of sitting down to dinner, she drew on her gloves, and said she was sorry to leave her guests to themselves but she wanted to dine with Lord Haldane and had forgotten about it until that minute. But the salon as of old

really exists no more in London, and it is only in these fragmentary groups that you find any of its spirit left.

What then is the future of the salon—if any? Is it quite impossible to recapture the impulse which combined at once so many factors to form a brilliant society of intellect? There were perhaps never so many ideas afloat as is the case to-day. Is there to be no centralizing genius which shall gather them once again into an articulate and living society? In one sense, such companies of wit and talent and thought are almost essential to the well-being of the genius, whoever he is. Loneliness, lack of understanding, are not the least of the difficulties with which the genius of to-day has to cope. It was no doubt partly sheer loneliness on the part of the man ahead of his time, which made the success of the French salons, in that they provided him at once with admiration and with companions who could speak his language. In France and England the day of the salon seems to be definitely over. Conditions in the two old countries are changing fast. Wealth for one thing has changed hands; the stringencies of the war have left people dispirited; there is little light-heartedness, little of the impulse necessary to make a hobby of what may seem the unessential. Literature and art have received a blow from which they are not yet likely to recover and nationalism and all the other "isms" have taken their place. Also a certain naïveté, a certain ability to enjoy frankly and without reserve belong perhaps to an earlier age. Culture is widely enough spread for it to cease to be remarkable in the old sense. A Bath tea-party has a bygone suggestion about it to-day, no matter how distinguished its guests. There is none of the sharp division between the aristocrat and the man of letters which made their discovery of each other so unusually thrilling. Where then do the conditions exist, which again might produce the salons of the eighteenth century France?

It is possible that the next salons may exist in America. Here great wealth is concentrated, making possible the fundamental question of hospitality. Here the tendency to form exclusive and aristocratic communities is, if anything, on the up-grade. Here again culture is sought, very much as it was sought in the eighteenth century. In no European country, for instance, could

be found such lecture audiences as exist now in the United States. In no other country at the present time is the distinguished visitor such a factor. In no other country do hostesses go to such pains concerning the personal element. In France and England, you may take it or leave it, according as you like society or not. Here, you are specially catered for, and there is genuine appreciation, even while it is more undiscriminating than in Europe, of talent of every kind. There are plenty of American traditions of the salon in colonial days. Elizabeth Graeme of Philadelphia, the Republican drawing-rooms, the Robert Morris', Mrs. Meredith, all of these show a salon spirit which is very much more than an echo from an older world. And if at the end of the eighteenth century the voyage to the United States was by no means a seven days' wonder and distinguished foreigners came there from all parts of the world, how much are the difficulties of travel decreased to-day and how greatly is America—sometimes for reasons which will not bear investigation—become the magnet, attracting learning and culture from all the old countries? In Paris, American hostesses are well-known and have a place of their own, and as America becomes more self-sufficing, less dependent on the stimulus of outside thought, who shall not say that her quick spirit, her enthusiasm, her capacity for enjoyment of things worn out in the old world, shall not make her the lineal descendant of the brilliant eighteenth and nineteenth century company which to this day stirs our imagination and our desire?

MURIEL HARRIS.

LITTLE BROTHER OF THE MOUNTAINS

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

HALF an hour ago Mabel, my little mountain chum, went away to the mission boarding school. I watched the old horse and the old buggy jolt over the rocks and disappear into the green gloom of rhododendron, and I knew that a new life was beginning for Mabel. It is as if you should catch a little wild wood sprite to cage and school her. I wonder whether her stars and her dreams and her mountain mother might not have been the better teachers. Last night Ma Duncan and I sat long on the porch steps while the evening stole softly down upon the three peaks of Craggy. Was it because in the morning the "least one" of her eight was to go forth from her home that Ma Duncan told me so much about her little boy who died twenty years ago, her second son?

With what immortal persistence little dead children live in a mother's memory, so that to me, her friend, little Chris moves as vividly as any of the small brown mountain boys whose bare feet to-day pad shyly beside mine along some hidden mountain trail! I seem to see him flashing at his mother's side in the big dusky kitchen, or through brown and green woodways, for "he was always with me, except when he'd be off in the fields a-workin' with his brother and his daddy. He was always such a little worker, and him only goin' on ten when he died. He wore his little body out, that's what he done!"

She tells me of his quick mind, of his singing, of his story-spinning. "There was somethin' about him folks always felt, somethin' different, that made everybody notice him. Folks would stop him in the road to talk to him, and they'd always want him to tell 'em stories. He'd start right in and tell, like it was real and in such grand words, things he'd make up as if they'd happened to him in the woods, things he'd 'maginate he saw." She dreams on, "Once in a while I see folks that has eyes

like little Chris's, so brown and shinin'. I wish you could have seen his eyes. The old folks always told me I'd never raise him. He was too good for this world and too good for the rest of us."

The mountain mystery of endlessly whispering woods is all about us. Where else should people dream dreams and see visions, and hear the far cries of mystery? "Did I ever tell you the dream I had about him 'fore ever he was sick? I dreamed him and me was standin' yonder at that gate, and lookin' down at the ford below, shinin' with the sunset. Just then I saw right down there by the creek, a whole company of little soldiers. No bigger than little Chris they was, and all dressed in blue uniforms and all goin' through the movements with their rifles, like they was practicin'. While we was watchin' 'em, they riz right up in the air toward us; until they was right above our heads, still goin' through all the movements. And little Chris says, 'Ma, I can go with them little soldiers,' and right then he riz up in the air, too, and he went on with them, and left me a-standin' there alone until I couldn't see 'em no more."

Certain incidents enshrine him. He finds his untaught mother struggling to read Dinwiddie's sermons, and the mite of eight takes the book from her, and wrestles with it until he can read and explain it to her. "And he understood all the meanin' of it just as plain!" Again he is trudging a narrow road with the sister two years older, when some loose horses come tearing down upon them. He quickly makes his sister climb the fence, but when she cries to him to follow he stands staunch, "'Don't you know I must take care of my sister?' is what he said,—Nora, she's told me about it a-many a time, how she looked back and saw him standin' there plumb in the middle of the road, a-pickin' up rocks to throw at them horses, and, what do you think, he stood there a-throwin' rocks until he turned 'em back, and him so small!"

The story of the last six months sounds Hardy-esque in the fatality of the small circumstances that prevent the coming of the doctor. "It was at Christmas first I noticed. He *would* walk down to the station to get his Christmas presents,"—a matter of ten rough miles for a child who had a secret heart disease,— "It was after that his feet swelled, and I said to Daddy, 'Little

Chris ain't well,' and to git the doctor, but Daddy he said for me not to worry and to keep on a-bathin' his feet. And it's true the child wasn't sick, so as men-folks could tell it. And he got better of that time. Along about in April I began to see how a white streak would come across his forehead, and again I says to Daddy, 'Little Chris ain't well. Don't take him into the fields to work no more.' But little Chris he would be a-doin' wherever there was work to do. But he knowed. Oh, from the first I know he knowed!"

Still the tale of the doctor not brought, of passing travelers promising to tell him there was an ailing child up this way, and then forgetting, until when at last the doctor came, "Old Doctor Russell it was who'd always known me, and when he saw little Chris, and listened at his heart, he just took him in his arms and cried. Little Chris was still runnin' around the house then, but pretty soon he had to quit, and toward the end of June he went. But he'd say to me, 'don't cry, Ma, don't shed a tear for me. It's easier for you I should be took from you this way when I'm small than that I should be torn from you, when I'm a man, to go away to the cruel war that's a-comin'.' Wasn't it strange he should say that, and there was no talk of any war then anywhere!"

We are silent, looking off to those watchful turrets of old Craggy. I am thinking of all mothers everywhere, who always must one day give up their babies, sometimes to death, sometimes to life. Long ago little Chris went away into the secret country, and now Mabel—like him, more her mother's comrade than any of the other children—must go away into the land of life; which of the two, when the mother's pilgrimage draws to its end, shall seem closer to her? After a long pause, Chris's mother says, questioning the steadfast peaks over which the pale rain-mist is brooding, "The future life and the Judgment Day and all that, don't nobody know nothin' 'bout that really," and again, "it's queer what a body'll go through in a life, and still keep right on as if nothin' had ever happened."

Then pondering the mystery of living as she had pondered the mystery of death, "I reckon we got to keep on. The Lord will forgive us everythin' but to quit tryin'!"

But someone inside is restless, perhaps with the low hum of

our voices, or perhaps in the father's heart, too, burns a portrait of the dead child whose name I have never heard him mention. God alone knows whether men do not suffer as much as mothers do. Yet how heavy-thudding on the porch are the feet that make us break off talking, Chris's mother and I! The sharp yet wordless interruption reminds me of Robert Frost's *Home Burial*, and makes me ponder the mystery of marriage and of motherhood.

I have sometimes heard Ma Duncan exclaim in wonder, "There's some says there ain't no God!" and, thinking of little Chris, I share that puzzlement, for on what hypothesis except a God can one account for the strange grafting of unearthly loveliness on heavy earth-stock, or explain the little singing soul who was "too good for the rest of us"?

WINIFRED KIRKLAND.

ELOQUENCE

BY EDWARD A. THURBER

"Such a pity," says my friend, "such a pity" (we meet but once a year and thus our conversations overlap); "it is such a pity," he says, "that Webster ever won the Dartmouth College case!" And then he tells of Chief Justice Marshall's face and eyes,—"It is, sir, as I have said, a small college, and yet there are those who love it." The tears rolled from those vanquished orbs; the cheeks glistened; the brain was on fire; the hand was loth to stay for paper,—"No," the Justice proclaimed, "the charter shall not be changed without the consent of the corporation." And this decision, my friend avers, has worked untold harm; it put up a bar to social progress.

Carlyle, in his denunciation of eloquence, risks a still higher flight; Demosthenes himself comes in question. Phocion's words had no wings, yet it was Phocion to whom the Athenians should have hearkened. "You cannot fight Philip," he said; "you have not the slightest chance with Philip. He is a man who holds his tongue; he has great disciplined armies; a full treasury; can bribe you, with your idle clamorings; this man Demosthenes is simply tickling your auditory nerves." Thus Froude treats Cicero in contrasting his eloquence with the plain speech of Caesar; thus so many treat Rousseau, that lawless, neurotic man whose resplendent utterance has befuddled us all. Was it Isaiah who gave his king such poor advice, or was it another prophet, or was it the way of prophets to be eloquent—and wrong?

Very likely the answer to these strictures on winged words is that eloquence itself is not at stake. The fear of eloquence may be like the fear of logic—no real fear at all. One dreads fallacy and one dreads liars who figure and turbulent men who declaim; and there the matter rests. And there I do not wish it to rest; I am irked by eloquence.

"In the main," asserts a clever man, "logic is not a productive tool so much as a weapon of defense," and he goes on to say that a wide experience of active intellectual affairs will lead most people to the conclusion that logic is mainly valuable as a weapon to exterminate logicians. "Logicians," declared Newman, "are more set upon concluding rightly than upon right conclusions. They cannot see the end for the process." And it is a joy to quote Newman approvingly, for he is at times, alas, violently fervid of speech.

How one might sit and ponder upon the crimes that lie at the door of eloquence, those flagrant words that stir men to belief and action! The man of rhythms breaks in upon the council, and because he stands well and waves well and booms well, he is listened to, and his advice is assumed as good; nay! the council leaps upon him, draws him to its bosom, and hails him mightily. The voice has melted; the look has subdued: is it because men are not reasoning animals?

If so, why should they hasten to employ logic to exterminate one another? What other animal ever does that! The heart of the difficulty appears to be that as men circumscribe the other animals in their range of emotions—to which, indeed, they give fantastic names—so are they superior to the lower animals in a possession all their own—that of reason. Occasionally one arises who is proud of this possession and makes good use of it, but for the most part men are content to let it lie fallow, to soothe themselves with rhythmic words. Thus it comes about that as logic is employed mainly as a weapon to exterminate logicians so is eloquence employed mainly as an artifice to supplant reason.

"Eloquence is the power of magnifying what is small and diminishing what is great." This saying of an "old man eloquent," Emerson characterizes as acute but partial. Yet his own fleet definitions do not put the mind so at rest. "Nothing but great weight in things," he declares, "can afford a quite literal speech," and proceeds forthwith to cloud this shaft of light with a "God himself does not speak prose." "What must have been the discourse of St. Bernard," exclaims Emerson, and we echo—what must it have been, indeed!—"when mothers hid their sons, wives their husbands, companions their friends, lest they should

be led by his eloquence to join the monastery!" A few pages further on Emerson ascribes it as a merit in Lincoln that when he rose to a height of thought or of passion he came down to a language level with the ear of all his audience. Was not Lincoln handling things of great weight, and was not St. Bernard magnifying what was small! But Emerson's contradictions simply mark him as the playfellow of eloquence; the rhythmic phrase was music to his ear—he could not forego its harp-like laughter—"Give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."

To me the ancient apothegm is not only acute but final; it explains the modicum of pleasure and the grievous anguish engendered by the winged word. Eloquence is at home only in the mid-regions; it is the child, the spoiled child, of commonplace. What if I had even called it the carrion about which vultures congregate! The great writers—I mean the very great—never employ eloquence for their finest thoughts, only for their seconds. They dandle it upon their knees, they chuck it, smooth out its pout, and whisk it away with them, it may be to some ghoul-haunted woodland, some misty mid-region of faerie. But never, when they are divinely serious or superbly imaginative, do they take any thought of this wilful baggage.

And as eloquence is a sort of vent for the after-thoughts of the great, so is it pasture, the sufficient feeding ground for all other writers and speakers, ranking from the small grubs who snatch disputed morsels, the burly pillagers who roar their stage thunder, even to those who tread on the very edges of the uplands where the browsing is no longer coarse and lush.

"It was that time of year," said Henry James in words that I do not remember; it was that period, that phase of Victorianism when the sea was called upon incontinently to roll. Yet it was not, of course, the verb that carried the eloquence so much as the state of mind and the preposition, "on." The sea could roll well enough of itself, but when one invoked it to "roll on," the motion was perpetuated to eternity. Thus in the lines of our most eloquent poet, Joaquin Miller, Columbus did not command his mutineers merely to sail, but to "Sail On! Sail On!" Sailing became one with discovery. Milton thought that to write

poetry one ought himself to be a poem. Joaquin Miller ranged our western borders in long hair and high boots. Now these accoutrements are to the average man dispensable, but to pure eloquence they are imperative. And when you add to them a soft flowing collar, every word you utter will shake the hills.

There were, to be sure, about Byron certain neatnesses, a way he had of being at times plain and conventional that permitted him to rise into true poetry. He yields the palm of eloquence to Macaulay. Horatius, O Horatius, how well you kept the bridge! It took you seventy stanzas, but you did it; you achieved your purposes,—not quite, perhaps, in the fine Roman way; but with many a mid-Victorian gesture, in many a four beat and a three beat, in varied iambs and anapests, you rhymed your course; and the school boys, old and young, applaud you, for whatever you did and whatever you said, you epitomize the swollen longings of a decade of eloquence.

While Macaulay was beating the drum in verse and fingering tidy brass instruments in his essays and speeches, a contemporary, De Quincey, was in his music room, pulling out all the stops of the organ. De Quincey was one of the first among the moderns to devote to language the serious study toward massive and sustained effects accorded it by the Greek and Roman orators. To the latter, rhetoric was the art of persuading, and they put that art on its highest ground because they had to persuade, not a rabble, but groups and masses of intelligent, discriminating and sophisticated people. De Quincey was fond of the orators; he would hardly otherwise have described Burke as the "Supreme writer of his century." Yet, unlike Burke or Bossuet, he never had an audience before him, nor, like his successor, Newman, was he especially interested in persuading. De Quincey's subjects were literary and his audience cultivated readers. For them he bent his ear over his cadences, the rise and fall of his periods, and indulged himself in every variety of rhythmic effect,—"the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant, and swept it into my dreams forever." "—as she rose and sank upon her seat, sank and rose, threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing!" This, I presume,

is polyphonic prose. De Quincey's vibrations have a much grander sweep than Miss Lowell's, but they are not so decorative, neither does he pursue them so consistently. For his final spring he often chooses an apostrophe,—"O noble-minded Ann!" "Oxford Street, stony-hearted stepmother, thou that listenest to the sigh of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children!"

"A bright, ready and melodious talker," said Carlyle of De Quincey, "the finest silver-toned low voice—," and this was the best that Carlyle ever said of his older contemporary. Of Burke he had spoken: "A man vehement rather than earnest; a resplendent, far-sighted Rhetorician rather than a deep, sure Thinker."

De Quincey is the residuary legatee of the older rhetoricians, of those who had written impassioned prose in the two preceding centuries,—Raleigh, Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, Milton. In speaking of one of them he defines rhetoric by stating that where conviction begins, the province of rhetoric ends; rhetoric is rather to excite admiration than to bring conviction; and De Quincey makes a distinction between what he calls eloquent passion and rhetorical fancy; one remarkable characteristic of Taylor's style, he notes, is the constant strife and fluctuation between his rhetoric and his eloquence. This, I imagine, is the use of eloquence that Matthew Arnold intends, when he speaks of "poetry and eloquence," a use common enough and intelligible, but a use which seems to narrow the first word and to enlarge the second. Poetry often breaks over the confines of verse into prose, and the best poetry and the best prose are not eloquent. Even De Quincey who followed the stately phrase most assiduously, and who would not have followed it so far had he had more to say, could write haunting passages on the blending of moonlight and dawn, on a vision of the "wives and daughters of those who met in peace," on a dream of Easter Sunday,—"I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven, . . . and with the dew I can wash the fever from my forehead, and then I shall be unhappy no longer." Here the style is rhythmic but not rhetorical; as I compare these quiet passages with his flights of eloquence, I am inclined to rearrange his words on Milton,—"Though for the most part he gives us eloquence for

poetry, there are times when he gives us poetry for eloquence," when the artificial yields place to the imaginative.

A writer who studiously cultivates his prose is like a fox leading the chase. His ear is atune to the least sound; he is partial to emphatic articulation; he reveres his labials. And yet the hounds are in full cry: he must be unobtrusive; he must scatter his scent or they will surely get him. They caught Landor; they lay hold of Stevenson; did they overtake Newman? I am not sure. They saw him, beyond question, but he was far off,—a swift and subtle fox; and he had a masterful way of doubling on his track. Besides, Newman was in earnest, and serious foxes are the most elusive.

There was a trait of Newman's style, however, a first cousin of this studied prose that was not at all elusive—I mean his eloquence. Now eloquence does not flame or cut or cry; it simply sounds the big drum or the snare drum or sweeps the double bass—there is no mistaking it. Newman did not mind these instruments. How contentedly he defends his Cicero!—"nothing more redundant in any part of his writings," says Newman, than certain passages from Shakespere, and he quotes at length speeches of Macbeth and Hamlet, beginning "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased" and "'Tis not only my inky cloak, good mother."

Newman continues:

> No lover then at least of Shakespere may fairly accuse Cicero of gorgeousness of phraseology or diffuseness of style. . . . His copious, majestic, musical flow of language, even if sometimes beyond what the subject matter demands, is never out of keeping with the occasion or with the speaker. . . .
>
> Neither Livy nor Tacitus nor Terence nor Seneca nor Pliny nor Quintilian, is an adequate spokesman for the Imperial City. They write Latin; Cicero writes Roman.

This flare of cadence provokes questions. In the first place, if Shakespere, a child of the Elizabethans, was gorgeous and diffuse, how much was at stake? Was he defending a city? or was he, like all those about him, in love with words? And for his greatest beauty and his highest poetry do we go to his redundant passages? In the second place, if Cicero wrote Roman, what,

pray, was Julius Caesar writing, and which of the two is the adequate spokesman of the Imperial City?

An admiring critic of a recent book of verse says: "There is no adornment and no eloquence; irony, indignation and vision are stripped bare, and speak in their immediate characters"; and another critic comments upon Robert Frost's poem, *The Runaway:* "Thought is provoked here rather than expressed, as thought is provoked by anything that really and quietly happens in the world." These poems address, then, not pure sense, still less the pure intellect, but what Walter Pater calls the "imaginative reason." "Art," he says, "is always striving to be independent of the mere intelligence, to become a matter of pure perception" . . . "the arts may be represented as continually struggling after the law or principle of music, to a condition which music alone completely realizes" . . . a "perfect identification of form and matter."

It would be strange indeed if, in the whirligig of time, Pater's definitions were directed against his own usage, if he should be the defender of a modern prose, careless of eloquence, careless of beauty itself, but which in its strife to marry thought and word should capture "the strength and resilience of fine steel," should unveil the secret of music; it would be passing strange if Pater's definitions should uphold free verse. It is as if the rap of Phocion's staff were more expressive than the periods of Demosthenes.

Edward A. Thurber.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

SONGS OF A RUSTIC ANGEL

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

We shall be celebrating before long the centenary of music's greatest torso—the incomparable "Unfinished" Symphony of Schubert. That of Shelley's death falls in the same year. Schubert, who was almost the age of his poetic contemporary, wrote his B minor Symphony in the year of Shelley's death. Like Shelley, he was too well-beloved of the gods; Shelley died at thirty, Schubert at thirty-one. Like Shelley, he was primarily a lyrist. But he had not Shelley's exigent and challenging mind or his fine-grained spirit. He was four-fifths peasant, and he sang like a rustic angel. When he died, he left behind him personal effects valued at a little over twelve dollars, and some of the loveliest music in existence. Within a year of his death he had been unable to afford a seventeen-cent dinner, and he was selling deathless songs for the present price of four subway tickets.

Almost all of the finer Schubert—his tenderness, his candor, his fragrance, his limpidity, his melancholy, his sense of drama—may be found in the B minor Symphony. It was begun in his twenty-fifth year, and he lived six years longer; yet only the *Allegro*, the *Andante*, and nine measures of the *Scherzo* survive.

The Symphony was composed as a gesture of acknowledgment, in return for the dazzling compliment conferred upon Schubert when he was elected an honorary member of the musical societies of Graz and Linz. A gesture of thanks—yet what a gesture! The music is as intimate and sincere as anything he ever wrote. There is grief in it, and protest. It would be hard to find anything more dolorous in Tchaikovsky's poignant symphonic threnody in the same key than that mournful passage in the first movement of the "Unfinished" where the wailing phase sung by the violins is answered in imitation by the

violas and bassoons. No Slavic brooding was ever more grievous than this. If Sir George Grove chooses to find here "the history of cruel disappointments and broken hopes," who can say that the evidence is against him?

Schubert turned out masterworks as easily and casually as automats turn out griddle-cakes. "When I have done one piece I begin the next," he said to a visitor. In one morning he wrote six of the songs in the *Winterreise*. He composed nearly 1,000 works in thirteen years; and "at an age when Beethoven had produced one symphony," as Sir George observes, "Schubert had written ten." He composed with dangerous ease, and he wrote at times when he had nothing to say, so that not a little of his output seems to-day inexpressive. When he was at his best—and how often he was!—he could write music as fragrant and magical as a June dusk; and he could be thrillingly dramatic. He had, too, the sense of tears, as well as the sense of drama. His art displays almost all the major virtues except ecstasy and incandescence. He was lyrical without the specific gift of ectasy. If the aim of all enchantment is ecstasy, then Schubert is not one of the great enchanters of music—of whom, indeed, there have been few; perhaps only Wagner, and Chopin, and Debussy. But one need not enchant to be a god of art, or a prophet, or a poet, or a revealer of mysteries. As for incandescence, there has been, probably, only one musical imagination that indisputably commanded it; and that was certainly not Schubert's.

Mr. Edmondstoune Duncan, in his devoted study of Schubert, is reminded by this symphony of "salt-flavored breezes," the "pulsation of waves," and "the freedom and expanse which a wilderness of waters convey to the mind"—though he hastens to say that he does not impute any such pictorial intentions to Schubert. But again, in discussing the free fantasia, he finds in the music such "mystic sounds" as may be heard "in some desolate place where the tide breaks complainingly over the low-lying rocks. It is as a song of forgotten ages; it touches on the mystery of life and death, the yearning of man, the futility of despair." Mr. Duncan finds much else in the music of this symphony: melodies from fairyland, the "blending of peace and passion," an "almost religious atmosphere," reminders of the Merchant

of Venice, "blissful dreams" and "stern realities," and the "trumpet-call of Hope." Only a mail-order catalogue could be more generously varied. Others have found in the famous 'cello theme of the first movement "the most charming melody in all music"; and Philip Hale did not hesitate to say of the first movement of the B minor that "there is nothing of more complete, well-rounded beauty in the literature of music."

Henry James in certain of his later novels, says Rebecca West, fabricated sentences "vast as the Pyramids and a scene that would have made a site for a capital," and with this basic material he "set about constructing a story the size of a hen-house." There are some who would say that Schubert was similarly inclined: that he was wont to evolve a hen-house—or, let us say, a golden cage full of singing birds—after having laid the foundations of a three-acre zoo.

Undoubtedly Schubert's ideas are at times spread pretty thinly over a wide expanse of tonal framework. But Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason, who has written with shrewdness and sensibility about Schubert, is far too stern, we believe, in connecting this weaker aspect of his genius with "a certain flabbiness of moral fibre." We doubt if "moral fibre" has anything to do with the matter at all. Why drag in the Puritan complex? Let us not, in dealing with these problems of artistic behavior, pattern after the hasty and illogical ways of the Bostonians of Professor Agassiz's day, who (it is said) used to suspect him of moral instability because, in his lectures, he was wont to call attention to the fact that in a certain species of the *Radiata* every female marries her grandfather. It seems to us as fantastic to drag Schubert's "moral flabbiness" into an estimate of his artistic characteristics as it was for those Bostonians of an earlier day to feel cool toward the abandoned Agassiz for exhibiting a fact of science—though it should be said that Mr. Mason in his remark about Schubert does not make it quite clear whether he is voicing an original opinion or merely exhibiting the view of an English critic, Mr. H. H. Statham, whom he quotes with approval. In either case, we wish he might have refrained. The habits of Schubert had no more to do with his occasional monotony and diffuseness as a musician than Wagner's liberal attitude toward the marriage

contract had anything to do with his fondness for the chord of the diminished seventh. Schubert's tendency, as a composer, to "run to emptyin's"—the disparity in his writing between dimensions and content—cannot be made to wear any special significance by hitching it to whatever "flabbiness of moral fibre" that divine bourgeois was afflicted with.

"There is," said Mr. Hale years ago, in the most penetrating essay that has been written in English upon Schubert—an essay that is a masterpiece of interpretation—"there is a pot-house Schubert, the composer in the tavern," a figure as absurd as the legendary Schubert who was a "sentimentalist raised to the highest power," but "used for years by the ignorant to point a moral to young men wishing to be musicians, and young women wishing to be musicians' wives." And Mr. Hale asserts his conviction that Schubert's dissipation has been "grossly exaggerated," in view of his vast amount of creative labor. Probably the simple truth is that Schubert was prolix, diffuse, garrulous, because there was more genius in him than artist—because he lacked aesthetic tact, the inspired instinct of omission, the power to concentrate and curtail, the ability to discriminate. Into the capacious bowl of his art—half gold and half pewter—he would (as Miss West says of Mr. James) "toss any sort of object: a jewel, a rose, a bit of string, a visiting-card, confident that the surrounding glow would lend it beauty." Often it did—a thousand times it did. Often he filled it full of a prodigal loveliness, pressed down and overflowing, so that the beauty shines from within, and the bowl becomes translucent alabaster.

There is no denying the prolixity of (for example) the C major Symphony—it is notorious and inescapable. There are more than 200 pages in the miniature full score. Mr. Edmondstoune Duncan counted up, in the leisurely days before the War, the number of measures in the Finale alone, and arrived at a total of 1,159. These are indeed, as Mr. Duncan observes, "grand extensions."

Felix Weingartner has said: "Whenever I hear this work well conducted, or conduct it myself [an excessively modest distinction], I become fairly intoxicated with the music. . . . It is quite incomprehensible to me how people can find this symphony

too long and desire to shorten it." That, to our mind, is altogether too lenient an attitude. Schubert—*pace* Mr. Weingartner—was often intolerably garrulous. Of many of his works it may be declared with truth that there is disparity between the worth of the thing said and the time that is taken to say it.

But in the amazing and untarnished score of the "Unfinished" Symphony, the discourse, almost throughout, is like that of a speaker who knows and loves and cunningly employs "the shape and hue and odor and sweet sound of words." It is full of surprising and inexhaustible subtleties of design and procedure, of delicate felicities accomplished with so perfect an art that they wear the innocence and spontaneity of natural processes. When one thinks of the blend of sadness and serenity that is in this music, and in the ampler symphony in C major,—of its beautiful tenderness and freshness and strength, of its wistful charm, its poetry that is often as "a touch from behind a curtain,"—one remembers Francis Thompson's eulogy upon the plenitude of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound:* . . . "This amazing lyric world, where the very grass is all a-rustle with lovely spirit things. Poetry is spilt like wine, music runs to drunken waste. The choruses sweep down the wind, tirelessly, flight after flight, till the breathless soul almost cries for respite."

Like all authentic revelation, the music of Schubert at its best has an ever-receding horizon. It gives us the sense of an enchanted familiarity: that sense both of the wonder and the nearness of life—the conviction that just beyond the next hill lies some accessible paradise of the pilgrim mind. To create and maintain that illusion is surely to conquer, by the most daring of flights, a boundless region of spiritual air.

Through the confusion and disarray of contemporary tone-building, which sends up as dense a cloud of controversial dust as the flock of sheep in Don Quixote, the tranquil lights of an immortal beauty shine from this music with serene detachment, dropping their loveliness into the upturned gaze of those who still shepherd their flocks of dreams upon untroubled hills.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

The President in his first address to the Congress continued the practice of personal and oral delivery which his predecessor had revived from the example of the two eighteenth century administrations, and which we may hope will henceforth be the general custom. Apart from others, perhaps more commonly remarked, the spoken address has these two very real advantages over the written message: It is almost certain to be shorter, and more popular in style. It might be preferable to say, less prolix and less technical. We have known some former messages which were so long and so filled with statistics and technicalities that it seemed inconceivable that anybody would read them through, save the reading clerks of the Congress, and the proofreaders of newspapers. Now since in recent years such utterances have come to be more and more intended for the public as well as for the Congress, it is obvious that when thus framed they must largely fail of their desired effect. There can be no doubt that the better form is the oral address of moderate length and of matter and style interesting to the average citizen as well as informing to members of the Congress; for the establishment or reëstablishment of which, we owe thanks to Presidents Wilson and Harding.

John Burroughs had lived so long and had won so vital a place in innumerable minds and hearts that his death is scarcely realizable. Of course in a certain grateful sense he is not dead and cannot die. His works, his teachings, his influence for the love of nature, are imperishable. He was the latest survivor, and not the least, of a noteworthy company or succession of American naturalists who were not merely naturalists but also great moralists. That was because they were students and teachers not merely of flora and fauna, but also of abstract truth, to which they were nobly inspired by contemplation of the concrete truths

of nature. It would be a poor tribute to pay to Burroughs, to say that he was the last of his line and would have no successor. Such teaching as his must have inspired many to follow his example, among whom a few may arise to eminence comparable with his own. For that to happen would be the best possible testimony to the greatness of his life and work.

The Bureau of Education at Washington expresses the cheerful hope that the next generation of Americans will be practically free from illiteracy. This is based upon the census returns from three States, and the District of Columbia. In thirty years, we are told, illiteracy has declined in Alabama from 41 to 16.1 per cent; in Arkansas from 26.6 to 9.4; in Delaware from 14.3 to 5.9; and in the Federal District from 13.2 to 2.8 per cent. Such progress is certainly gratifying, and we shall hope to see it maintained in the returns from all the States, though we must confess that our hope is not very strong in relation to some of them. And we cannot forget that during the Great War practically one-fourth of all the men drafted were illiterate. Now the young men of military age are to be supposed to be one of the most literate of all the elements of population. If they were, as they were found to be, 24.9 per cent illiterate, for the whole country, what must have been the percentage of illiteracy in the rest of the population? There is, of course, the possibility, not agreeable to contemplate, that in the selective conscription a certain proportion of young men falsely declared themselves illiterate, in order to secure exemption, as they hoped, from the draft, who last year, under the civilian census, recorded themselves as literate. We should hate, however, to suppose that they were numerous. It is better to be illiterate than to be a Bergdoll.

Professor Albert Einstein has been welcomed to this country and his theory of "Relativity" has been gravely listened to and discussed by myriads who have little conception of what it is all about. As the advocate of Jewish restoration to Palestine he has met with more appreciative and sympathetic interest. His lament over the losses to science "through the action of political misfortune" and his hope that "the field of activity of

scientific men may be reunited" doubtless command sympathy, but they also inevitably provoke the retort that what he deplores was in fact largely brought about through the perversion and degradation of science. Not in our generation will or should the world forget that a large company of German scientists, comprising practically every first-class authority in that country, deliberately put their signatures and lent the support of their reputations to one of the most wickedly and wantonly lying statements ever coined by wholly unscrupulous knaves, and that not one of them, so far as the world knows, has ever manifested fitting contrition for their monstrous crime.

The President "improved the occasion" of the dedication of the Bolivar statue in New York with an address, the last echoes of which have not yet been heard in either the New World or the Old. Apart from his benevolent expression of this country's attitude toward its southern neighbors, which we are glad to see was universally accepted at its face value and heartily acclaimed throughout Latin America, he made a reassertion and interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine which must have been gratefully reassuring to some, prudently admonitory to others, and profitably informing to all, in both hemispheres. As for the occasion, it was most felicitous. The United States, in the heart of its metropolis, cannot too highly honor the memory of that great Latin American who more nearly than any other man in the history of these continents, approximated to the moral and patriotic stature of Washington himself.

One of the most hopeful and heartening achievements of recent time in the "Black Belt" of the South was the conviction and sentencing to life imprisonment of a white plantation owner for the murder of a number of negro peons—euphemism for slaves. Of course, if the case had been reversed, and a negro had been charged with the murder of white men, there would have been no life sentence, but a summary lynching, probably with additions of revolting torture. Still, it is a great gain for justice to have a Georgia court convict and sentence a white man for the murder of a negro. It is a great gain for humanity to have the infamous

and degrading system of peonage exposed for the aggravated slavery which it is. It is a most auspicious gain for good government to have the Governor of the State bravely denounce the system of peonage, with which, he declares, the State reeks, as comparable with the Belgian atrocities in the Congo which roused the indignant protests of the world. In some counties of the "Empire State of the South," Governor Dorsey says, "the negro is being driven out as though he was a wild beast. In others he is being held as a slave. In others, no negroes remain." And he cites no fewer than 135 cases of atrocities committed against negroes in the last two years, in only two of which the victims were charged with outrages upon white women; adding that if an effort were made to collect reports of all cases, the number could be multiplied. When the Governor of a State speaks thus and takes such a stand, there is hope of ending a condition of affairs which is as degrading to the perpetrators and tolerators as it is cruel to the victims of the outrages.

The menace of a general strike of the great industries of the United Kingdom has been averted, through the resolute and rational stand of the Government, and the danger of its repetition has been greatly diminished by a schism among the labor unionists. The strike was ordered by the miners, who promptly put themselves entirely in the wrong and alienated all public sympathy by two acts. One was, to demand, without admitting argument, an increase of wages which they conceded the mine-owners could not afford to pay, but which they insisted must be granted to them by the Government as a subsidy out of the national treasury. The other was, to insist that, pending settlement, the pumps should not be kept running or the mines be cared for in any way, since they regarded destruction of property as their strongest stock in trade in the controversy. At that there was nothing to be done but for the Government and the public to present a solid front against the miners, which was done with splendid spirit. The miners then called upon the other members of the "Triple Alliance," the railroad workmen and the transport workers, to join them in a universal strike which would paralyze industry and starve the nation into sub-

jection. The Government and people prepared to meet even this with tranquil and efficient fortitude, but it was not necessary. The other two unions would not support the outrageous demands of the miners, and declined to join in the strike, which thereupon collapsed. Finally the miners, resenting the refusal of the others to support them, withdrew from the "Triple Alliance." The whole incident serves as a convincing demonstration that Great Britain does not purpose to have a political revolution in the abused name of industry.

The advent of the "daylight saving" season was marked with various circumstances obviously making for radical and definitive action by the supreme authority. New York and New Jersey were without State laws on the subject, but permitted municipalities to do as they pleased. The result was that in most of the large cities daylight saving was adopted and was put into effect, while elsewhere standard time prevailed. Railroads ran some trains on one schedule and some on another, so that the five o'clock local train started from the terminal at five o'clock local time but four o'clock by the railroad's own station clock, and the five o'clock express started at five by the station clock but at six o'clock by local time and by the watches of its passengers. Such confusion was bad enough. But another and still more critical aspect was given to the case in Connecticut. There the Legislature, not content with refusing to enact daylight saving, passed a law forbidding it. In defiance of that enactment the capital city of the State, Hartford, adopted a daylight saving ordinance and put it into effect; whereupon members of the Legislature proposed to declare the city in revolt against the authority of the State, and to annul or suspend its charter until such time as it complied with the law requiring standard time. It was also charged that the city was violating the laws of the United States, which had established the standard time zones. If the latter charge were true, of course it must have been equally true of the cities of New York and New Jersey, and of some other States, which adopted daylight saving. The lesson of the whole business obviously is that Congress should

exercise its Constitutional power, and perform its Constitutional duty, of prescribing uniform time-measurements and reckonings for the whole country.

The principle of restricted and selective immigration seems at last to be established, with ground for hope that in future and at leisure the Congress will develop and perfect the system in accordance with the needs and welfare of the country. There never was a time when we were either legally or morally bound to open our doors to all comers, though for some time our needs of labor seemed to be so great as to warrant the reception of all immigrants who presented themselves, and there were times when humanity seemed to require us to give asylum to many who were persecuted and oppressed on political or religious grounds. There is to-day little if any need of such asylum, and our needs of labor do not appear to demand unrestricted immigration. We cannot, of course, discriminate against particular nationalities or races, unless they assent to it by special agreement. But we can limit the number to be received from all on a percentage basis, and we can enact tests of fitness for admission which will assure immigrants of the best quality. There is no better established principle than that of the right of a country to decide for itself who shall be its guests.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE EVOLUTION OF REVOLUTION. By H. M. Hyndman. New York: Boni & Liveright.

When social evolution reaches certain critical points, then we have what is called revolution—a process not essentially different from that which preceded it, though, in appearance, something new. Force is not essential to revolution, and it is absurd to speak of "making a revolution" by force. Revolutions may well be peaceful, and in fact the greatest revolution of all time, the change in the prehistoric period from primitive communism to the system of individual property and exchange, was accomplished, so far as we know, without bloodshed and indeed without clear consciousness of what was going on. Social development is largely, though not wholly determined by economic causes, and being at once necessary and to a large extent unconscious, it partakes of the ruthlessness of the forces of nature. To be sure, some of the great movements have been "voluntary" and psychological. By no manner of logical juggling can the rise of the Arabs through the impulse of Mohammedanism, or those great adventures of the Christian peoples, the Crusades, be explained in accordance with a strict historic determinism. But the motives of these movements had no very close relation to any true social aims. The inference is that conscious social evolution or peaceful revolution is quite possible, and that people ought to prepare for making the great change which is to come in the not distant future, a conscious and a peaceful change.

Such in substance are Mr. Hyndman's general views about evolution and revolution. They do not differ greatly from the views held by most students of social development. The difference between Mr. Hyndman and the non-socialistic thinkers is mostly one of emphasis and of implication. It is the emphasis upon the happiness of the primeval communistic way of life in contrast with the misery that flowed from the change to individualism, and it is the implication that communism is a form of life essentially congenial to human nature and favorable to its development, that characterize Mr. Hyndman's treatise. The moderation—one might almost say the non-revolutionary—character of this treatise—makes it acceptable to mildly conservative and mildly radical readers alike. The book is also, in a measure, eye-opening. But there are two causes which somewhat interfere with its success. One of these is the difficulty of making socialist criticism work into socialist constructive theory, and the other is the difficulty of making history into anything theoretic anyhow.

Mr. Hyndman's description of primitive communal life is interesting and

suggestive. Without concealing the horrors, the moral crudities, of that phase of human existence, the author succeeds in impressing one with the idea that there are worse things than cannibalism and uncivilized sex customs. These things simply corresponded to a relatively low grade of mental and moral development; they were moral in their time. The true horror came in with slavery, that early form of property; for slavery was an anomaly at the stage of moral and mental development in which it prevailed. It was a brake upon human development, and it had its origin in filthy lucre.

But there is a gap between this exposition and what follows. In fact, there are two gaps. One is a break in the author's historic method, or rather in the success of that method as applied to subsequent periods. The treatise gradually turns into a narrative of successive revolutions, diminishing in value and becoming more and more detailed, more and more merely chronological as the author approaches modern times. From the description of Greek and Roman slave civilization down through the chaos of the dark ages, the rise of feudalism, the medieval peasant revolts, to the Fabian Society, there is a decline in interest and in fruitfulness of comment. We set out with something large and almost grand in conception; we arrive at some observations concerning the Second International. The other gap is a logical chasm. "Communism, in any shape," says the author, "is so far from being contrary to human nature that human beings have lived well and happily under its dispensations for countless centuries. It solved beforehand on a low plane many of the problems which are exercising the greatest minds of civilized countries to-day." The implication plainly is that human beings upon a higher plane may live well and happily under the dispensations of a new communism. Perhaps so! But is not Mr. Hyndman falling into that very error of which anti-Socialists are frequently accused—the fallacy of assuming that human nature is always the same? To argue from primitive human beings to modern human beings seems not much more cogent than to base conclusions regarding human society upon the life of the bees. To put the case in another way, there must have been in primitive human nature the germ of individualism as well as the germ of communism. The latter developed first, because conditions required this earlier development; it came before capitalism, just as cannibalism came before pork-eating. From these facts there is no argument either way. The historic survey leaves us with the simple facts, that there is nothing in the very constitution of human nature which makes communism impossible, and that amid strictly primitive conditions this social order was both necessary and beneficial.

This is all—but it is a good deal. In fact, Mr. Hyndman's whole book, though confused or only half successful in its method, may prove enlightening. It has perspective, if not penetration; and it is particularly good against that conservative or "Tory" frame of mind which is characterized not so much by attachment to the past as by an unimaginative conception of the past in terms of the present. One does not believe that Mr. Hyndman and his school

possess the secret of social evolution; but one cannot help feeling that this book is in a measure prophetic. To consider the present as part of a series of changes that stretches back into the remote past is, inevitably, to shake off some prepossessions. This Mr. Hyndman helps one to do.

Mr. Dimock: A Story of To-Day. By Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan. New York: John Lane Company.

If Mrs. O'Sullivan has not quite succeeded in writing an absorbing story, she has produced something much rarer and better—a genuine reflection of life and character, a narrative that may be called, without further abuse of a much-abused term, a novel.

And a very winsome novel it is, too. It is easy to find fault with it just in proportion as the critic chooses to take high or technical ground. There is, one might say, far too much dispersion of interest throughout the story; one is attracted by everything, held by nothing. Where is the unity of the narrative? We do not find here anything that looks like an inevitable sequence of events; the people of the story are in fact a little arbitrary, a little unaccountable in their reactions, and the currents of thought and feeling that come into individual lives from the great world do not appear to flow in any particular direction. There is no strong central figure. Mr. Dimock himself may be intended for one; but Mr. Dimock is an obvious egoist, a mild profiteer, an elderly Don Juan; it must be confessed that before one is half-way through the story one loses interest in his psychosis and ceases to care what becomes of him—the tolerant Lady Freke may marry him if she chooses, or he may go back to America and legitimatize his relations with his stenographer. As a picture, the story possesses unity, but it is the unity of the author's own temperament and social experience.

The novel has, indeed, a very special characteristic which, while it increases its charm, contributes to the effect of dispersion just noted. It has its setting in a little world of its own, a group, a family; and yet it is by no means a study of, or even a story *about*, such a world, group, or circle. This characteristic is, if one may be permitted the impertinence, distinctly Irish—as it is intensely human. Old friends, a good deal related, much interlinked in their affections and in their love affairs, the people of the story are all desperately individual and yet almost clannish in their sympathies. New friends also are drawn into the circle, treated with sympathy, loved, idolized, and lost. Lady Freke is passionately maternal toward two handsome, high-minded Serbian officers. One can never be sure whether or not they are as dear to her as her own sons, or whether or not their country is as dear to her as Ireland itself. She invents, and believes in, the myth that Serbia and Ireland are alike. She sees in the two Serbians the highest type of manhood, and yet she never admits that her two American sons are not the highest type of manhood. With a kind of

imaginative and unthinking passion, yet with dry reserves, with flashes of disillusionment, she loves all—Serbia, Ireland, her sons, the Serbian officers,—with a devotion that cannot be measured. Mr. Dimock, the unspeakable Mr. Dimock, profits by the spirit of loyalty—loyalty to what, exactly?—that pervades the whole circle.

Loyalty to love, loyalty to one's own dreams, loyalty to *any* fine or disinterested quality in another—above all loyalty to oneself! For these people are as individual as they are clannish. Their devotion to each other is a spontaneous giving, and they insist that the gift must be appreciated. They are as capable of hating as of loving, of suffering intense personal humiliation as of bearing patiently with the faults of their friends.

But whereas we have set out to show why it is that Mrs. O'Sullivan's novel is not exactly a novel of power, we have really been demonstrating its human value. This value lies, of course, in its emotional versatility and in its complete genuineness. There is nothing good or bad in life but feeling makes it so; and thus when one finds in a novel these two rare things, utter genuineness and the most wonderful flexibility and liveliness of feeling (both qualities controlled by fine taste and by a discriminating knowledge of the world), it is difficult to deny to that novel even the final praise of power.

Genuineness linked to sophistication (as it is in this paradoxical book) is far harder to find than what is called sincerity. Any good craftsman is sincere; no one who is not a master can, for the most part, afford to let himself go, or even to appear to do so. But Mrs. O'Sullivan never seems to be constrained; she has a faculty for putting her own feeling for life into the story which is the next thing to genius. To express the matter a little more definitely, there is in the tale nothing whatever of that more or less self-conscious impersonation, that studying of effects, which half spoils, for example, so good a story as *The Book of Susan*. It has been said of Stevenson, that often his characters seem to wear masks, and that you can sometimes see the smiling eyes of Stevenson himself looking through the eye-holes. The people in Mrs. O'Sullivan's story, on the contrary, do not wear masks; you can see the texture of their complexions, and you can see their souls—not profoundly, indeed, but sufficiently. And with all this, there is adequate artistic restraint.

Besides this genuineness, there is a wonderful versatility of feeling. (By *feeling*, of course, one does not necessarily imply strong emotion: every affection of the mind that drives away boredom, that sodden lack of interest in life, is represented here.) Love for Ireland, love for Serbia, and pain for both; a delicate appreciation of Irish, American, Serbian traits; a cosmopolitanism that appreciates, loves, and makes fun of all national traits, while it feels an intelligent interest in the fate of Europe; a love for the truly rustic people of Oxfordshire and a sense of rural beauty and contentment such as every writer who moves his characters from stiff London drawing-rooms to cosy cottages struggles to assume, but rarely with success—these prevent the book from having a dull page. Even the wit is genuine wit, and Lady Freke, the epigrammatist of

the story, is a good epigrammatist. The children, whom Mrs. O'Sullivan cannot keep out of the tale, though they have uncommonly little to do with it, are lovable and entertaining children—not little bores, nor mere vehicles for emotion. On the whole we are glad that Mrs. O'Sullivan has not kept them out.

The story is really built up about the characters of three women: Lady Freke; her sister, Crystal McClinton; and Daphne O'Brien. They are a trio that impress. Between the more mature, original, and worldly-wise "Katty Freke," and the young, ingenuous, potentially wilful Daphne, stands Katty's sister, Crystal, as the truest representative of the type to which all three belong. It is a type of pure, sensitive, intellectually keen and very modern femininity. Despite the distinctively Irish-American traits and some individual peculiarities, one feels that here is a type of feminine soul and mind that the world has not as yet fully realized, at least, in fiction—modern womanhood depicted without suppressions, without conventionalities, without libellous distortions in the interest of either romance or realism. Here is something spiritually vital—yet not too good for human nature's daily food—which seems really to belong to the life, the civilization, the war has left us. It is well enough that Lady Freke remains a little sphinx-like throughout the story; that Daphne does not have much to reveal in the way of "psychology," and that Crystal McClinton is the only one of the three whose thoughts and feelings are fully known. What we get from them all is a wonderful portraiture of womanhood under the post-war conditions. It matters little that the basic situation is slight. Horace Dimock, after many amatory and some marital adventures, falls in love with and secretly marries Crystal McClinton. Then he becomes infatuated with his ward, Daphne, the daughter of an old flame, and tries to win her from her resolution to become a nun. But she has only contempt for the amorous Horace. Horace—who is, by the way, very skilfully portrayed as a pretentious nonentity with many of the likable traits that usually pass for virtues—writes Crystal the bitter truth. Under these circumstances the feelings and the mutual relations of the three women afford material for a fine and subtle study, while the eventual "exit" of Mr. Dimock becomes a matter of slight significance.

The three women dominate the story. The vision one gets through their eyes—not of "life," perhaps, but of what life may mean—and the insight one obtains into their own ways of thinking, are ennobling. Mrs. O'Sullivan has written a lively, colorful, witty story, which it is something of an emotional education to read.

POETIC ORIGINS AND THE BALLAD. By Louise Pound, Professor of English in the University of Nebraska. New York: the Macmillan Company.

Scholarship has its "idols," now as in the days of Bacon, and if there is one branch of scholarship, more than another, which is prone to a kind of intellectual idol-worship, it is that which concerns itself with the more abstruse problems of literature. It is perhaps not too harsh a thing to say that a good deal of what is termed literary scholarship has been not so much scholarship or literature as pseudo-science. The fashion of thinking which sought to explain almost every ancient belief as a "sun-myth" has its parallel in the modern desire to find the origin of almost all intellectual forms in some ancient communal impulse, rite, or practice. Of such is the theory that the ballad originated as an improvisation among the "festive throng"—the throng being credited with some sort of inspirational quality not exactly specified. Back of this theory was the ultimate need of explaining in some way the superiority which critics of a romantic way of thinking ascribed to rude ballads, the product, it was assumed, of the popular mind, as compared with the more sophisticated "literary" compositions—a phenomenon which (perhaps) does not need explaining because (just possibly) it does not exist.

While it is inadmissible to prejudge a question, the solution of which rests with peculiarly difficult research and with an exceptionally painstaking analysis, yet it does seem that Professor Pound has greatly weakened the pious assumption that she has criticized in her recent book; and it seems, moreover, that her conclusions are rather strengthening to common sense and to a vital, non-mystical interest in literature as opposed to scholarly lore. Literature, it may be said, has never been much benefited by association with *a priori* assumptions. Efforts to ennoble it by connecting it with some other impulse, religious, social, ethic, or aesthetic, seem seldom to produce the desired result. In origin and function, literature seems not much more amenable to doctrinaire theories than are health, beauty, or thought.

Professor Pound begins by exposing the double or triple sense in which the word *ballad* is used by scholars, to the confusion of earnest students. Etymologically the word means "dance song"; but the fact is that whereas many other forms of verse have been used in connection with dancing, the narrative ballad has been thus used only, as it were, *per accidens*, and shows in its structure no signs of having been originally designed for such use. The author next examines the supposition that the ballad, or any form of poetry to which the name ballad might properly be applied, originated in "the festive throng." In the first place, it is absurd, she argues, to suppose that communal composition could have preceded individual composition. If a tribesman could not compose by himself, how could he become suddenly endowed with this faculty amid a crowd of his fellows? But there is much evidence in favor of individual composition. Among the American Indians, for example, many songs not only have individual authorship, but are the private property of those who compose them. Furthermore, cases of ballad forms used in connection

with dancing generally prove to be instances of pieces originally composed for another purpose but adapted to the social use and suffering, usually, a certain decay of structure in the process of adaptation. That the dance-conditions are favorable to ballad composition, there is very little to show.

Turning then to the *style* of the ballads, Professor Pound does not deny that many of the pieces roughly classed as ballads are in a true sense *popular*, and that, whatever their origin may have been, they owe certain appealing qualities, such as simplicity and charm, to progressive adaptation to the tastes of the people. Nevertheless, she finds in the ballad style nothing whatever that may be called definitely and clearly distinctive: the essential merits of these pieces point to a "literary origin"—even such characteristic features as iteration and refrain being used in the "art way" rather than the literary way. Finally, an analysis of the Southwestern cowboy songs raises a pointed question as to how ignorant, medieval peasants can be supposed capable of doing what modern American cowboys obviously cannot do. Typical pieces from Mr. Lomax's collection are found to be "crude, without structure or clearly told story, flat and vulgar in language, and without striking or memorable quality." In no way do they resemble the "good" or "genuine" ballads of the Child collection, "supposed to have won their type, their peculiar quality and worth, from the very humbleness of their composers." The songs in the collection which do show vitality are not truly of communal origin. One of these, *The Cowboy's Lament* is from *The Unfortunate Rake*, a song popular in Ireland in the eighteenth century. Another, *My Little Old Sod Shanty* is an adaptation of *The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane*, a negro song of the same general type as *My Old Kentucky Home*.

This book is not only scholarly but also cheering, because in turning away from romantic theories about origins, it seems, without dismissing historic study, to clear the way for a zestful and common-sense appreciation of ballads and other poems themselves. It is favorable to literature rather than to lore.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHO STARTED THE BLUE LAW AGITATION?

SIR:

I am very greatly surprised to read in the January NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: "It is now made known that most of the same organizations which were the protagonists of prohibition are organizing a similar nation-wide campaign for Puritanical Sabbatarianism."

Months since, some irresponsible writer, without a syllable of proof, stated that the American Anti-Saloon League, having led the moral forces of the country in achieving the great prohibition victory, is about to turn its machinery to the revival of the "blue laws." I aided in organizing the Wisconsin Anti-Saloon League in 1898, was the State Superintendent five years and have since been an official and so am familiar with the work and plans of the national League. I knew the statement had no foundation and confidently expected the positive and wholesale denial by the League's national officials that any such work is contemplated, thus holding up to public contumely the authors of the slander.

A recent number of the *Literary Digest* gives an account of the aims of the Rev. H. L. Bowlby, General Secretary of the American Lord's Day Alliance. But the Lord's Day Alliance never aided Prohibition, except as one good work helps every other good work.

The daily papers assert that the South Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South, I suppose) demands much more strict Sunday-Rest-Day laws. Nearly every Methodist Conference favors prohibition. I know of no other organization that lends a shadow of truth to your assertion.

By invitation I lately attended the annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the Wisconsin Lord's Day Alliance, which petitioned the coming legislature not to repeal our State Laws on the subject.

The General Ministers Meeting of this City, over forty present, unanimously adopted, last December, a report, which I, as Chairman of a Committee, made asking that Wisconsin State laws be not changed in regard to the Sunday Rest Day, and that existing laws be enforced so as to prevent the commercializing of the day. We had reference simply to the Movies. Two ministers related that men had complained to them that they were compelled, by the Movies that employed them, to work seven days every week, and "If the churches cared for us, we would be stopped."

The thoughtful reader of the daily press must be convinced that a widespread, richly financed movement aims to destroy our weekly Day of Rest.

First, The Anti-Saloon League was about to turn its magnificent machinery to revive the old "blue laws." Then Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, with a strong force, was planning the same. The positive denial of both the League and Dr. Craft was bringing the movement into discredit, and now it is the reform organizations generally that are planning to enslave the people.

I am surprised and pained to learn of the company which the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW keeps.

I am a retired Methodist Minister, eighty-six years old, and have taken the REVIEW longer than you have edited it, and hope to read it years more.

HENRY COLMAN.

Milwaukee, Wis.

HOW MANY PRESIDENTS HAVE WE HAD?

SIR:

In your issue for April you made the statement that there have been twenty-nine Presidents of The United States including Mr. Harding.

This is carrying on a long since exploded historical error which occurred at the time Mr. Cleveland was elected to a second term. President Arthur was the 21st President, President Cleveland the 22d, and President Harrison, the 23d.

But here comes the trouble. Mr. Cleveland after being out of office for a term, is again elected, and a few writers insisted upon treating him as an entirely different person, and calling him the 24th President. This is most certainly wrong, as he merely served another term, separated, it is true, by four years, but still being only the 22d individually, while Mr. McKinley, the next in line becomes 24th, Roosevelt 25th, Taft 26th, Wilson 27th, and Harding 28th.

The Vice Presidents have been more fortunate, there having been no numerical or individual break from John Adams the first, to Calvin Coolidge, the 29th and present incumbent.

JAMES SHIELDS.

St. Paul, Minn.

JUST WHAT GERMANY WOULD HAVE DONE

SIR:

In the April number of the REVIEW is printed an article under the title "Can Germany Pay?" by Mr. Lauzanne. Scant six pages are consumed in the presentation of his case, but in all the writing by various men on that question none have presented the matter so clear cut, so concise in point of facts given, so unanswerable—not even by the Germans themselves, and no one can conscientiously defend Germany's propaganda that she is not able to pay. The reason that it is so forcible and unanswerable is that it is facts from the Ger-

mans own reports and statistics at the present as compared with those of past times. Certainly Germany can pay. No one can doubt that Germany will use every means at her command or invention to escape her obligations set up in the Treaty at Paris. Suppose Germany had won the War. Does anyone doubt that she would have placed heavy indemnities on the conquered peoples? Furthermore, would Germany have patiently listened to the outcries of those peoples that they could not pay so much in indemnities; that the people had to live and have something to do; that the industries of the nations had to have raw materials with which to run their factories and create things to sell to the world, and also be allowed to enter the world's markets? I think not. I submit that Germany's victims would have paid to the last cent and the last drop of blood had she dictated peace. Are the Allies gainers by the policy they are pursuing toward Germany? There is no doubt as to Germany's ability to pay, and I think she ought to be made to do so.

Theodore Roosevelt had the best idea of a peace with Germany when he said that the only peace that can be made is at Berlin. It would be more effective.

ELBERT KRUSE.

Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

EGGS A LA GOLDENROD AND CATULLUS

SIR:

They gave me eggs à la goldenrod for lunch, which made me smile but which also brought me a whimsical whiff of New England. Then with them I had the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, which I opened to "Good Friday and Classical Professors." And my mind flashed back to old classical professors of my own, and the breath of life that once came to me out of Catullus, and—but I don't need to go into that story of my getting out of the college church. But the breath of life that came to me out of Stark Young made me turn to the Contributors' Gazetteer, to find out who on earth he might be. For I am ignorant, and have little time to read. Then I discovered to my stupefaction that he professes English at Amherst.

So bad an Amherst man am I that I didn't know it. Yet Amherst was where I read Catullus, and the college church I had such a time trying to get out of was the one facing the Pelham Hills. Mr. Young was at his bottle then, I suppose—or perhaps later, when first I climbed the steps of Girgenti. At any rate I congratulate Amherst for possessing someone with the breath of life in him. And I congratulate him on possessing the black art of blowing it between print and paper. Most of all, however, I congratulate myself on the discovery of so rare a seasoning for eggs à la goldenrod.

Ave atque vale,

H. G. DWIGHT.

Washington, D. C.

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